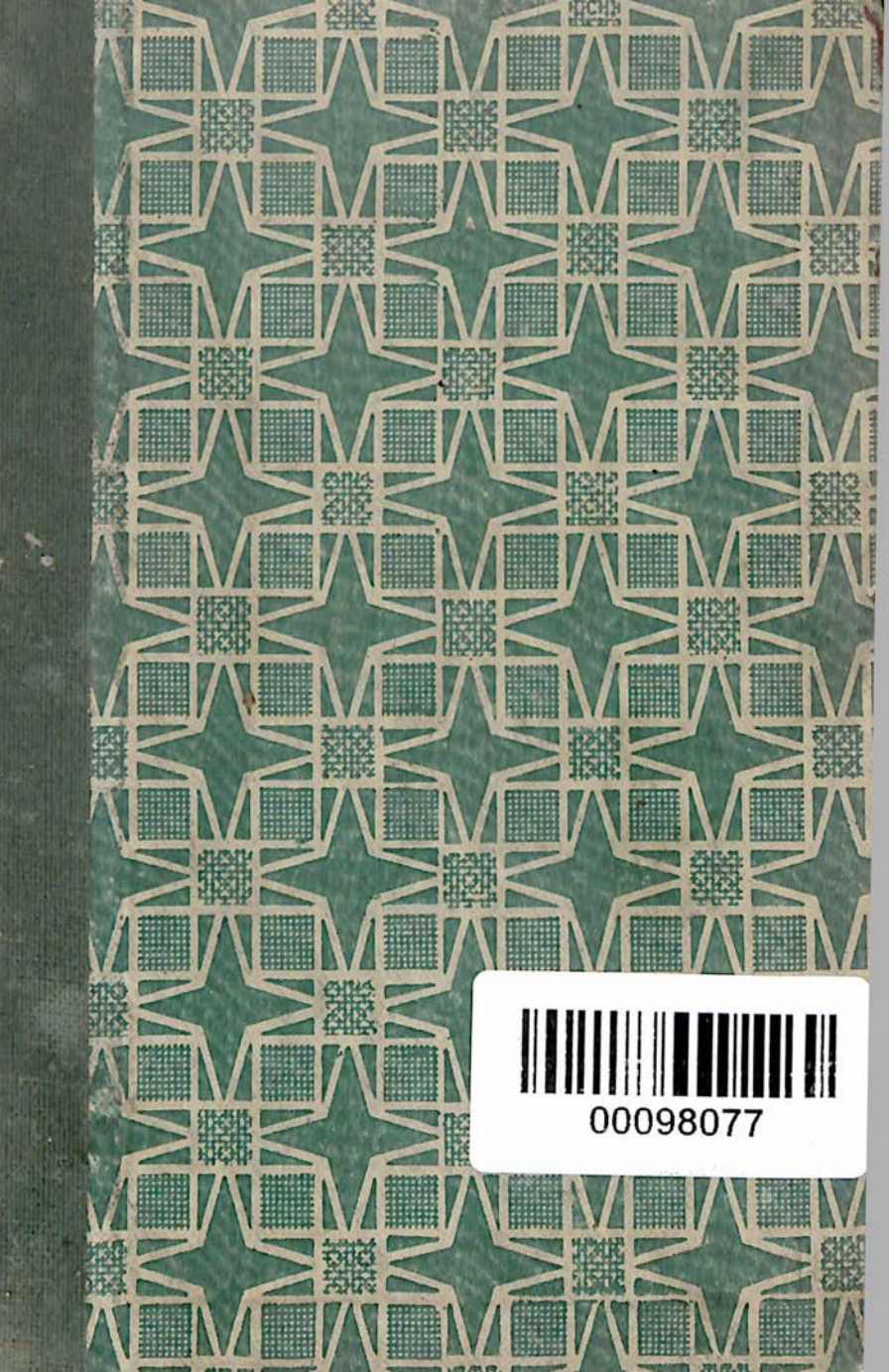
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STEELE

SELECTIONS FROM THE TATLER, SPECTATOR AND GUARDIAN

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EDITED

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

AUSTIN DOBSON

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Oxford

AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

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PREFATORY NOTE.

AIMING chiefly at conciseness in the Introduction which follows, I have not always recapitulated those statements of my predecessors for which I have substituted what seem to me to be more accurate versions of the facts. Sufficient references to my authorities will, however, be found in the foot notes. Upon certain aspects of Steele's relations with Swift and Addison I have refrained from touching, because, in the first place, the discussion is not essential to the brief memoir here intended; and secondly, because I hope to enter upon it more fully hereafter. Meanwhile, by careful consultation of the newspapers of the day and other contemporary records, I have endeavoured to make the 'Chronology of [redacted] Life' as rigorously exact as possible.

Although the field of choice is not restricted to the *Spectator* but includes the *Tatler* and *Guardian*, it will doubtless be observed that the number of papers in this volume is smaller than the number of those which Mr. Arnold, in his excellent Selections from Addison, has borrowed from the *Spectator* alone. Notwithstanding the admitted inequality of Steele's work, it would be unjust to attribute this entirely to the inferiority of the material. The truth is, that the evidence for Addison's authorship is far better than that for Steele's, and many papers and letters, which in all probability were written by the latter, cannot, in the absence of direct proof to that effect, be authoritatively assigned to him.

In the Notes I have freely made use of the labours of the earlier annotators, as well as of such modern memoirs and books of reference as bear upon the age of Anne. But

am in justice to myself bound to say that at least three-fourths of the illustrations and explanations here given will not be found in any previous edition of the Essayists; and I take pleasure in adding that I am indebted for several valuable suggestions to two enthusiastic students of Steele, Colonel F. Grant, and Mr. Edward Solly, F. R. S.

A. D.

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INTRODUCTION.

If, after the fashion of the orthodox Eighteenth-Century Essay, it were necessary to prefix a Latin motto to the biography of Steele, that chosen would probably be Ovid's

—Video meliora proboque:
Deteriora sequor.

But this has the manifest drawback of most generalizations: it is far too sweeping. No man is wholly and habitually such 'a vile antithesis.' That Steele had his faults can scarcely be contested. It is impossible to hide them, for they lie open to every student of his life; and it is useless to deny them, for he owns to them himself. His easy, genial nature led him continually into convivial excesses: his sanguine and impulsive temperament into endless pecuniary embarrassments. A very indulgent apologist might perhaps attempt to show that his errors were but the exaggeration of virtues: that his prodigality was the outcome of his generosity, and his good-fellowship a larger disclosure of his humanity. Without any such sophistication, it may fairly be affirmed that his defects were not the disguise of graver vices, and that he was neither a debauchee nor a hypocrite. And if we turn from his shortcomings to his good qualities, our task is easy. He was a well-meaning and noble-minded man, who, whatever his own frailties, was sincerely and strenuously on the side of honesty against duplicity,—of good against evil. He had a real love and reverence for virtue, said Pope to Spence. Throughout the whole course of his literary life he raised his voice unceasingly in condemnation of the fashionable insincerities of his day, and advocated in their stead practical religion, domestic morality, personal purity. Having a colleague of superlative acquirements, and more equable, because less emotional, genius, his claims have

been somewhat underrated; and he has paid the penalty of that inexorable literary law, which, when two persons are of nearly equal eminence, selects the higher and neglects his fellow. No one would attempt to maintain that Addison was not the superior of Steele in those qualities which go to the making of masterpieces. But it may justly be contended that Steele has been unfairly depressed; and that, despite many enthusiastic advocates, he has not yet entirely recovered from the gratuitous disparagement of Lord Macaulay. In M. Taine's brilliant panorama of English literature he is barely distinguishable; in the useful gallery of the 'Men of Letters' series he has no monumental niche. Without retracing the old path of invidious comparison, there is therefore sufficient reason why the facts of his life should once more be recalled in a selection from his writings ampler than any which has hitherto been attempted.

Richard Steele was born in Dublin, and was baptised at St. Bridget's Church in that town, on the 12th of March, 1672[1], His father, who died when he was 'not quite Five Years of Age[2],' is stated to have been a lawyer. His mother was Irish. Her son describes her as 'a very beautiful Woman, of a noble Spirit;' but little definite is known of her beyond what he has thus recorded. In November, 1684, being then between twelve and thirteen, he was nominated to the Charterhouse by one of the governors, James Butler, first duke of Ormond. Here he made the acquaintance of Addison, who, having been born in May, 1672, was about six weeks his junior. At this time the head-master of the Charterhouse was Dr. Thomas Walker[3], to whom reference is made in No. 488 of the *Spectator*. It is probable that Steele passed through the school

[1] *I.e.* 167½. *Charterhouse Registers; Epistolary Correspondence of Sir Richard Steele*, 1809, i, vii. Steele's letters, now in the British Museum, to which they were presented by John Nichols, were first printed in 1787 in two small *octavo* volumes. The references in this sketch are to the enlarged edition afterwards issued in 1809.

[2] *Tatler*, No. 181.

[3] According to Mr. Forster, Dr. Ellis, to whom as 'his Ever-Honour'd Tutor,' Steele afterwards referred in the Preface to the *Christian Hero*, was head-master at the Charterhouse. This is a mistake, as Dr. Ellis's name does not occur in the list of masters at that school. He was, in fact, Steele's tutor at Oxford. In the Dyce Library at South

with fair credit. From an entry in the books he was 'elected to the University' on November 1, 1689. In March, 1690, he matriculated at Christ Church, Oxford. His name stood at the head of the postmasters (*portionistæ*) of Merton in August 1691; but his university career does not seem to have been eventful, although he obtained the reputation of a scholar. He maintained his school attachment to Addison, then a demy at Magdalen; and there are traces of his visits to the Lichfield deanery of Addison's father, one of whose letters, commending the friendship between the young men, was a cherished possession with Steele in after days[1]. He left college without taking a degree; and, in a fit of martial enthusiasm, entered the army as a cadet, or gentleman-volunteer; thereby losing (he tells us) 'the succession to a very good estate in the county of Wexford in Ireland[2],' presumably from the uncle Gascoigne, to whom, in one of his letters, he acknowledges himself indebted for 'a liberal education[3].' There is some uncertainty as to the regiment in which he first served. In the paper containing the above quotation as to his expectations, he speaks of himself as donning 'broad-sword, jack-boots and shoulder-belt, under the command of the unfortunate Duke of Ormond' (i.e. the first duke's grandson,

Kensington there is a copy of the second edition of the *Christian Hero*, presented to Ellis by the author, with this inscription:—

To
My Lov'd Tutour Dr. Ellis
With secret impulse thus do streams return
To that Capacious Ocean whence they're born:
Oh Would but Fortune come wth bounty fraught
Proportion'd to yo mind wch thou hast taught!
Till then let these unpolish'd leaves impart
The Humble Offering of a Gratefull Heart.
Richd. Steele.

[1] Preface to the *Drummer*, 1722. Cf. also *Tatler*, No. 235, for a charming sketch of the elder Addison, apparently from the pen of Steele. See page 163 in this volume.

[2] *Theatre*, No. xi.

[3] *Epist. Corr.*, 1809, i. 205. Henry Gascoigne was Secretary and confidential agent to the first and second Dukes of Ormond. In the Appendix to the Seventh Report of the Hist. Manuscripts Commission 1879, pp. 753–4 (Ormonde MSS.), are several interesting letters from Steele to his uncle and aunt, in one of which he says, speaking of the former—'to his goodnesse I humbly acknowledge my being.'

who was attainted in 1715); and from his reference to his horse, it is clear that he was a trooper. While in this capacity, he wrote and published anonymously a poem on Queen Mary's funeral (March 5, 1695)[1]. This he dedicated to John, Lord Cutts, who had recently been made Colonel of the Coldstream, or Second Regiment of Foot-Guards. Cutts, though Swift dubbed him 'the vainest old fool alive,' was nevertheless an accomplished man, and a soldier of reckless bravery. He took Steele into his household; and there is evidence in the Marlborough MSS. that, in 1696 and 1697, the quondam trooper was acting as his agent or secretary. Later he gave his *protégé* a standard in his own regiment; and finally obtained for him the rank of Captain in Lord Lucas's fusileers. So far, the infirmity which Steele pleads—'of preferring the state of his mind to that of his fortune[2]'—had not materially impeded his progress.

Already, at Oxford, he had made his first essays in literature, having composed an entire comedy. This, the very name of which has perished, he seems to have destroyed in deference to the candid criticisms of a friend, Mr. Parker of Merton. But his real literary beginning is the little treatise known commonly as the *Christian Hero*, although it would be better understood if its second title, *An Argument proving that no Principles but those of Religion are sufficient to make a great Man*, were also remembered. Steele's own account of this book is to the effect that, finding the military life 'exposed to much Irregularity,' he wrote it 'with a design principally to fix upon his own Mind a strong Impression of Virtue and Religion, in opposition to a stronger Propensity towards unwarrantable Pleasures[3].' This frank and perfectly

[1] *The Procession.* 'By a Gentleman of the Army,' 1695. It was afterwards published in Steele's *Poetical Miscellanies* of 1714. An account of the rare first edition, by Mr. Edward Solly, appeared in *Notes and Queries* for March 7, 1885. There is a copy in the Forster Library at South Kensington.

[2] *Theatre*, No. xi. It may here be noted that though Steele distinctly says he was an 'Ensign of the Guards,' his name does not occur in the roll of the regiment given in MacKinnon's *Origin and Services of the Coldstream Guards*, 1833, ii. 458 *et seq.*

[3] *Mr. Steele's Apology for Himself and his Writings*, 1714, p. 80. It is an instance of the growth of scandal in memoir-making that the writer of Steele's life in the *Biographia Britannica*, 1763, vi. (Pt. 1),

characteristic admission of fallibility has generally been held to amount to a confession of more than ordinary turpitude; but beyond the fact that the author, like most of his contemporaries, was easily led away by the pleasures of the table, there is no good evidence that he led a life of exceptional dissipation. Having—as he says—composed the *Christian Hero* 'for his own private Use,' Steele was induced, in April 1701, to publish it for the benefit of his fellow-soldiers, with a result which may perhaps be anticipated, to wit, 'that from being thought no undelightful Companion, he was soon reckoned a disagreeable Fellow[1].' But however it may have prospered with the military gentlemen of the Tower Guard, where it was composed, the *Christian Hero* must have succeeded with the public at large, since, a few months later (July 19, 1701)[2], it passed into a second and enlarged edition. The book itself is an orderly little treatise enough, illustrating Heroism, in its author's own words, 'by a view of some Eminent Heathen (e. g. Cæsar, Brutus), by a distant Admiration of the Life of our Blessed Saviour, and a near examination of that of his Apostle St. *Paul*[3].' This is the matter of the first three chapters; the fourth proceeds to show that the common motives of human action are 'best us'd and improv'd, when Joyn'd with Religion,' and winds up with an ingenious and not impolitic parallel between Lewis the XIVth and William the Deliverer. The manner of the book is far from being that of the contemporary devotional manual, and the style, ripened and developed, becomes the style of the *Spectator*, with one of the essays in which a part of it, indeed, was afterwards incorporated[4]. Nor are indications wanting of those sudden felicities of expression, peculiar to Steele, while in one passage that 'reasonable service' of woman, which distinguishes

p. 3823, *giving this passage as his authority*, paraphrases it thus:—'—He spared not to indulge his genius in the wildest excesses, prostituting the exquisite charms of his conversation-talents to give his pleasures a daintier and more poignant relish.'

[1] *Apology*, 1714, p. 80.

[2] According to Gildon (*Comparison between the Two Stages*, 1702), this was only 'a Trick of the Booksellers' to get rid of the first impression—a suggestion to which the date of the 3rd edition, 1710, lends a certain colour.

[3] *Christian Hero*, 1701, p. 78.

[4] See *Spectator*, No. 356.

him from most of the writers of his day, is plainly foreshadowed. It is 'from want of Wit and Invention in our Modern Gallants (he says) that the Beautiful Sex is so absurdly and vitiously entertain'd by 'em: For there is [that?] in their tender Frame, native Simplicity, groundless Fear, and little unaccountable contradictions, upon which there might be Expostulations to divert a good and Intelligent young Woman, as well as the fulsome raptures, guilty impressions, senseless deifications, and pretended Deaths that are every day offer'd her[1].' Nevertheless, it is easy to comprehend that, in King William's guard-room, where soldiers of the Havelock and Hedley Vicars type were rarer than they are in the barracks of to-day, the unwonted apparition of Steele's lay-sermon must have been sufficiently incongruous; and that, despite its sincerity, it exposed its author to the inconveniences he describes. 'Every Body he knew,' he says, 'measured the least Levity in his Words and Actions with the Character of a Christian Heroe[2].' This was no doubt inevitable; but from his adding that 'one or two of his Acquaintance thought fit to misuse him, and try their Valour upon him[3],' it has been conjectured that more serious consequences followed, and that he was invited to defend his opinions with his sword. It may be, indeed, that his sole duel—the date of which is nowhere given—belongs to this period. This occurrence, the authority for which is Dr. Thomas Amory[4], is described as follows. Steele, while still a soldier, was consulted by a young comrade as to a challenge he was about to send, and by timely counsel prevented him from sending it. Evil disposed friends afterwards so prejudiced the young man against his Mentor's advice that he challenged Steele himself, who was then recovering from a fever. Having endeavoured by raillery and every indirect expedient to avert a meeting, Steele ultimately yielded, counting upon his skill to disarm his opponent without hurting him. Unfortunately after parrying his thrusts for some time, he had the ill-luck to run him through the body, wounding him dangerously, but not mortally. Thus, apparently was laid the foundation of that steadfast and unflinching op-

[1] *Christian Hero*, 1701, p. 71.
[2] *Apology*, 1714, p. 80.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 80.
[4] Nichols's *Tatler*, 1797, i, p. 215, and *ibid.*, 1806, i, p. 267.

position to so-called 'affairs of honour,' which is a distinguishing trait in Steele's literary character.

The *Christian Hero* had, however, one result, of more moment to letters than its irreverent reception by the author's unsympathetic comrades. Being 'slighted,' he says, instead of 'encouraged, for his Declarations as to Religion' . . . 'it was now incumbent upon him to enliven his Character, for which Reason he writ the Comedy called *The Funeral*, in which (tho' full of Incidents that move Laughter) Virtue and Vice appear just as they ought to do[1].' This play, the full title of which is the *Funeral; or, Grief a-la-Mode*, was produced at Drury Lane late in 1701, the principal parts being taken by Wilks, Cibber, and Mrs. Verbruggen; and, though dated 1702, it was published in the same year with a preface containing a fine compliment to Lord Somers. The satire, as may be guessed from the name, is chiefly levelled against the lawyers and undertakers, the latter being admirably caricatured in Mr. Sable, whose well-known speech, when sorting his mutes, has won the warm approval both of Thackeray and Sidney Smith :—

. . . . Well come you that are to be Mourners in this House put on your sad Looks, and walk by Me that I may sort you: Ha you! a little more upon the Dismal; [*forming their Countenances*—] this Fellow has a good mortal Look—place him near the Corps: That Wanscot Face must be o'top of the Stairs, that Fellow's almost in a Fright (that looks as if he were full of some strange misery) at the Entrance of the Hall—So—but I'll fix you all myself—Lets have no Laughing now on any provocation: [*makes faces*] Look Yonder that Hale Well-looking Puppy! You ungrateful Scoundrel; Did I not pity you, take you out of a Great Man's Service, and shew you the Pleasure of receiving Wages? Did I not give you Ten, then Fifteen, now Twenty shillings a Week, to be Sorrowful? and the more I give you, I think, the Glader you are?[2]

Scarcely less happy is the dialogue with his clerk of that 'last great prophet of tautology,' Mr. Puzzle, in which, like Fielding afterwards in the *Champion*, Steele ridicules the *longæ ambages* of the Law. These subordinate characters are more amusing than the heroes and heroines of the piece or even Lady Brumpton herself, whom Mr. Forster praises so highly. But the central idea—that of a nobleman supposed to be dead, who becomes, as it were, a spectator at his own obsequies, despite its inconsistencies, was fairly new; the action is varied and

[1] *Apology*, 1714, p. 80.

[2] *The Funeral*, 1702, Act i, p. 4.

sprightly; and aided by a friendly *claque* of Fusileers and Coldstreams, the *Funeral* was a success. Moreover, its author tells us, 'with some Particulars enlarged upon to his Advantage[1]' (by which we are perhaps to understand that timely reference to his Majesty in the *Christian Hero*), it obtained for him the notice of William the Third, in whose 'last Table-Book' the name of Richard Steele was noted for promotion.

The death of the king on March 8, 1702, put an end to all these projects of advancement; and a period of two years elapsed before Steele again tempted fate as a dramatist. Strangely enough, his next effort was much more what one might have expected from the author of the *Christian Hero* than was the *Funeral*. The *Funeral*, though unobjectionable enough in its author's day, was nevertheless far from deserving the reproachful title of 'homily in dialogue,' hastily given by Hazlitt to all Steele's comedies, and, it may be added, applied, with greater reason, to the first essays of sentimental comedy in France,—the *drames serieux* of La Chaussée. Still its tone was infinitely more 'cleanly and beneficial' than that of the Restoration Comedy, which, only a few years earlier, Jeremy Collier had so unanswerably assailed. Steele's second play, however, was a deliberate attempt to put Collier's precepts into practice; and 'to write a Comedy in the Severity he required[2].' *The Lying Lover; or, the Ladies Friendship*, as he christened the new piece, was based upon the *Menteur* of Corneille, whose Geronte and Dorante its Old and Young Bookwit reproduce[3]. Several of its scenes are lively and animated; and there are passages in Steele's best manner. Here, for instance, is an early example of that pretty caressing flattery of the 'beautiful Sex,' which, to the contempt of Swift, formed so large and so popular an element in the subsequent 'lucubrations' of Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff of the *Tatler*:—

Young Bookwit. No Faith, the New Exchange has taken up all my Curiosity.

Old Bookwit. Oh! but, Son, you must not go to Places to stare at Women. Did you buy any thing?

Y. Book. Some Bawbles.—But my Choice was so distracted among the pretty Merchants and their Dealers, I knew not where to run first.—

[1] *Apology*, 1714, p. 81.

[2] *Ibid.*, 1714, p. 84.

[3] The serious or 'sentimental' portion of Steele's comedy is not, however, to be found in his French model.

One little lisping Rogue, Ribbandths, Gloveths, Tippeths.—Sir, cries another, will you buy a fine Sword-knot; then a third, pretty Voice and Curtsie,—Does not your Lady want Hoods, Scarfs, fine green silk Stockins.—I went by as if I had been in a Seraglio, a living Gallery of Beauties,—staring from side to side, I bowing, they laughing,—so made my Escape, and brought your Son and Heir safe to you, through all these Darts and Glances.—To which indeed my Breast is not impregnable[1].

The New Exchange, so often referred to by the Restoration dramatists, must have been a favourite haunt with Captain Steele of Lucas's, who reverts to it on several occasions in the *Tatler* and *Spectator*. But despite its praiseworthy motive, and some earnest passages (blank verse!) in which, like his fellow-sentimentalist Sedaine[2], Steele attacks duelling, the *Lying Lover* found little favour with its audience. The unwonted, and not very workmanlike, mingling of the serious with the comic is almost enough to account for this, though Steele may perhaps be forgiven for telling the House of Commons, years afterwards, that his play was 'damn'd for its Piety[3].' There was another reason, however, which also had its influence: it was inferior to its predecessor.

The Lying Lover was produced at Drury Lane in December 1703. In his next comedy, which appeared in April, 1705, Steele troubled himself less with a weighty purpose, although he still courageously claims in his Preface to have avoided 'every thing that might look Ill-natur'd, Immoral, or prejudicial to what the Better Part of Mankind hold Sacred and Honourable.' The leading incident of *The Tender Husband*, that of a lover who disguises himself as a painter, is obviously borrowed from the *Sicilien; ou, l'Amour Peintre*, of Molière, a piece to which Beaumarchais is also believed to have been indebted in the *Barbier de Séville*. Compared with the *Funeral*, the *Tender Husband* lacks freshness and originality; but it is a distinct improvement upon the *Lying Lover;* and some at least of its personages have exercised a long influence in literature. There is a country squire, who in a measure foreshadows the Tory Foxhunter of Addison and the Squire Western of Fielding, while his booby son, 'who boggles a little

[1] *The Lying Lover*, 1704, Act ii, p. 26.

[2] In the *Philosophe sans le savoir*, 1765, the first title of which was *Le Duel*.

[3] *Apology*, 1714, p. 48.

at Marrying his Own Cousin[1]' is more than a mere suggestion of Goldsmith's Tony Lumpkin. But the clearest anticipation of a well-known character is that of the romance-reading Miss Biddy, who objects to any thing so ordinary as going out at a door to be married instead of out of a window, and sighs for the 'decoration of Disguise, Serenade and Adventure[2],' like the veriest Lydia Languish. Biddy Tipkin was played by Mrs. Oldfield, then in the first blossom of her 'sweet-and-twenty,' and she was supported by Wilks, Norris, and the author's friend, Dick Estcourt, whose death afterwards gave rise to one of Steele's most eloquent papers in the *Spectator*[3]. The play had a moderate success, being acted but seven times. Addison, who had now returned from Italy, and written the *Campaign*, contributed a rather colourless prologue; and there were also, according to Steele, 'many applauded Stroaks' in the piece itself from the same already eminent hand[4]. The dedication, addressed to Addison, contains a pleasant testimony to his friendship with the author,—'I look (says Steele) upon my Intimacy with You as one of the most valuable Enjoyments of my Life. At the same time I hope I make the Town no ill Compliment for their kind Acceptance of this Comedy, in acknowledging that it has so far rais'd my Opinion of it, as to make me think it no improper Memorial of an Inviolable Friendship.'

According to the *Muses' Mercury* for January, 1707, Steele must have been meditating a fresh piece towards the close of 1706. But from one reason or another, its completion appears to have been deferred until he became absorbed with other things; and more than seventeen years slipped away before he followed up the *Tender Husband* by another play[5]. At this time he had not left the army[6]. Indeed, if the

[1] *The Tender Husband*, 1705, Act i, p. 13.

[2] *The Tender Husband*, Act iv, p. 46. Dennis, in his *Characters and Conduct of Sir John Edgar* (Letter i, January, 1720) accuses Steele of taking Biddy Tipkin from the *Précieuses Ridicules* of Molière.

[3] *Spectator*, No. 468.

[4] *Spectator*, No. 555.

[5] Hitherto his silence has generally been attributed to the failure of *The Lying Lover*. This, however, was based on an error in the sequence of the plays. *The Lying Lover* was the second, not the third, of Steele's comedies. Cf. Ward's *English Dramatic Literature*, 1875, ii. 602–6; and *Steele's Plays*, by G. A. Aitken, *Athenæum*, Sept. 20, 1884.

[6] Marlborough MSS. (Hist. Manuscripts Commission, Eighth Report, App., 1881, p. 23).

sneers of Dennis, at a later date, as to his *twenty* years bloodless service[1], contain any particle of truth, it must be assumed that he long continued to retain his commission, although he took no part in Marlborough's famous campaigns. But his position as a dramatist and literary man was fully recognised. At Will's in Russell Street, where, *vice* Dryden deceased, Congreve now reigned as 'arbiter of literary disputes,' Captain Steele, of Lucas's Fusileers, was hail-fellow-well-met with the best contemporary Augustan wits; he was a member of the famous Kit-Cat Club in Shire Lane; and everywhere, with that keen eye for human nature, which is his dominant characteristic, he was accumulating the material upon which he afterwards drew so largely as an essayist. Meanwhile his prospects, clouded by the death of William the Third, seem to have brightened gradually with the ascendancy of Marlborough and Godolphin. In May, 1707, he was appointed Gazetteer. 'His next Appearance as a Writer' — says he, speaking of himself — 'was in the Quality of the lowest Minister of State, to wit, in the Office of Gazetteer: where he worked faithfully according to Order, without ever erring against the Rule observed by all Ministries, to keep that Paper very innocent and very insipid.' 'It is believed,'—he adds—'it was to the Reproaches he heard every Gazette Day against the Writer of it, that the Defendant [i. e. Steele] owes the Fortitude of being remarkably negligent of what People say, which he does not deserve[2].' His salary as Gazetteer was '300*l.* a-year, paying a tax of 45*l.*;' and he was also made one of the gentlemen-waiters to Queen Anne's consort, Prince George of Denmark, the annual income of which office was £100, 'not subject to taxes.'

This very precise information is derived from a letter written in the following September to the mother of a lady who shortly afterwards became Mrs. Steele. She was not Steele's first wife. At some earlier date which has eluded his biographers, he had been married to a West Indian planter's sister, who had died, leaving him an estate in Barbadoes, which was let for

[1] *Characters and Conduct of Sir John Edgar*, etc., Letter iv. *Theatre*, 1791, ii. 435, 443.

[2] *Apology*, 1714, p. 81. This passage is confirmed by a letter to 'My Lord the Secretary,' in the Marlborough MSS.

£850 per annum[1]. Her successor, to whom in September, 1707, he was paying his addresses, was a Miss, or in the fashion of those days, Mistress Mary Scurlock, daughter of Jonathan Scurlock, deceased, of Llangunnor in Carmarthen. She, too, possessed a small fortune, in which, however, her mother had a life interest. Moreover, she was a beauty. Steele married her, it is supposed, on the 9th; and, as marriages go, this was a happy one. Of the lady's character nothing definite can be guessed, beyond the fact that she was somewhat *exigeante* (as beauties are apt to be), and apparently combined the irreconcileable qualities of thrift and extravagance. Few of her letters have been preserved; but there is little doubt that she was sincerely attached to her husband, while there is no doubt that he was devoted to her. This may be read in every one of the four hundred and odd thoroughly characteristic epistles, which she so carefully preserved, and most of which the antiquary John Nichols gave to the world in 1787, without suppression of a single line[2]. It has sometimes been forgotten that this famous correspondence was never intended for publication. On the contrary, it was the express wish of the writer that his letters should be shown to no one living. 'Let us be contented,' he says, 'with one another's thoughts upon our words and actions, without the intervention of other people, who cannot judge of so delicate a circumstance as the commerce between man and wife[3].' It has been forgotten, also, that they were entirely intimate and familiar communications, which cannot fairly be tried by any test applied to more guarded effusions. 'As Keys do open Chests, so Letters open Breasts,' says the old adage; and if it be true of any written utterances it is certainly true of these. They come to us exactly as they slipped from the hasty and impetuous pen of Steele; and they have every mark of the moment—seldom more than a moment—in which they were penned. They were thrown off at all times, in all places; and they record faithfully all his fugitive hopes, regrets, yearnings, failings and feelings. They treat of all themes, from Prince George's death and the most pious aspirations to the despatch of a 'bottle of tent,' or the safe conduct of a parcel of walnuts. It would be easy to describe

[1] *Epist. Corr. of Sir R. Steele*, 1809, i, p. 112.
[2] *Epist. Corr.*, 1809, i, v, vi.
[3] *Ibid.* i. 117.

them at length; but a few examples chosen without much selection, will give a better idea of their general character than any summary, however detailed and explicit.

Aug. 30, 1707

MADAM

I begg pardon that my paper is not guilt but I am forc'd to write from a Coffee-house where I am attending about businesse. There is a dirty croud of Busy faces all around me talking politicks and managing stocks while all my Ambition, all my wealth is Love! Love, which animates my Heart, sweetens my Humour, enlarges my Soul, and affects every Action of my Life. 'Tis to my Lovely Charmer I owe that many Noble Ideas are continually affixed to my words and Actions; it is the naturall effect of that generous passion to create some similitude in the Admirer of the object admir'd. Thus, my Dear, am I every day to improve from so sweet a Companion. Look up, my Fair One, to that Heav'n which made thee such, and join with me to implore its influence on our tender innocent hours, and beseech the Author of Love, to blesse the Rights He has ordain'd, and mingle with our happinesse a just sense of our transient Condition, and a resignation to His will, which only can regulate our minds to a steddy endeavour to please each other. I am for ever Y^r^ Faithful Ser^nt^,

R: STEELE[1].

Sepbr. 1*st*, 1707.

S^nt^ JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE.

MADAM

It is the hardest thing in the World to be in Love, and yet attend businesse. As for me, all that speake to me find me out, and I must Lock myself up, or other people will do it for me.

A gentleman ask'd me this morning what news from Lisbon, and I answer'd she's exquisitly handsome. Another desir'd to know when I had been last at Hampton-Court, I reply'd twill be on Tuesday come se'nnight[2]. Prethee Allow me at least to kisse your hand before that day, that my mind may be in some composure. Oh Love

A thousand Torments dwell about thee,
Yet who would Live to Live without thee?

Methinks I could write a volume to you, but all the Language on earth would fail in saying how much, and with what disinterested passion, I am Ever Y^rs^,

RICH^d^. STEELE.

[1] This and the following letter were afterwards published in *Spectator*, No. 142. The original MSS. at the British Museum show the alterations which Steele made to adapt them for the press. The word 'guilt' (line 1, letter 1) was first altered to 'guilded,' then struck out and 'finer' substituted. In letter 2, 'Windsor' was put instead of 'Hampton Court,' which might have betrayed the writer. These two letters are here reproduced from the MS. as originally written. Another of Steele's letters was printed in *Tatler*, No. 35.

[2] His marriage.

The above letters were pre-nuptial; the next were written after marriage.

TENNIS-COURT COFFEE-HOUSE.
May 5, 1708.

DEAR WIFE,

I hope I have done this day what will be pleasing to you; in the mean time shall lie this night at a barber's, one Leg, over-against the Devil tavern at Charing Cross. I shall be able to confront the fools who wish me uneasy, and shall have the satisfaction to see thee chearful and at ease.

If the printer's boy be at home, send him hither; and let Mrs. Todd send by the boy my night-gown, slippers, and clean-linen. You shall hear from me early in the morning.

RICH. STEELE.

LORD SUNDERLAND'S OFFICE
May 19, 1708, 11 o'clock.

DEAR PRUE,

I desire of you to get the coach and yourself ready as soon as you can conveniently, and call for me here, from whence we will go and spend some time together in the fresh air in free conference. Let my best periwig be put in the coach-box, and my new shoes, for it is a comfort to be well-dressed in agreeable company. You are vital life to your obliged, affectionate husband, and humble servant

RICH. STEELE.

Aug. 12, 1708

MADAM,

I have your letter, wherein you let me know, that the little dispute we have had is far from being a trouble to you; nevertheless, I assure you, any disturbance between us is the greatest affliction to me imaginable. You talk of the judgement of the world; I shall never govern my actions by it, but by the rules of morality and right reason. I love you better than the light of my eyes, or the life blood in my heart; but, when I have let you know that, you are also to understand, that neither my sight shall be so far inchanted, or my affection so much master of me, as to make me forget our common interest. To attend my business as I ought, and improve my fortune, it is necessary that my time and my will should be under no direction but my own. Pray give my most humble service to Mrs. Binns. I write all this, rather to explain my own thoughts to you than answer your letter distinctly. I inclose it to you, that, upon second thoughts, you may see the disrespectful manner in which you treat your affectionate, faithful husband,

RICH. STEELE.

Sept. 20. 1708

DEAR PRUE,

If a servant I sent last night got to Hampton-court, you received 29 walnuts and a letter from me. I enclose the Gazette; and am, with all my soul,

Your passionate lover, and faithful husband,

RICH. STEELE.

Since I writ the above, I have found half an hundred more walnuts, which I send herewith. My service to Binns.

MONDAY, 7 AT NIGHT
Sept. 27, 1708.

DEAR PRUE,

You see that you are obeyed in everything, and that I write over-night for the day following. I shall now in earnest, by Mr. Clay's good conduct, manage my business with that method as shall make me easy. The news, I am told, you had last night, of the taking of Lille, does not prove true; but I hope we shall have it soon. I shall send by to-morrow's coach.

I am, dear Prue, a little in drink, but at all times your faithful husband,

RICH. STEELE.

HALF-HOUR AFTER TEN
Sept. 28, 1708.

DEAR PRUE,

It being three hours since I writ to you, I send this to assure you I am now going very soberly to bed, and that you shall be the last thing in my thoughts to-night, as well as the first to-morrow morning. I am, with the utmost fondness,

Your faithful husband,

RICH. STEELE.

Such are the majority of the letters in this memorable series, surely one of the most unsophisticated exhibitions in literature. We know of nothing which can be compared to it except Swift's *Journal* to Stella, and Swift's journal was composed under restrictions as regards his correspondents, which were quite unknown to Steele. As the record runs on, there are signs of the *amantium iræ* and the *redintegratio amoris*, of haste and worry, of debt and difficulty; but to the end the kind and steadfast heart of Steele beats out undaunted; and to the end his wife is his 'capricious Beauty,' his 'absolute Governess,' his 'dear, dearest Prue.' 'I wish you would learn of Mr. Steele to write to your Wife,' says clever Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to

her husband. In the eighteenth century such a sequence of missives from a lover to his mistress would be exceptional: from a husband to his wife they are almost unique. Those to whom their often domestic details seem trivial or ridiculous will do well to remember in what period they were written, and their unfeigned candour and absolute purity of tone will more than excuse their minor blemishes.

Lovable as he was, it would be disingenuous, as well as idle, to attempt to show that Steele was a prudent man, still less that he was exempt from the error of his age, indicated in one of the foregoing quotations. His genial, gregarious nature made him an easy prey to the opportunities of conviviality, while he was too quick-feeling and impulsive for any thing like thought for the morrow. Hence, throughout his whole lifetime, he was scarcely ever free from money difficulties. When he married he had probably over-estimated his means, and he began his married life upon his fictitious, and not his actual income. Anxious to do honour to his wife's expectations, he took a town house in Bury Street, St. James's, to which he afterwards (1708) added a little cottage at Hampton Wick, christened unambitiously, from its proximity to the palace, by the name of 'The Hovel.' Here he was the near neighbour of Lord Halifax, another arrangement which was but ill calculated to promote economy. Then 'dearest Prue' must have her coach and two, sometimes four, as well as a little saddle-horse, which occasionally eats off its head in town. To meet all this prodigality, he has to borrow £1000 of Addison, which he repays. But further borrowings follow, which drag on in a most discreditable manner for years to come. Towards the close of 1708, he is seriously embarrassed, his wife's confinement is approaching, an execution for rent is put into the Bury Street house, and he has a difficulty in getting bail. He has been trying for the post of Gentleman Usher of the Privy Chamber, worth £200 a year, with £100 perquisites; and a letter of three days later records the death of Prince George of Denmark, by which he loses his place, though in common with all the Prince's attendants, he gets a bounty of £100 per annum. In December he has great hopes,—all hopes were great with sanguine Steele,—of succeeding, so he tells his wife, to 'her rival Addison,' who is vacating his office of Under

Secretary for that of Secretary of State to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Wharton. The result of this expectation is thus stated in the recently published 'Wentworth Papers[1].' 'Mr. Addisson'—says gossipping and incoherent Peter Wentworth—'is certain of going over Secretary to Lord Wharton, and Mr. Steel put in for his place, but Lord Sunderland has put him off with a promise to get him the next place he shall ask that may be keep (*sic*) with his Gazette. I hear it is one of the Scotch members that is to come into Mr. Addisson place, but I don't know his name yet.' This is confirmed by another of Steele's letters in which it is stated that the fortunate candidate was a North Briton (Mr. R. Pringle). And so time wears away, until we come to the first great enterprise of Steele's life, the establishment of the eighteenth-century periodical essay.

The letter to which we last referred is dated January 20, 1709. On the 12th of April following, Steele issued, without much warning, the first number of the *Tatler*, a name, he tells us, not without some suspicion of irony, invented in honour of the fair sex. Its supposed author was 'Isaac Bickerstaff,' the pseudonym already employed by Swift in those fortunate *Predictions for the Year* 1708, by which he had overwhelmed poor Partridge, the starmonger, with such inextinguishable laughter[2]. In external appearance the new venture was homely enough; and not entirely free from the imputations of 'Tobacco Paper' and 'Scurvy Letter[3],' cast upon it later by an outraged correspondent. The days of publication were Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, being those on which the post left London; and the price, after the first four numbers, which were given away *gratis*, was a penny. For country subscribers there was, subsequently to No. 26, a special issue with a blank half-sheet for transmission by post, which cost a half-penny more. According to No. 1, to which and many succeeding numbers, was prefixed the well-worn *Quicquid agunt homines*, it professed to embrace 'Accounts of Gallantry, Pleasure, and Entertainment,' 'under the article of White's Chocolate House,' poetry under that of Will's, learning under the Grecian, foreign and domestic news (in which the author counted largely upon

[1] Letters of Peter Wentworth. *Went. Papers*, 1883, p. 68.
[2] See Dedication to Vol. i, 1710. [3] *Tatler*, No. 160.

his position as Gazetteer) under St. James's Coffee-House, and whatsoever remained from 'my own Apartment.' He was assisted in his records by an ubiquitous familiar named Pacolet, who makes his first appearance in No. 13. With the progress of the paper its scope widened; and in the Dedication of vol. i. to Arthur Maynwaring, its projector was able to claim for it a more elevated mission than that of merely retailing the gossip of the Town, namely, 'to expose the false Arts of Life, to pull off the disguises of Cunning, Vanity and Affectation, and to recommend a general Simplicity in our Dress, our Discourse, and our Behaviour.'

At the time these words were written, Addison had played but a small part in the fortunes of the *Tatler*. When the first number appeared he was starting for Ireland; and it does not seem that he had even been consulted by his friend as to the new project, though it is probable that Swift, whose pseudonym it borrowed, had some inkling of the undertaking. But, in a reference to the beauty of the Vergilian epithet in No. 6, Addison recognised a remark of his own; and he shortly afterwards offered his services to Steele. His earliest known contribution is part of No. 18, wherein the distress of the News Writers at the prospect of peace is ironically treated; and thenceforth his assistance was regularly given, first in the form of notes and suggestions, afterwards in such finished papers as the *Political Upholsterer*, No. 155, *Tom Folio*, No. 158, the *Adventures of a Shilling*, No. 249, *Frozen Voices*, No. 254, and so on. Gradually the news element began to fade out of the paper, and the essay to take its place. Then, in January 1711, with No. 271, the *Tatler* ceased as suddenly as it began,—the colourable reason being that the public had penetrated the editor's disguise, and that the object of the work was wholly lost by 'his [Steele's] being so long understood as the Author.' 'The general Purpose of the Whole,' he says, 'has been to recommend Truth, Innocence, Honour, and Virtue, as the chief Ornaments of Life; but I considered, that Severity of Manners was absolutely necessary to him who would censure others; and for that Reason, and that only, chose to talk in a Mask. I shall not carry my Humility so far as to call myself a vicious Man, but at the same Time must confess, my Life is at best but pardonable: And with no greater Character than this, a Man would make an indifferent

Progress in attacking prevailing and fashionable Vices, which Mr. *Bickerstaff* has done with a Freedom of Spirit, that would have lost both its Beauty and Efficacy, had it been pretended to by Mr. *Steele*[1].'

This, if it signifies anything at all, must be taken to imply that some of Steele's contemporaries, as in the case of the *Christian Hero*, had been too narrowly contrasting 'the least Levity in his Words and Actions' with the admirable precepts of the Shire Lane philosopher. But other and more urgent motives for the cessation of Mr. Bickerstaff's Lucubrations have been suggested. After the accession of the Tories in August, 1710, Steele lost his post as Gazetteer, and it became more difficult to continue the paper on the old lines when the sources of privileged information were sealed. Then again Addison had returned from his Irish Secretaryship; and his assistance, already so valuable in developing its social and literary side, was more intimately available. In these circumstances, it would be better to begin afresh with a new venture, in which the new characteristics would be retained, while the old ones were wholly abandoned. There was already, the printer reported, material for four volumes; and Steele took leave of his subscribers. In his general preface to the collected edition, he inserted an oft-quoted compliment to his friend and ally. 'I have only one Gentleman, who will be nameless, to thank for any frequent Assistance to me, which indeed it would have been barbarous in him to have denied to one with whom he has lived in an Intimacy from Childhood, considering the great Ease with which he is able to dispatch the most entertaining pieces of this Nature. This good Office he performed with such Force of Genius, Humour, Wit, and learning, that I fared like a distressed Prince, who calls in a powerful Neighbour to his aid; I was undone by my Auxiliary; when I had once called him in, I could not subsist without Dependance on him[2].'

In this passage Steele gives an example of that generous self-suppression, to which Fielding refers in his *Journey from this World to the Next*. There can be no doubt of the fine qualities of Addison's contributions, and of the material aid which they afforded to Steele in determining his original design.

[1] *Tatler*, No. 271. [2] Preface to Vol. iv, 1711.

But his own part in the enterprise was by no means contemptible. In the first place, he had invented it, for it is idle, as some would, to transfer the credit of this to Swift, merely because he had contrived the lay-figure of Bickerstaff. Nor is it necessary, except as an exercise in ingenuity, to connect it very closely with the somewhat similar productions of Defoe. Secondly, by far the larger proportion of papers are Steele's own; and, in nearly every case, the new departure, the fresh extension, comes from him. Often Addison's most brilliant efforts are built upon a chance hint thrown off at random by Steele's hurrying pen. In this conjunction, in short, Steele seems to have been the originating and Addison the elaborating intellect. What Steele with his keen sympathy and 'veined humanity' found in 'conversation'—to use the eighteenth-century term for commerce with the world—the delicate lapidary skill of his more placid and introspective companion turned in the study into those gems of graceful irony, which, if only by reason of their style and polish, must outlive more ambitious performances. They are faultless in their art, and in this way achieve an excellence which was beyond the range of Steele's quicker and more impulsive nature. But for words which the heart finds when the head is seeking; for phrases glowing with the white heat of a generous emotion; for sentences which throb and tingle with manly pity or courageous indignation, we must go to the essays of Steele.

Nothing so clearly illustrates the relations of the two writers as the conception and progress of the Club, to whose members we are introduced in No. 2 of the new paper, which, a few weeks later, took the place of the concluded *Tatler*. In No. 1, Addison, embodying some of his own characteristics, had carefully delineated the portrait of the taciturn and contemplative 'looker-on,' from whom the journal borrowed its name. In the essay that followed, Steele threw off his sketch of that famous friendly gathering, which, to most people, is the most memorable thing in the *Spectator*. The foremost of the group is Sir Roger de Coverley. Tickell, Addison's *protégé* and biographer, says that these two papers were 'projected [by Addison] in concert with Steele.' This may be true; but it is also probable that each writer took to himself those parts of the scheme which he held to be most peculiarly his own. The picture of Mr. Spec-

tator is just such a finished study as might have originated with the creator of Tom Folio or Ned Softly in the *Tatler*, while the 'conversation-piece' of the Club is equally characteristic of the broader and hastier hand which drew Sir Jeoffrey Notch and the little knot of notables, who assembled nightly at the Trumpet[1]. But Addison saw in Steele's kit-cat of Sir Roger the occasion for a full-length after his own heart. The plan of the periodical permitted either writer to exhibit any of the members of the society; and Addison was thus enabled to build upon Steele's foundation that inimitable reproduction of the Tory country-gentleman of his day which ranks beside the best creations of the school of fiction which it preceded and anticipated. Will Honeycomb, Captain Sentry, Sir Andrew Freeport, the Templar, the Clergyman, all Steele's other conceptions pale before this central figure; and Steele's best social papers, and Addison's best literary criticisms, would have had far less currency if Sir Roger de Coverley had never existed.

The first number of the *Spectator* was issued on March 1, 1711. Until December 6, 1712, it was continued daily with increased success, and an indomitable vitality which survived even the baleful Stamp Act of August in that year. While the *Medleys* and *Flying Posts* of Grub Street sank under the deadly half-penny tax to rise no more, the little leaflet of Addison and Steele audaciously doubled its price (a penny) and yet retained its readers. Towards the close of its career the sale must have reached 10,000 copies, and we have Steele's own authority[2] for saying that in volume form it acquired a further circulation of 9000. Of the two colleagues, Addison was, in this instance, the larger contributor. Out of a total of 555, his papers numbered 274 to Steele's 236, leaving only 45 for Budgell, Hughes, and (with exception of Pope) the other comparatively undistinguished occasional assistants. As in the concluding *Tatler*, Steele does not omit, when winding up its successor, to make admiring reference to his still anonymous auxiliary. 'I am, indeed, much more proud of his long-continued Friendship, than I should be of the Fame of being thought the Author of any Writings which he himself is capable of producing. I remember when I finished the *Tender Husband*, I told him there was nothing

[1] See *Tatler*, No. 132.

[2] *Spectator*, No. 555.

I so ardently wished, as that we might some time or other publish a Work written by us both, which should bear the Name of *the Monument* in Memory of our Friendship[1].'

Why the *Spectator* was thus brought to an end in the full tide of its success is difficult to understand; and it is nowhere very satisfactorily explained. Weariness of the scheme may have had something to do with it; and it is also not unlikely that, in the high-running strife of Whig and Tory, Steele's eager spirit of partisanship, never entirely held in check by the reticences of the social essay, was beginning to disquiet him, as it had already done in the *Tatler*. During the progress of the *Spectator*, his patriotism had broken out in a little pamphlet called *The Englishman's Thanks to the Duke of Marlborough*, occasioned by the disgrace in December, 1711, of that great Captain[2]; and, even in the pages of the *Spectator* itself, there had been indications of his inability to maintain the 'exact Neutrality,' announced at the outset of the paper[3]. 'He has been mighty impertinent of late,' says Swift, writing to Stella in July, 1712. 'I believe he will very soon lose his employment.' Nevertheless, in the *Guardian*, with which, on the 12th of March, 1713, he again appeared as a periodical essayist, introducing a fresh plan and a new set of characters, he continues to make profession of abstinence from political questions. While declaring himself, as regards the government of the church, a Tory, and with respect to the State, a Whig, Mr. Nestor Ironside goes on to say:—'I am past all the regards of this life, and have nothing to manage with any person or party; but to deliver myself as becomes an old man, with one foot in the grave, and one who thinks he is passing to eternity[4].' 'Matters of state' were, however, too strong for Richard Steele. He was an ardent adherent of King William and the Revolution. The air was charged with faction, and rife with rumours of Jacobite plots against the Hanoverian succession. Thus it came about that the *Guardian*, beginning brilliantly with a staff which, in addition to Addison, included Berkeley and Pope, soon deviated

[1] *Spectator*, No. 555.

[2] This event, on Swift's side, prompted the rancorous *Fable of Midas*, February 14, 1712.

[3] *V. Spectator*, No. 1. Cf. also *Spectator*, No. 262.

[4] *Guardian*, No. 1.

into controversy. The first manifestation of this was an indignant defence, in No. 41, of Lady Charlotte Finch, afterwards Duchess of Somerset, who, because her father, the Earl of Nottingham, had become obnoxious to the Tory party, was herself assailed, incidentally, by the Tory *Examiner*. 'No sooner was Dismal [her father] among the Whigs,' said the writer, 'and confirm'd past retrieving, but Lady Char—te is taken knotting[1] in Saint James's Chapel, during Divine Service, in the immediate presence both of God and Her Majesty, who were affronted together, that the Family might appear to be entirely come over.' Steele rightly considered this to be a wholly unwarrantable attack, for political purposes, upon an unoffending young lady, and he expostulated with considerable warmth. The *Examiner* replied feebly by counter-charges against the personalities of the *Tatler;* and in May Steele vindicated himself over his own signature[2]. A month later his irrepressible enthusiasm broke into open warfare with the Ministers. He threw up his Commissionership of Stamps in a letter to the Lord Treasurer of June 4, resigned his pension as Prince George's gentleman in waiting, and shortly afterwards attacked the Government upon the burning question of the demolition of the Dunkirk fortifications. This, which had been stipulated in the Treaty of Utrecht, was now, if certain ugly rumours could be credited, to be tacitly set aside. Steele's watchful patriotism took fire. 'The British nation'—he wrote imperatively in No. 128 of the *Guardian*—'expects the demolition of Dunkirk.' To this outspoken declaration the *Examiner* replied by charging him with ingratitude and disloyalty. Steele thereupon followed up the controversy with a pamphlet called *The Importance of Dunkirk consider'd*, etc., addressed to the Bailiff of Stockbridge, for which borough he had just been returned to the House of Commons[3]. Meanwhile, upon some ill-explained disagreement

[1] This was a fashionable occupation under Anne. Cf. Addison in *Spectator*, No. 536; and Dorset's poem on Knotting.

[2] *V. Examiner*, May 8, and *Guardian*, May 12 (No. 53).

[3] *The Importance of Dunkirk consider'd*, etc., was published September 22, 1713. On October 31 Swift answered it by a bitter and vindictive pamphlet, entitled *The Importance of the Guardian consider'd*, in which the note of personal animosity is plainly audible. It is impossible, in our brief space, to enter upon the tangled tale of Swift's quarrel with Steele at this period. Political differences had already for

with his publisher Tonson, the *Guardian* was abruptly discontinued, and immediately succeeded by the *Englishman*, 'a sequel,' designed to give greater latitude to his political convictions. With the same object, he published, in January 1714, a long pamphlet called the *Crisis*, in which, largely aided by Mr. William Moore of the Temple (who probably supplied the first draft), and fortified by the encouraging criticisms of Addison, Hoadly, and others, he reviewed the whole question of the Hanoverian succession. The *Crisis* was widely circulated; its immediate result being that Steele had no sooner taken his seat as member for Stockbridge than he was accused of uttering seditious publications, and, in brief space, called upon for his defence. Though taken to some extent by surprise, he made this with great dexterity, and unsuspected powers of oratory, speaking—says the old author of the *Reign of Queen Anne*—'for near Three Hours . . . with such a Temper, Modesty, Unconcern, easy and manly Eloquence, as gave entire Satisfaction to all, who were not inveterately prepossess'd against him.' Addison sat near him to prompt him as occasion required, while Walpole (afterwards Sir Robert), General Stanhope, and other leading Whigs addressed the House in his favour. Young Lord Finch, too, Lady Charlotte's brother, who, like Steele himself, was a new member, also rose in defence of his sister's champion. Overcome by timidity, however, he presently sat down exclaiming, 'It is strange I cannot speak for this man, though I could willingly fight for him.' Those in

some time past estranged them. Swift, nevertheless, seems to have endeavoured to help Steele with those in power, and he thought him ungrateful. Steele, on the other hand, fancied, rightly or wrongly, that he detected Swift's influence, if not his pen, in the *Examiner's* attacks on Lord Nottingham and himself; and his replies, based on this conjecture, stung Swift to the quick. When later Steele's *Crisis* came out, Swift replied to that also in the *Publick Spirit of the Whigs*, etc. (February, 1714); and it is now practically admitted that he inspired, if he did not actually write, a particularly personal *Character of Richard St—le, Esq., by Toby, Abel's kinsman* (i. e. Abel Roper of the Tory *Postboy*), usually fathered upon an obscure William Wagstaffe. Swift carried far more guns than Steele in this kind of conflict, and his method is more noisome and deadly; but any one who will take the trouble to read the whole of these pamphlets to-day will rapidly be convinced that if Swift had the advantage in irony and logic, he cannot compete with Steele in straightforwardness or magnanimity.

his immediate neighbourhood caught up the muttered words; they were quickly repeated; and the ready outburst of encouraging applause brought the neophyte again on his feet, when, it is recorded, he made an effective speech. But neither Lord Finch's maiden rhetoric, nor Steele's more powerful advocates, could save him from what, with pardonable energy, he terms 'the arbitrary Use of Numbers,' and the 'insolent and unmanly Sanction of a Majority.' On the 18th of March, 1714, he was expelled the House. In an *Apology for Himself and his Writings*, published in the following October, from which we have already made several quotations, he gives an account of this episode in his career, which is well worth consulting. His reputation in another way has overshadowed his political pamphlets; but the extreme hostility which they aroused in his opponents is a certain testimony to their contemporary import.

He was not of a nature to be long cast down by his misfortune; and turned anew to literature. A month before his expulsion, he had closed the *Englishman*, and almost immediately afterwards began the *Lover*, which was more in the *Spectator* manner. In No. 11 of this, issued but two days after his senatorial disgrace, he printed a whimsical account of it, in which Harley (the Lord Treasurer) figured as 'Sir Anthony Crabtree,' and Foley, the Auditor, who had impeached him, as 'Brickdust.' The *Lover*, however, in the turn things had taken, offered too little opportunity for the more exciting topics, that, for the moment, engaged his attention. Before it was discontinued, he started, in direct opposition to the Tory *Examiner*, another and more distinctly political paper, the *Reader*. From No. 6 of this, it appears that he contemplated undertaking that enterprise, which afterwards drifted from Glover to Mallet, and was ultimately performed, only in this century, by Archdeacon Coxe, the story of Marlborough's campaigns. He had also published, during the progress of the *Englishman*, a volume of *Poetical Miscellanies*, which included an elaborate dedication to Congreve, and was enriched by contributions from Pope and Gay. To this succeeded a treatise on the *Romish Ecclesiastical History of late Years*, a *Letter on the Bill for preventing the growth of Schism*, and a further pamphlet on the Dunkirk question. The last literary effort with which he was con-

nected in 1714, if the *Apology* be excepted, was the three mysterious volumes known as *The Ladies Library*, to which in all probability he did little more than supply the Preface, Dedications, and a few editorial touches. The first of the dedications is addressed to the Countess of Burlington; and the second to the Mrs. Catharine Bovey, whom a rather futile tradition has associated with Sir Roger de Coverley's 'perverse widow[1].' The third, couched in an admirable strain of loyal and affectionate eulogy, is to Steele's own wife, who, surrounded by her family, may be supposed to be depicted in Du Guernier's frontispiece. It would be unjust not to give an extract from it, if only to show that in an age of adulatory addresses, there exists at least one which is neither venal nor feigned:

It is impossible for me to look back on many Evils and Pains which I have suffered since we came together, without a Pleasure which is not to be expressed, from the Proofs I have had in those Circumstances of Your unwearied Goodness. How often has Your Tenderness removed Pain from my sick Head? How often Anguish from my afflicted Heart? With how skilful Patience have I known You comply with the vain Projects which Pain has suggested, to have an aking Limb removed by Journeying from one side of a Room to another; how often, the next Instant travelled the same Ground again, without telling Your Patient it was to no Purpose to change his Situation? If there are such Beings as Guardian Angels, thus are they employed; I will no more believe one of them more Good, in its Inclinations, than I can conceive it more charming in its Form than my Wife.

But I offend, and forget that what I say to You is to appear in Publick: You are so great a Lover of Home, that I know it will be irksome to You to go into the World even in an Applause. I will end this without so much as mentioning Your Little Flock, or your own amiable Figure at the Head of it: That I think them preferable to all other Children, I know is the Effect of Passion and Instinct; that I believe You the best of Wives, I know proceeds from Experience and Reason[2].

There is little that is hopeless or broken in these graceful and tender words. The fact is, that before *The Ladies Library* was published, the tide had again turned for Steele. In August Queen Anne died; and with the landing of her successor at Greenwich, honours began incontinently to rain upon the courageous champion of the Protestant succession. He was made a deputy lieutenant of the county of Middlesex, Surveyor of the Royal Stables at Hampton Court, and (like

[1] *V. Spectator*, No. 113.
[2] *The Ladies Library*, 1714, iii.

Fielding after him) a justice of peace. Another and more lucrative office also fell to his lot. With Queen Anne's death, the license of Drury Lane also expired; and the managers, enlisting Steele's services to obtain its renewal, invited him to join them, and supervise the theatre at a salary of £700 a year. By a subsequent arrangement, under which the license gave place to a patent, this sum was further increased to £1000. In Cibber's *Apology*, the story of this transaction is related at length, and, incidentally, it affords an illustration of the estimation in which Steele's powers as a dramatic critic were held by the players. 'We knew,' says Cibber, 'the Obligations the Stage had to his Writings; there being scarce a Comedian of Merit, in our whole Company, whom his *Tatlers* had not made better, by his publick Recommendation of them. And many Days had our House been particularly fill'd by the Influence and Credit of his Pen.' Steele, Cibber continues, was so highly pleased with the offer, 'that had we been all his own sons, no unexpected Act of filial Duty could have more endear'd us to him[1].'

The patent for Drury Lane was received from the Lord Chancellor on the 19th January, 1715. The next day Steele set out for Boroughbridge in Yorkshire, for which place he was shortly afterwards elected member. In April of the same year, he drew up, for the Lord-Lieutenant of Middlesex, an address to King George, upon presentation of which he was knighted. On the 28th May following, being his Majesty's birthday, the new knight celebrated that event by an entertainment in his house in Villiers Street, York Buildings, Strand, at which there were more than two hundred guests. Tickell wrote a prologue, spoken by Miss Younger; and there was an epilogue, attributed to Addison, pleasantly rallying the foibles of the good-natured host. After touching upon some early and frustrate enquiries for the philosopher's stone, which, it appears, had been one of the genuine enterprises of the pseudo-Bickerstaff, it proceeds thus:—

> That Project sunk, you saw him entertain
> A notion more chimerical and vain,
> To give chaste Morals to ungovern'd youth,
> To Gamesters honesty, to Statesmen truth;

[1] Cibber's *Apology*, 1740, pp. 289–90.

To make you virtuous all: a thought more bold,
Than that of changing Dross and Lead to Gold.
But now to greater actions he aspir'd,
For still his Country's good our Champion fir'd;
In Treaties vers'd, in Politicks grown wise,
He look'd on DUNKIRK with suspicious eyes;
Into her dark foundations boldly dug,
And overthrew in fight the fam'd SIEUR TUGGHE[1],
Still on his wide unwearied view extends,
Which I may tell, since none are here but Friends;
In a few months he is not without hope,
But 'tis a secret[,] to convert the Pope.
Of this, however, he'll inform you better
Soon as his Holiness receives his Letter[2].

The last lines, says Nichols, refer to a dedication, ostensibly by Steele, but in reality by Hoadly, prefixed to *An Account of the State of the Roman Catholick Religion throughout the World*, a translation from the Italian of Urbano Cerri, which Sir Richard reprinted in 1715. The above epilogue was entrusted to Wilks, and the little shafts of satire it contained lost none of their point under that admirable actor's delivery. From the account which Steele himself gives of this event, it seems that it was intended as the prelude to another of his multifarious projects —the Censorium, a name borrowed from the room in Villiers Street where it was to be held, and which, so far as it is intelligible, was to consist of a kind of periodical *conversazione* for both sexes, enlivened by Music, acting, and recitations[3].

[1] Mons. Tugghe was the Deputy of the Magistrates of Dunkirk. (See Notes to No. 133 in this volume.)

[2] *Town-Talk*, No. 4.

[3] *Town-Talk*, No 4. It is with reference to the Censorium (the theatre, not the entertainment named after it) that Drake tells the following anecdote:—'Sir Richard had constructed a very elegant theatre in his house for the recitation of select passages from favourite authors, and wishing to ascertain whether it was as well calculated to gratify the ear as the eye, desired the carpenter, who had completed the work, to ascend a pulpit placed at one end of the building and speak a few sentences. The carpenter obeyed, but when mounted found himself utterly at a loss for the matter of his harangue. Sir Richard begged he would pronounce whatever first came into his head. Thus encouraged, the new-made orator began, and looking steadily at the knight, in a voice like thunder, exclaimed, "Sir Richard Steele, here has I, and these here men, been doing your work for three months, and never seen the colour of your money. When are you to pay us? I cannot pay my journeymen without money, and money I must have."

Amid all these distractions, Steele continued to occupy himself with literature; and in July 1715, began a second volume of the *Englishman*. To this succeeded *Town-Talk*, the *Tea-Table*, and *Chit-Chat*; none of which extended beyond a few numbers. In 1716, after the suppression of the northern rebellion, he was made a Commissioner for the forfeited Estates, and spent some time in Scotland. Returning again in 1718, he obtained a patent for the Fish-Pool, a plan, fully described in a pamphlet of that year, for bringing salmon alive from Ireland in a well-boat. But the fish battered themselves to pieces *en route*; and despite much ingenuity of detail, the scheme proved abortive. In December, 1718, Lady Steele died; and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Early in the following year Steele's political sympathies involved him in a paper war with his life-long friend, Addison. Lord Sunderland had proposed a measure limiting the number of peers, one result of which would have been the practical exclusion of the Commons from the honours of the Upper House. Steele, although the measure originated with his own party, felt this keenly, and immediately started the *Plebeian* to denounce the Bill. Addison replied to the *Plebeian* in the *Old Whig;* and this *bellum plusquam civile*, as Johnson calls it, was continued, with increasing acrimony, through two or three numbers. As far as dignity is concerned, Steele has certainly the best of the quarrel, since to his opponent's oblique personalities about Grub Street pamphleteers and 'stagnated Pools,' he simply rejoins by a complimentary quotation from Addison's *Cato*[1]. Still, upon different grounds, his own conduct of the controversy was by no means irreproachable; and, in both cases, it is difficult not to echo the wish that faction could have found less illustrious advocates. The worst result was that the breach thus made seems never to have been repaired; and a few months later, reconciliation was rendered

Sir Richard replied, that he was in raptures with the eloquence, but by no means admired the subject.' *Essays*, ed. 1814, i. 179–80.

[1] The alleged reference to Steele as 'Little Dickey,' exposed and exploded by Lord Macaulay, could hardly, as that writer says, have been misunderstood by any one who had actually consulted the text. The mistake originated in a blunder of the *Biographia Britannica*, perpetuated by Johnson, who had not seen the *Old Whig*, which was first reprinted by Nichols, some years after Johnson's death.

impossible by Addison's death. Other troubles, besides estrangement from his old friend, also crowded upon Steele at this time. Owing to his opposition to the Peerage Bill, which was dropped, his patent for Drury Lane was revoked by the Duke of Newcastle, then Lord Chamberlain, at ruinous pecuniary loss to an already embarrassed man. In anticipation of this blow, as well as to vindicate himself and his brother-managers, and defend the stage generally, he established the *Theatre*, by 'Sir John Edgar,' a bi-weekly paper, which brought upon him, among other things, a ferocious and probably hireling attack from the wolfish old critic, John Dennis, a man whom he had formerly befriended. His reply to this unexpected onslaught is a mixture of satire, dignity, good-humour, and raillery, some of which last must have been rather over his adversary's head. But, besides a few useful biographical particulars, already drawn upon in this sketch, it contains a memorable passage respecting his friendship with Addison. In Cibber's dedication to Steele of the tragedy of *Ximenes*, he had inserted an absurdly adulatory passage, the effect of which was to liken Steele to an eagle, and Addison to a wren carried upon his back. Dennis charged Steele with tacit complicity in this piece of bad taste. After admitting that, on the contrary, it had given him pain, Steele, in his character of Edgar, comments as follows:—'It could not be imagined, that, to diminish a worthy man, as soon as he was no more to be seen, could add to him who had always raised, and almost worshipped him, when living. There never was a more strict friendship than between those Gentlemen; nor had they ever any difference but what proceeded from their different way of pursuing the same thing. The one with patience, foresight, and temperate address, always waited and stemmed the torrent; while the other often plunged himself into it, and was as often taken out by the temper of him who stood weeping on the brink for his safety, whom he could not dissuade from leaping into it. Thus these two men lived for some years last past, shunning each other, but still preserving the most passionate concern for their mutual welfare. But when they met, they were as unreserved as boys, and talked of the greatest affairs, upon which they saw where they differed, without pressing (what they knew impossible)

to convert each other.' Towards the close of the same paper he again refers, with a touch of self-reproachful sadness to Addison and to his wife, now both dead and gone :—'There is not now in his [Steele's] sight that excellent man, whom Heaven made his friend and superior, to be, at a certain place, in pain for what he should say or do. I will go on in his further encouragement; the best Woman that ever Man had, cannot now lament and pine at his neglect of himself.' The *Theatre*, from No. 12 of which these passages are taken, came to an end in April, 1720. The only other works which Steele produced in the same year were *The Crisis of Property* and *A Nation a Family*, two pamphlets in which he warmly combated the South Sea Mania.

His changing fortunes turned once more in 1721. Walpole, his ancient ally, became Chancellor of the Exchequer; and he was speedily re-instated as Governor of the Royal Company of Comedians. The same year was distinguished by his publication of a second edition of Addison's *Drummer*, with a prefatory letter or dedication to Congreve, commenting upon certain aspersions made by Tickell in the recently published edition of Addison's works. This letter, which is most interesting, throws considerable light upon Addison's part in Steele's literary ventures; and proves clearly (if proof were needed) that Steele, at least, cherished no angry memories of the great writer whom he names his 'Dear and Honoured Friend.' The next year (1722) witnessed the production at Drury Lane of his best comedy, the *Conscious Lovers*, concerning which Fielding's Parson Adams affirms that it ranks with *Cato* as the only play fit for a Christian to see, adding that it contains 'some things almost solemn enough for a sermon.' Notwithstanding this dubious recommendation, the *Conscious Lovers* succeeded in escaping being 'damn'd' (like the *Lying Lover*) 'for its Piety,' and proved so much of a hit that the King, to whom it was dedicated, sent the author £500. Its groundwork is supplied by the *Andria* of Terence; and its condemnation of duelling would, according to the *Biographia Dramatica*, have constituted the final word on that text, 'had not the subject been since more amply and completely treated by the admirable author of *Sir Charles Grandison*, in the affair between that truly accomplished gentleman and Sir

Hargrave Pollexfen.' That Richardson, who built Lovelace out of Rowe's Lothario, may have been indebted to the Bevil and Myrtle of the *Conscious Lovers*, does not appear to have occurred to Mr. Isaac Reed or his predecessor.

After his last comedy, little remains to be told of Steele. He began two others—the *School of Action* and the *Gentleman;* but did not finish them. Fragments of both were published by Nichols in 1809, with the 2nd edition of the correspondence. Money difficulties, the accumulation of a life-time of improvidence and prodigality, appear to have thickened upon him in his later days, and he sold his share in the theatre. Then came an unhappy lawsuit with the managers, which he lost. In 1724, in pursuance of an honourable arrangement for doing justice to his creditors[1], he quitted London, lived some time at Hereford, and finally retired to his wife's Welsh estate[2]. He died at Carmarthen on September 1, 1729, aged fifty-eight; and was buried in St. Peter's Church, where a mural tablet was first erected to him as late as 1876, by a gentleman who then owned part of his old property. There is also an earlier tablet to him at Llangunnor. Not long before his death he had a paralytic seizure; but he retained his kind heart to the last. The latest account of him which is preserved

[1] Swift, with strange cruelty to the memory of the dead man who had been his friend, represents this as an ignoble flight. Steele—he says in some verses printed in 1730—

> 'From Perils of a hundred Jayls
> Withdrew to starve, and dye in *Wales*.'

It is instructive to contrast this with the generosity with which Steele, in his defence before the House, spoke of the living Author of the *Importance of the Guardian consider'd*, and the *Publick Spirit of the Whigs*. After quoting a laudatory notice from the *Tatler* of a book by Swift, he continues:—'The Gentleman I here intended was Dr. *Swift;* this kind of Man I thought him at that time: We have not met of late, but I hope he deserves this Character still.' Again (speaking in No. 57 of the *Englishman* of Toby's *Character of Richard St—le*, Esq.) he says, 'I think I know the Author of this, and to shew him I know no Revenge but in the Method of heaping Coals on his Head by Benefits, I forbear giving him what he deserves; for no other Reason, but that I know his Sensibility of Reproach is such, as that he would be unable to bear Life it self under half the ill Language he has given me.' There is every reason to believe that he rightly estimated Swift's nature.

[2] There is a view of the house at Llangunnor in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1797, p. 457. It was then occupied as a farm.

shows him watching the country-folk at their sports from his invalid's chair on a summer evening, and writing an order upon his agent for a prize of a new gown to the best dancer[1]. Of his four children, only two survived him. His eldest daughter, Elizabeth, born in 1709, married a Welsh judge, afterwards the third Lord Trevor of Bromham. Richard, the second child, died in 1716; and Eugene, the third, to whom there are some references in the *Theatre* and *Town-Talk*, in 1723. Mary, the youngest, was carried off by consumption in the year following her father's death.

There are several portraits of Sir Richard Steele. To three of these he himself makes reference in his reply to one of Dennis's papers, which contains a vulgar caricature of him in the Rowlandson or Bunbury manner,—'a caricature,' says Mr. Thackeray, who quotes it, 'which has a dreadful resemblance to the original.' This, it may be submitted, is true of all caricatures of any ability. Dennis, here and elsewhere, laid stress upon his short face, his black peruke, and his dusky countenance. The short face Sir Richard could scarcely have contested, as he pleads guilty to it in the *Spectator*[2]. But the black wig, it appears in this instance, was brown; and he evades the 'dusky countenance.' He was, in fact, what in those days was called 'a black man[3];' and he goes on to say, with respect to this 'insinuation against his beauty,' that he has ordered new editions of his face after Kneller, Thornhill, and Richardson to disabuse mankind in this particular[4].' The first, he says, has painted him 'resolute,' the second 'thoughtful,' and the third 'indolent.' All these pictures, we believe, are still in existence. The Kneller was painted for the Kit-Cat Club in 1714, and is engraved by Faber and Houbraken. A beautiful little copy of it by Vertue generally forms the frontispiece to the collected plays. It exhibits Steele, apparently, in the voluminous 'full-bottomed dress periwig,' in which he rode abroad or penned homilies against luxury and extravagance[5]. The Thornhill at Cobham Hall—the 'thoughtful' one—depicts him in the disarray of a dressing gown and tasselled cap;

[1] Victor's *Original Letters, Dramatic Pieces, and Poems*, 1776, i. 330.
[2] *Spectator*, Nos. 17 and 19.
[3] *Spectator*, No. 262.
[4] *Theatre*, No. 11.
[5] Drake's *Essays*, ed. 1814, i. 179.

and is the original of the circular print engraved by Basire, which figures in so many of Nichols's publications. When this was painted he was 46 (1717). The third portrait, by Jonathan Richardson, is now in the National Portrait Gallery. This, an unusually fine specimen of the painter's work, gives us the Steele of 1712, the Steele of the *Spectator*. He is here shewn as a portly, good-humoured man 'of a ruddy countenance,' with broad dark eyebrows, very bright dark brown eyes, and a mass of curling brown hair that conceals his ears. He wears a collarless coat, and a plain cravat. Nichols mentions another portrait by Michael Dahl, taken when he was Commissioner in Scotland. There is also a second reputed Kneller at Stationers' Hall. Dennis, it may be added, seems to have regarded Sir Richard's reply to his personal remarks, as proof positive of his vanity. But Dennis did not understand raillery, and Steele was not vain of his appearance. 'My Person,' he says in his charming paper on Estcourt, 'is very little of my Care; and it is indifferent to me what is said of my Shape, my Air, my Manner, my Speech, or my Address.' . . . . 'I am arrived at the Happiness of thinking nothing a Diminution to me, but what argues a Depravity of my Will.'

Of his work it may be said generally that his essays alone survive. Upon the strength of his slender contribution to the *Poetical Miscellanies*, and a few occasional verses, it would be impossible to set up a claim for him as a poet, to which dignity, indeed, he never pretended[1]. His political pamphlets served the purposes of the hour; and, except to the minute student of parliamentary history or the all-sifting biographer, are now unreadable. His plays again, to-day, are but faintly vital. They were not brilliant successes in his life-time; and they have never passed into the repertory of the stage. The fact that their author so willingly leaned upon the plot of a predecessor indicates his weak point—the lack of that stage-craft which seems to be still one of the rarest gifts of Englishmen. Another difficulty with which he struggled unsuccessfully was his laudable desire to conciliate the pulpit and the stage. Whether this can or should be done, and whether

[1] Rundle's *Anticipation of the Posthumous Character of Sir R. Steele*, *Epist. Corr.* 1809, ii, p. 690.

Steele's attempts to do it are chargeable with the blame of initiating the pestilent Sentimental Drama of subsequent years,—'the mawkish drab of spurious breed'[1] who, in Garrick's words, was to supplant the Comic Muse,—are questions which it is needless to discuss here. It is sufficient to note that in Steele's case the fusion was not satisfactorily effected. In the dialogue, too, it may be admitted with Chalmers, that he is 'sometimes tedious.' 'He wants the quick repartee of Congreve; and, though possessed of humour, falls into the style rather of an essay than a drama.' Still it was impossible that so lively a humourist and so penetrating an observer could fail entirely. As we have already pointed out, his comedies contain many original sketches of character, some of which have furnished hints to later hands, while there are episodes in all of them which, it is safe to say, nobody but Mr. Bickerstaff could have written. Take, for example, this thoroughly eighteenth-century idyll from the *Conscious Lovers*, in which the actors are Tom the man and Phillis the maid. (Phillis, it may be observed parenthetically, was later one of the famous characters of the famous Mrs. Margaret Woffington. One can imagine with what arch vivacity she would have invested the part of the coquettish window-cleaner.)

Tom. . . . Ah! too well I remember when, and how, and on what Occasion I was first surpriz'd. It was on the first of *April*, one thousand seven hundred and fifteen, I came into Mr. *Scaland's* Service; I was then a Hobble-de-Hoy, and you a pretty little tight Girl, a favourite Handmaid of the Housekeeper.—At that Time, we neither of us knew what was in us: I remember, I was order'd to get out of the Window, one pair of Stairs, to rub the Sashes clean,—the Person employ'd, on the innerside, was your Charming self, whom I had never seen before.

Phil. I think, I remember the silly Accident: What made ye, you Oaf, ready to fall down into the Street?

Tom. You know not, I warrant you—You could not guess what surpriz'd me. You took no Delight, when you immediately grew wanton, in your Conquest, and put your Lips close, and breath'd upon the Glass, and when my Lips approach'd, a dirty Cloth you rubbed against my Face, and hid your beauteous Form; when I again drew near, you spit, and rubb'd and smil'd at my Undoing.

Phil. What silly Thoughts you Men have!

Tom. We were *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*—but ten times harder was my Fate; *Pyramus* could peep only through a Wall, I saw her, saw my

[1] Prologue to *She Stoops to Conquer*, 1773.

Thisbe in all her Beauty, but as much kept from her as if a hundred Walls between, for there was more, there was her Will against me—Would she but yet relent!—Oh, Phillis! Phillis! shorten my Torment, and declare you pity me.

Phil. I believe, it's very sufferable; the Pain is not so exquisite, but that you may bear it, a little longer[1].

As a prose-writer Steele does not rank with the great masters of English style. He claimed, indeed, in his capacity as a *Tatler*, to use 'common speech,' to be even 'incorrect'[2] if need be, and, it may be added, he sometimes abused this license. Writing hastily and under pressure, his language is frequently involved and careless; and it is only when he is strongly stirred by his subject that he attains to real elevation and dignity of diction. His eloquence is wholly of the heart; and there is little or nothing of epigram in his expression. Now and then, the warmth of his feeling reaches its flashing point; and the result is some supremely happy phrase, such as the well-known 'To love her is a liberal Education,' which he applies to Lady Elizabeth Hastings[3]. As might be expected from his emotional nature, his pathetic side is especially strong; but it is strong with all the defects of that nature,—that is to say, it is rather poignant and intense than fine or suggestive. He is not in the least ashamed of his tears, and when, with Master Stephen, he mounts his stool to be melancholy, he is for no half-measures in grief. He delights in highly-strained situations, which he breaks off abruptly at the critical moment, like the story of Clarinda and Chloe in *Tatler*, No. 94. Sometimes, as in the case of the bridegroom who shoots his bride by accident[4], he heightens the tragedy by a playful prelude. He is at his best when he is depending wholly upon his personal memories, as in the familiar paper upon his father's death (*Tatler*, No. 181). The character of his humour, too, is also strongly influenced by his personal *differentiæ*. It has little of practised art or perceptive delicacy; but it is uniformly kindly, genial, indulgent, recognising always that to 'step aside is human.' An object is never so ludicrous but he has somewhere some subordinate stroke to show that though he is laughing, there is nothing sardonic in his mirth.

[1] *The Conscious Lovers*, 1723, Act. iii, pp. 40, 41. Cf. *Guardian*, No. 87, for the first sketch of this scene.

[2] *Tatler*, No. 5. [3] *Tatler*, No. 49. [4] *Tatler*, No. 82.

Nay, he has so much compassion for the frailties of his fellow creatures, that he often seems to be satirising himself more than others, and smiling—a little ruefully perhaps—at his own weaknesses rather than at theirs. His humour, in short, has the prevailing characteristics of his genius; it is spontaneous and genuine; but often negligent and ill-considered in its expression. Still it is so cheerful and good-natured, so frank and manly and generous, that one is often tempted to echo the declaration of Leigh Hunt—'I prefer open-hearted Steele with all his faults to Addison with all his essays.'

In the selections from Steele which follow, no minute or scientific classification has been attempted. They have been made from the *Tatler* and *Guardian* as well as the *Spectator*, because to select papers from the *Spectator* alone not only places Steele at a disadvantage as compared with Addison, but would not give a just idea of his achievements as an essayist. From his minor works very little has been taken, chiefly for the reason that, when not variations on his earlier utterances, they are generally political or controversial. The first section is made up of the 'Moral Essays,' which, until they succumbed to the imitators of Johnson, formed so frequent a feature of eighteenth-century literature. In Steele's hands they are in their earliest and best stage. They suited his inclinations and habits of composition, which made it easier for him to depend upon his feelings and quick-kindled sympathies than to spend time in the evolution of character, and the refinements of artistic construction; they suited also his sincere desire,—for, whatever his errors, it *was* a sincere desire,—to promote the reformation of manners. In the second section come the 'Social Essays,' which include character-sketches, and descriptions of manners, fashions, and follies. Sometimes it happens that the moral and social elements are combined in one paper: in this case it is classed according to the predominant note. But the hortatory and didactic play so large a part in Steele's performances that many of the 'Social' papers might fairly be described as 'Moral,' and can only be said to differ because they are less obviously and exclusively absorbed by the moral purpose. The third section contains the 'Theatrical' papers, a small group, but easily detached from the rest; and the fourth is composed of those of a Miscellaneous or 'general' character.

Into this last division fall naturally all those papers which cannot conveniently be ranked under the remaining heads; and it also comprehends a few examples which have been preserved more for their biographical or antiquarian interest than their literary excellence. The paper on Dunkirk fortifications is an instance of the former kind; that on the Humours of Bath of the latter. Few of the letters have been reprinted because it is impossible, in many cases, to decide positively whether they are by Steele or his contributors[1]. The same difficulty has sometimes prevented the insertion of otherwise meritorious essays, whose authorship is mixed or doubtful.

What Professor Jebb calls 'the unpopular and much-suspected office of expurgator' has been very sparingly exercised. As a general rule, omission has been preferred to mutilation, and excised passages are usually indicated by marks. In the case of the *Tatler*, where the majority of the papers treat of several separate subjects, one of these has sometimes been taken without reference to the rest. But this can scarcely be considered in the light of a suppression.

[1] Cf. *Spectator*, No. 542.

CHRONOLOGY OF STEELE'S LIFE.

1671. March. Born in Dublin, and baptised at St. Bridget's Church, March 12.

[1672. May 1. Addison born.]

1684. November 17. Nominated to Charterhouse by the first Duke of Ormond.

[1688. July 21. Death of the first Duke of Ormond.]

1690. March 13. Matriculates at Christ Church, Oxford.

1691. August 27. Postmaster at Merton College.

169–. Enters the army as a Cadet under the second Duke of Ormond.

1695. March. Publishes 'The Procession,' a poem on the funeral of Queen Mary, who died December 28, 1694, buried March 5, 1695.

169–. Becomes Secretary to John Lord Cutts; and Ensign in the Coldstream Guards.

1700. Is Captain in Lord Lucas's Fusileers.

1701. April 17. Publishes the 'Christian Hero.'

July 19. Second Edition.

December 20. Publishes the 'Funeral; or, Grief *à-la*-Mode,' a Comedy, acted at Drury Lane, same year.

[1702. March 8. Death of William III.

April 14. Gildon's 'Comparison between the Two Stages' published.]

1704. January 26. Publishes the 'Lying Lover; or, the Ladies' Friendship,' a Comedy, produced at Drury Lane, December 2, 1703.

1705. May 9. Publishes the 'Tender Husband; or, the Accomplished Fools,' a Comedy, produced at Drury Lane, April 23, same year.

1707. May. Appointed Gazetteer, and Gentleman-Waiter to Prince George of Denmark.

September. Publishes a 'Prologue to the University of Oxford.'

September. Marries Miss Mary Scurlock.

1708. October. Loses his post of Gentleman-Waiter by the death of Prince George, October 28.

1709. April 12. 'Tatler' begun.

1710. May [?]. Made Commissioner of Stamps.

October. Loses his appointment as Gazetteer.

'Ode to the Duke of Marlborough.'

1711. January 2. 'Tatler' finished.
March 1. 'Spectator' begun.
[December 30. Marlborough deprived of all his offices.]
1712. January 4. Publishes 'The Englishman's Thanks to the Duke of Marlborough.'
[August 1. Stamp Act (10 Anne, Cap. 19) comes into force.]
December 6. 'Spectator' (vol. vii) finished.
1713. March 5. 'Letter to Sir Miles Wharton concerning Occasional Peers.'
March 12. 'Guardian' begun.
June 4. Letter to the Earl of Oxford resigning Commissionership of Stamps.
August 7. Publishes 'Guardian No. 128' on the Demolition of Dunkirk fortifications.
August. Elected M.P. for Stockbridge, Hants.
September 22. Publishes 'Importance of Dunkirk consider'd,' etc.
October 1. 'Guardian' finished.
October 6. 'Englishman' begun.
[October 31. Swift's 'Importance of the "Guardian" consider'd' published.
November 12. 'Character of Richard St—le, Esq.' published.]
December 29–31. 'Poetical Miscellanies' published.
1714. [January 5–7. Swift's 'Paraphrase of Horace ii, 1' published.]
January 19. 'Crisis' published.
February 15. 'Englishman' finished.
February 25. 'Lover' begun.
[February 26. Swift's 'Publick Spirit of the Whigs' published.]
March 18. Expelled the House of Commons.
April 22. 'Reader' begun.
May. Proposes to write the 'History of the War in Flanders' ('Reader' No. 6).
May 10. 'Reader' finished.
May 25. 'Romish Ecclesiastical History of late Years' published.
May 27. 'Lover' finished.
June 3. 'Letter to a Member of Parliament concerning the Bill for preventing the Growth of Schism' published.
July 2. 'French Faith represented in the Present State of Dunkirk' published.
[August 1. Queen Anne dies.
September 18. George I lands at Greenwich.]
October [?]. Appointed Surveyor of the Royal Stables at Hampton Court, J.P., and Deputy Lieutenant of the County of Middlesex.

October 9. Publishes 'The Ladies Library.'
October 18. Supervisor of the Theatre Royal.
October 22. Publishes 'Mr. Steele's Apology for Himself and his Writings.

1715. January 19. Patentee of Drury Lane.
February. Elected M.P. for Boroughbridge, Yorkshire.
April 8. Knighted by George I.
May 13. 'Account of the State of the Roman-Catholick Religion throughout the World' published.
May 28. Banquet at the Censorium.
July 11. Second volume of 'Englishman' begun; finished November 21.
December 17. 'Town Talk' begun.

1716. February 6. 'Tea-Table' begun.
March 6. 'Chit-Chat' begun.
[March 21. Addison's 'Drummer' published; produced at Drury Lane, March 10.]
June 7. Appointed Commissioner for Forfeited Estates in Scotland.

1718. June 10. Obtains Patent for 'Fish Pool.'
December 26. Death of Lady Steele.

1719. March 14. 'Plebeian' begun.
[June 17. Death of Addison.]
December 7. 'Letter to the Earl of Oxford concerning the Bill of Peerage.'
December 19. 'Spinster' published.

1720. January 2. 'Theatre' begun.
January 23. License for Drury Lane revoked.
February 1. Publishes 'The Crisis of Property.'
February 27. Publishes 'A Nation a Family,' sequel to the above.

1721. May 18. License for Drury Lane restored.
[October 3. Addison's works published by Tickell.]
December 23. Publishes Addison's 'Drummer,' 2nd edition, with prefatory letter to Congreve.

1722. March. Elected M.P. for Wendover, Bucks.
December 1. Publishes the 'Conscious Lovers,' a Comedy, produced at Drury Lane, November 7, 1722.

1723. September. Leaves London for Bath.

1725. ['Letters sent to the Tatler and Spectator' published by Charles Lillie.]
Living at Hereford.

1729. September 1. Dies at Carmarthen, and is buried on the 4th in St. Peter's Church.

I.

MORAL AND DIDACTIC PAPERS.

No. 1. *On Charity.*

Difficile est plurimum virtutem revereri qui semper secunda fortuna sit usus.—TULL. ad Herennium.

INSOLENCE is the crime of all others which every man is apt to rail at; and yet there is one respect in which almost all men living are guilty of it, and that is in the case of laying a greater value upon the gifts of fortune than we ought. It is here in England come into our very language, as a propriety of distinction, to say, when we would speak of persons to their advantage, 'They are people of condition.' There is no doubt but the proper use of riches implies, that a man should exert all the good qualities imaginable; and if we mean by a man of condition or quality, one who, according to the wealth he is master of, shows himself just, beneficent, and charitable, that term ought very deservedly to be had in the highest veneration; but when wealth is used only as it is the support of pomp and luxury, to be rich is very far from being a recommendation to honour and respect. It is indeed the greatest insolence imaginable, in a creature who would feel the extremes of thirst and hunger, if he did not prevent[n] his appetites, before they call upon him, to be so forgetful of the common necessity of human nature, as never to cast an eye upon the poor and needy. The fellow who escaped from a ship which struck upon a rock in the west, and joined with the country people to destroy his brother sailors, and make her a wreck, was thought a most execrable creature; but does not every man who enjoys the possession of what he naturally wants, and is unmindful of the unsupplied distress of other men, betray the same temper of mind? When a

man looks about him, and, with regard to riches and poverty, beholds some drawn in pomp and equipage, and they, and their very servants, with an air of scorn and triumph, overlooking the multitude that pass by them; and in the same street a creature of the same make, crying out, in the name of all that is good and sacred, to behold his misery, and give him some supply against hunger and nakedness; who would believe these two beings were of the same species? But so it is, that the consideration of fortune has taken up all our minds, and as I have often complained, poverty and riches stand in our imaginations in the places of guilt and innocence. But in all seasons there will be some instances of persons who have souls too large to be taken with popular prejudices, and, while the rest of mankind are contending for superiority in power and wealth, have their thoughts bent upon the necessities of those below them. The charity schools, which have been erected of late years, are the greatest instances of public spirit the age has produced. But, indeed, when we consider how long this sort of beneficence has been on foot, it is rather from the good management of those institutions, than from the number or value of the benefactions to them, that they make so great a figure. One would think it impossible that in the space of fourteen years there should not have been five thousand pounds bestowed in gifts this way, nor sixteen hundred children, including males and females, put out to methods of industry. It is not allowed me to speak of luxury and folly with the severe spirit they deserve; I shall only therefore say, I shall very readily compound with any lady in a hooped petticoat, if she give the price of one half yard of the silk towards clothing, feeding, and instructing an innocent helpless creature of her own sex, in one of these schools. The consciousness of such an action will give her features a nobler life on this illustrious day[n], than all the jewels that can hang in her hair, or can be clustered in her bosom. It would be uncourtly to speak in harsher words to the fair, but to men one may take a little more freedom. It is monstrous how a man can live with so little reflection, as to fancy he is not in a condition very unjust and disproportioned to the rest of mankind, while he enjoys wealth, and exerts no benevolence or bounty to others. As for this particular occasion of these schools, there cannot any offer more worthy a generous mind.

Would you do a handsome thing without return? do it for an infant that is not sensible of the obligation. Would you do it for public good? do it for one who will be an honest artificer. Would you do it for the sake of heaven? give it to one who shall be instructed in the worship of him for whose sake you gave it. It is, methinks, a most laudable institution this, if it were of no other expectation than that of producing a race of good and useful servants, who will have more than a liberal, a religious education. What would not a man do in common prudence, to lay out in purchase of one about him, who would add to all his orders he gave, the weight of the commandments, to enforce an obedience to them? for one who would consider his master as his father, his friend, and benefactor, upon the easy terms, and in expectation of no other return, but moderate wages and gentle usage? It is the common vice of children, to run too much among the servants; from such as are educated in these places they would see nothing but lowliness in the servant, which would not be disingenuous in the child. All the ill offices and defamatory whispers, which take their birth from domestics, would be prevented, if this charity could be made universal: and a good man might have a knowledge of the whole life of the persons he designs to take into his house for his own service, or that of his family or children, long before they were admitted. This would create endearing dependencies; and the obligation would have a paternal air in the master, who would be relieved from much care and anxiety from the gratitude and diligence of an humble friend, attending him as his servant. I fall into this discourse from a letter sent to me, to give me notice that fifty boys would be clothed, and take their seats (at the charge of some generous benefactors) in St. Bride's church[n], on Sunday next. I wish I could promise to myself any thing which my correspondent seems to expect from a publication of it in this paper; for there can be nothing added to what so many excellent and learned men have said on this occasion. But that there may be something here which would move a generous mind, like that of him who writ to me, I shall transcribe an handsome paragraph of Dr. Snape's[n] sermon on these charities, which my correspondent enclosed with his letter.

'The wise Providence has amply compensated the disadvantages of the poor and indigent, in wanting many of the

conveniences of this life, by a more abundant provision for their happiness in the next. Had they been higher born, or more richly endowed, they would have wanted this manner of education, of which those only enjoy the benefit, who are low enough to submit to it; where they have such advantages without money, and without price, as the rich cannot purchase with it. The learning which is given, is generally more edifying to them, than that which is sold to others. Thus do they become exalted in goodness, by being depressed in fortune, and their poverty is, in reality, their preferment.'

Spectator, No. 294.] [February 6, 1712.

No. 2. *On Benevolence.*

Consuetudinem benignitatis largitioni munerum longe antepono. Hæc est gravium hominum atque magnorum; illa quasi assentatorum populi, multitudinis levitatem voluptate quasi titillantium.—TULL.

When we consider the offices of human life, there is, methinks, something in what we ordinarily call generosity, which, when carefully examined, seems to flow rather from a loose and unguarded temper than an honest and liberal mind. For this reason, it is absolutely necessary that all liberality should have for its basis and support, frugality. By this means the beneficent spirit works in a man from the convictions of reason, not from the impulses of passion. The generous man in the ordinary acceptation, without respect of the demands of his own family, will soon find upon the foot of his account, that he has sacrificed to fools, knaves, flatterers, or the deservedly unhappy, all the opportunities of affording any future assistance where it ought to be. Let him therefore reflect, that if to bestow be in itself laudable, should not a man take care to secure an ability to do things praiseworthy as long as he lives? Or could there be a more cruel piece of raillery upon a man who should have reduced his fortune below the capacity of acting according to his natural temper, than to say of him, 'That gentleman was generous?' My beloved author[n] therefore has, in the sentence on the top of my paper, turned his eye

with a certain satiety from beholding the addresses to the people by largesses and other entertainments, which he asserts to be in general vicious, and are always to be regulated according to the circumstances of time and a man's own fortune. A constant benignity in commerce with the rest of the world, which ought to run through all a man's actions, has effects more useful to those whom you oblige, and less ostentatious in yourself. He turns his recommendation of this virtue in commercial life: and, according to him, a citizen who is frank in his kindnesses, and abhors severity in his demands; he who, in buying, selling, lending, doing acts of good neighbourhood, is just and easy; he who appears naturally averse to disputes, and above the sense of little sufferings; bears a nobler character, and does much more good to mankind than any other man's fortune, without commerce, can possibly support. For the citizen, above all other men, has opportunities of arriving at 'that highest fruit of wealth, to be liberal without the least expense of a man's own fortune.' It is not to be denied but such a practice is liable to hazard; but this therefore adds to the obligation, that, among traders, he who obliges is as much concerned to keep the favour a secret as he who receives it. The unhappy distinctions among us in England are so great, that to celebrate the intercourse of commercial friendship (with which I am daily made acquainted) would be to raise the virtuous man so many enemies of the contrary party. I am obliged to conceal all I know of 'Tom the Bounteous,' who lends at the ordinary interest, to give men of less fortune opportunities of making greater advantages. He conceals, under a rough air and distant behaviour, a bleeding compassion and womanish tenderness. This is governed by the most exact circumspection, that there is no industry wanting in the person whom he is to serve, and that he is guilty of no improper expenses. This I know of Tom; but who dare say it of so known a Tory? The same care I was forced to use some time ago, in the report of another's virtue, and said fifty instead of a hundred, because the man I pointed at was a Whig. Actions of this kind are popular, without being invidious: for every man of ordinary circumstances looks upon a man who has this known benignity in his nature as a person ready to be his friend upon such terms as he ought to expect

it; and the wealthy, who may envy such a character, can do no injury to its interests, but by the imitation of it, in which the good citizens will rejoice to be rivalled. I know not how to form to myself a greater idea of human life, than in what is the practice of some wealthy men whom I could name, that make no step to the improvement of their own fortunes, wherein they do not also advance those of other men, who would languish in poverty without that munificence. In a nation where there are so many public funds to be supported, I know not whether he can be called a good subject who does not embark some part of his fortune with the state, to whose vigilance he owes the security of the whole. This certainly is an immediate way of laying an obligation upon many, and extending his benignity the furthest a man can possibly who is not engaged in commerce. But he who trades, besides giving the state some part of this sort of credit he gives his banker, may, in all the occurrences of his life, have his eye upon removing want from the door of the industrious, and defending the unhappy upright man from bankruptcy. Without this benignity, pride or vengeance will precipitate a man to choose the receipt of half his demands from one whom he has undone, rather than the whole from one to whom he has shown mercy. This benignity is essential to the character of a fair trader, and any man who designs to enjoy his wealth with honour and self-satisfaction: nay, it would not be hard to maintain, that the practice of supporting good and industrious men, would carry a man further even to his profit than indulging the propensity of serving and obliging the fortunate. My author argues on this subject, in order to incline men's minds to those who want them most, after this manner: 'We must always consider the nature of things, and govern ourselves accordingly. The wealthy man, when he has repaid you, is upon a balance with you; but the person whom you favoured with a loan, if he be a good man, will think himself in your debt after he has paid you. The wealthy and the conspicuous are not obliged by the benefits you do them; they think they conferred a benefit when they received one. Your good offices are always suspected, and it is with them the same thing to expect their favour as to receive it. But the man below you, who knows, in the good you have done him, you respected himself more

than his circumstances, does not act like an obliged man only to him from whom he has received a benefit, but also to all who are capable of doing him one. And whatever little office he can do for you, he is so far from magnifying it, that he will labour to extenuate it in all his actions and expressions. Moreover the regard to what you do to a great man at best is taken notice of no further than by himself or his family; but what you do to a man of an humble fortune (provided always that he is a good and a modest man) raises the affections towards you of all men of that character (of which there are many) in the whole city.'

There is nothing gains a reputation to a preacher so much as his own practice; I am therefore casting about what act of benignity is in the power of a Spectator. Alas! that lies but in a very narrow compass: and I think the most immediately under my patronage are either players, or such whose circumstances bear an affinity with theirs. All, therefore, I am able to do at this time of this kind, is to tell the town, that on Friday the 11th of this instant, April, there will be performed, in York-buildings[n], a concert of vocal and instrumental music, for the benefit of Mr. Edward Keen, the father of twenty children; and that this day the haughty George Powell[n] hopes all the good-natured part of the town will favour him, whom they applauded in Alexander, Timon, Lear, and Orestes, with their company this night, when he hazards all his heroic glory for their approbation in the humbler condition of honest Jack Falstaff.

Spectator, No. 346.] [April 7, 1712.

No. 3. *On Generosity.*

Hoc maxime officii est, ut quisque maxime opis indigeat, ita ei potissimum opitulari.—TULL. Off. i. 16.

There are none who deserve superiority over others in the esteem of mankind, who do not make it their endeavour to be beneficial to society; and who upon all occasions which their circumstances of life can administer, do not take a certain unfeigned pleasure in conferring benefits of one kind or other. Those whose great talents and high birth have

placed them in conspicuous stations of life are indispensably obliged to exert some noble inclinations for the service of the world, or else such advantages become misfortunes, and shade and privacy are a more eligible portion. Where opportunities and inclinations are given to the same person, we sometimes see sublime instances of virtue, which so dazzle our imaginations, that we look with scorn on all which in lower scenes of life we may ourselves be able to practise. But this is a vicious way of thinking; and it bears some spice of romantic madness, for a man to imagine that he must grow ambitious, or seek adventures, to be able to do great actions. It is in every man's power in the world who is above mere poverty, not only to do things worthy, but heroic. The great foundation of civil virtue is self-denial; and there is no one above the necessities of life, but has opportunities of exercising that noble quality, and doing as much as his circumstances will bear for the ease and convenience of other men; and he who does more than ordinary men practise upon such occasions as occur in his life, deserves the value of his friends, as if he had done enterprises which are usually attended with the highest glory. Men of public spirit differ rather in their circumstances than their virtue; and the man who does all he can, in a low station, is more a hero than he who omits any worthy action he is able to accomplish in a great one. It is not many years ago since Lapirius, in wrong of his elder brother, came to a great estate by gift of his father, by reason of the dissolute behaviour of the first-born. Shame and contrition reformed the life of the disinherited youth, and he became as remarkable for his good qualities as formerly for his errors. Lapirius, who observed his brother's amendment, sent him on a new-year's day in the morning the following letter:

'HONOURED BROTHER,

'I enclose to you the deeds whereby my father gave me this house and land. Had he lived till now, he would not have bestowed it in that manner; he took it from the man you were, and I restore it to the man you are.

'I am, Sir, your affectionate Brother,
and humble Servant,
'P. T.'

As great and exalted spirits undertake the pursuit of hazardous actions for the good of others, at the same time gratifying their passion for glory; so do worthy minds in the domestic way of life deny themselves many advantages, to satisfy a generous benevolence, which they bear to their friends oppressed with distresses and calamities. Such natures one may call stores of Providence, which are actuated by a secret celestial influence to undervalue the ordinary gratifications of wealth, to give comfort to a heart loaded with affliction, to save a falling family, to preserve a branch of trade in their neighbourhood, and give work to the industrious, preserve the portion of the helpless infant, and raise the head of the mourning father. People whose hearts are wholly bent towards pleasure, or intent upon gain, never hear of the noble occurrences among men of industry and humanity. It would look like a city romance[n], to tell them of the generous merchant, who the other day sent this billet to an eminent trader, under difficulties to support himself, in whose fall many hundreds besides himself had perished; but because I think there is more spirit and true gallantry in it than in any letter I have ever read from Strephon to Phillis, I shall insert it even in the mercantile honest style in which it was sent:

'SIR,

'I have heard of the casualties which have involved you in extreme distress at this time; and knowing you to be a man of great good-nature, industry, and probity, have resolved to stand by you. Be of good cheer; the bearer brings with him five thousand pounds, and has my order to answer your drawing as much more on my account. I did this in haste, for fear I should come too late for your relief; but you may value yourself with me to the sum of fifty thousand pounds; for I can very cheerfully run the hazard of being so much less rich than I am now, to save an honest man whom I love.

'Your Friend and Servant,

'W. S.'

I think there is somewhere in Montaigne mention made of a family-book, wherein all the occurrences that happened from one generation of that house to another were recorded.

Were there such a method in the families which are concerned in this generosity, it would be a hard task for the greatest in Europe to give in their own, an instance of a benefit better placed, or conferred with a more graceful air. It has been heretofore urged[n] how barbarous and inhuman is any unjust step made to the disadvantage of a trader; and by how much such an act towards him is detestable, by so much an act of kindness towards him is laudable. I remember to have heard a bencher of the Temple tell a story of a tradition in their house, where they had formerly a custom of choosing kings[n] for such a season, and allowing him his expenses at the charge of the society. One of our kings, said my friend, carried his royal inclination a little too far, and there was a committee ordered to look into the management of his treasury. Among other things it appeared, that his majesty walking incog. in the cloister, had overheard a poor man say to another, 'Such a small sum would make me the happiest man in the world.' The king, out of his royal compassion, privately inquired into his character, and finding him a proper object of charity, sent him the money. When the committee read the report, the house passed his accounts with a *plaudite* without further examination, upon the recital of this article in them:

For making a man happy £10 0 0

Spectator, No. 248.] [December 14, 1711.

No. 4. *On Praise.*

Lætus sum laudari a te laudato viro.—TULL.

He is a very unhappy man who sets his heart upon being admired by the multitude, or affects a general and undistinguishing applause among men. What pious men call the testimony of a good conscience, should be the measure of our ambition in this kind; that is to say, a man of spirit should contemn the praise of the ignorant, and like being applauded for nothing but what he knows in his own heart he deserves. Besides which, the character of the person who commends you

is to be considered, before you set a value upon his esteem. The praise of an ignorant man is only good-will, and you should receive his kindness as he is a good neighbour in society, and not as a good judge of your actions in point of fame and reputation. The satirist[n] said very well of popular praise and acclamations, 'Give the tinkers and cobblers their presents again, and learn to live of yourself.' It is an argument of a loose and ungoverned mind to be affected with the promiscuous approbation of the generality of mankind; and a man of virtue should be too delicate for so coarse an appetite of fame. Men of honour should endeavour only to please the worthy, and the man of merit should desire to be tried only by his peers. I thought it a noble sentiment which I heard yesterday uttered in conversation: 'I know,' said a gentleman, 'a way to be greater than any man. If he has worth in him, I can rejoice in his superiority to me; and that satisfaction is a greater act of the soul in me, than any in him which can possibly appear to me.' This thought could proceed but from a candid and generous spirit; and the approbation of such minds is what may be esteemed true praise: for with the common rate of men there is nothing commendable but what they themselves may hope to be partakers of, and arrive at; but the motive truly glorious is, when the mind is set rather to do things laudable, than to purchase reputation. Where there is that sincerity as the foundation of a good name, the kind opinion of virtuous men will be an unsought, but a necessary consequence. The Lacedæmonians[n], though a plain people, and no pretenders to politeness, had a certain delicacy in their sense of glory, and sacrificed to the Muses when they entered upon any great enterprise. They would have the commemoration of their actions be transmitted by the purest and most untainted memorialists. The din which attends victories and public triumphs, is by far less eligible than the recital of the actions of great men by honest and wise historians. It is a frivolous pleasure to be the admiration of gaping crowds; but to have the approbation of a good man in the cool reflections of his closet, is a gratification worthy an heroic spirit. The applause of the crowd makes the head giddy, but the attestation of a reasonable man makes the heart glad.

What makes the love of popular or general praise still more

ridiculous, is, that it is usually given for circumstances which are foreign to the persons admired. Thus they are the ordinary attendants on power and riches, which may be taken out of one man's hands, and put into another's. The application only, and not the possession, makes those outward things honourable. The vulgar and men of sense agree in admiring men for having what they themselves would rather be possessed of; the wise man applauds him whom he thinks most virtuous, the rest of the world him who is most wealthy.

When a man is in this way of thinking, I do not know what can occur to one more monstrous, than to see persons of ingenuity address their services and performances to men no way addicted to liberal arts. In these cases, the praise on one hand, and the patronage on the other, are equally the objects of ridicule[n]. Dedications to ignorant men are as absurd as any of the speeches of Bulfinch[n] in the Droll[n]. Such an address one is apt to translate into other words; and when the different parties are thoroughly considered, the panegyric generally implies no more than if the author should say to the patron; 'My very good lord, you and I can never understand one another; therefore I humbly desire we may be intimate friends for the future.'

The rich may as well ask to borrow of the poor, as the man of virtue or merit hope for addition to his character from any but such as himself. He that commends another engages so much of his own reputation as he gives to that person commended; and he that has nothing laudable in himself is not of ability to be such a surety. The wise Phocion[n] was so sensible how dangerous it was to be touched with what the multitude approved, that upon a general acclamation made when he was making an oration, he turned to an intelligent friend who stood near him, and asked in a surprised manner, 'What slip have I made?'

I shall conclude this paper with a billet which has fallen into my hands, and was written to a lady from a gentleman whom she had highly commended. The author of it had formerly been her lover. When all possibility of commerce between them on the subject of love was cut off, she spoke so handsomely of him, as to give occasion to this letter.

'MADAM,

'I should be insensible to a stupidity, if I could forbear making you my acknowledgments for your late mention of me with so much applause. It is, I think, your fate to give me new sentiments: as you formerly inspired me with the true sense of love, so do you now with the true sense of glory. As desire had the least part in the passion I heretofore professed towards you, so has vanity no share in the glory to which you have now raised me. Innocence, knowledge, beauty, virtue, sincerity, and discretion, are the constant ornaments of her who has said this of me. Fame is a babbler, but I have arrived at the highest glory in this world, the commendation of the most deserving person in it.'

Spectator, No. 188.] [October 5, 1711.

No. 5. *On Praise with Reservation.*

Falsus honor juvat, et mendax infamia terret
Quem nisi mendosum et mendacem?——
HOR. Ep. i. 16. 39.

I know no manner of speaking so offensive as that of giving praise, and closing it with an exception; which proceeds (where men do not do it to introduce malice, and make calumny more effectual) from the common error of considering man as a perfect creature. But, if we rightly examine things, we shall find that there is a sort of economy in providence, that one shall excel where another is defective, in order to make men more useful to each other, and mix them in society. This man having this talent, and that man another, is as necessary in conversation, as one professing one trade, and another another, is beneficial in commerce. The happiest climate does not produce all things; and it was so ordered, that one part of the earth should want the product of another, for uniting mankind in a general correspondence and good understanding. It is, therefore, want of good sense as well as good nature, to say Simplicius has a better judgment, but not so much wit as

Latius; for that these have not each other's capacities is no more a diminution to either than if you should say, Simplicius is not Latius, or Latius not Simplicius. The heathen world had so little notion that perfection was to be expected amongst men, that among them any one quality or endowment in an heroic degree made a god. Hercules had strength; but it was never objected to him that he wanted wit. Apollo presided over wit, and it was never asked whether he had strength. We hear no exceptions against the beauty of Minerva, or the wisdom of Venus. These wise heathens were glad to immortalize any one serviceable gift, and overlook all imperfections in the person who had it. But with us it is far otherwise, for we reject many eminent virtues, if they are accompanied with one apparent weakness. The reflecting after this manner made me account for the strange delight men take in reading lampoons and scandal, with which the age abounds, and of which I receive frequent complaints. Upon mature consideration, I find it is principally for this reason, that the worst of mankind, the libellers, receive so much encouragement in the world. The low race of men take a secret pleasure in finding an eminent character levelled to their condition by a report of its defects; and keep themselves in countenance, though they are excelled in a thousand virtues, if they believe they have in common with a great person any one fault. The libeller falls in with this humour, and gratifies this baseness of temper, which is naturally an enemy to extraordinary merit. It is from this, that libel and satire are promiscuously joined together in the notions of the vulgar, though the satirist and libeller differ as much as the magistrate and the murderer. In the consideration of human life, the satirist never falls upon persons who are not glaringly faulty, and the libeller on none but who are conspicuously commendable. Were I to expose any vice in a good or great man, it should certainly be by correcting it in some one where that crime was the most distinguishing part of the character; as pages are chastized for the admonition of princes[n]. When it is performed otherwise, the vicious are kept in credit, by placing men of merit in the same accusation. But all the pasquils[n], lampoons, and libels we meet with now-a-days are a sort of playing with the four-and-twenty letters, and

throwing them into names and characters, without sense, truth, or wit. In this case, I am in great perplexity to know whom they mean, and should be in distress for those they abuse, if I did not see their judgment and ingenuity in those they commend. This is the true way of examining a libel; and when men consider, that no one man living thinks the better of their heroes and patrons for the panegyric given them, none can think themselves lessened by their invective. The hero or patron in a libel is but a scavenger to carry off the dirt, and by that very employment is the filthiest creature in the street. Dedications and panegyrics are frequently ridiculous, let them be addressed where they will; but at the front, or in the body of a libel, to commend a man, is saying to the persons applauded, 'My Lord, or Sir, I have pulled down all men that the rest of the world think great and honourable, and here is a clear stage; you may, as you please, be valiant or wise; you may choose to be on the military or civil list; for there is no one brave who commands, or just who has power. You may rule the world now it is empty, which exploded you when it was full: I have knocked out the brains of all whom mankind thought good for any thing; and I doubt not but you will reward that invention, which found out the only expedient to make your lordship, or your worship, of any consideration.'

Had I the honour to be in a libel, and had escaped the approbation of the author, I should look upon it exactly in this manner. But though it is a thing thus perfectly indifferent who is exalted or debased in such performances, yet it is not so with relation to the authors of them; therefore, I shall, for the good of my country, hereafter take upon me to punish these wretches. What is already passed may die away according to its nature, and continue in its present oblivion; but, for the future, I shall take notice of such enemies to honour and virtue, and preserve them to immortal infamy. Their names shall give fresh offence many ages hence, and be detested a thousand years after the commission of their crime. It shall not avail, that these children of infamy publish their works under feigned names, or under none at all; for I am so perfectly well acquainted with the styles of all my contemporaries, that I shall not fail of doing them justice, with their proper names, and at their full length. Let those

miscreants, therefore, enjoy their present act of oblivion, and take care how they offend hereafter.

But, to avert our eyes from such objects, it is, methinks, but requisite to settle our opinion in the case of praise and blame: and I believe, the only true way to cure that sensibility of reproach, which is a common weakness with the most virtuous men, is to fix their regard firmly upon only what is strictly true, in relation to their advantage, as well as diminution. For, if I am pleased with commendation which I do not deserve, I shall, from the same temper, be concerned at scandal I do not deserve. But he that can think of false applause with as much contempt, as false detraction, will certainly be prepared for all adventures, and will become all occasions. 'Undeserved praise can please only those who want merit, and undeserved reproach frighten only those who want sincerity[n].' I have thought of this with so much attention, that I fancy there can be no other method in nature found for the cure of that delicacy which gives good men pain under calumny, but placing satisfaction no where but in a just sense of their own integrity, without regard to the opinion of others. If we have not such a foundation as this, there is no help against scandal but being in obscurity, which to noble minds is not being at all. The truth of it is, this love of praise dwells most in great and heroic spirits; and those who best deserve it have generally the most exquisite relish of it. Methinks I see the renowned Alexander, after a painful and laborious march, amidst the heats of a parched soil and a burning climate, sitting over the head of a fountain, and, after a draught of water, pronounce that memorable saying, 'Oh! Athenians! How much do I suffer that you may speak well of me!' The Athenians were at that time the learned of the world, and their libels against Alexander were written, as he was a professed enemy of their state. But how monstrous would such invectives have appeared in Macedonians!

As love of reputation is a darling passion in great men, so the defence of them in this particular is the business of every man of honour and honesty. We should run on such an occasion, as if a public building was on fire, to their relief; and all who spread or publish such detestable pieces as traduce their merit, should be used like incendiaries. It is the common cause of our country to support the reputation of those who preserve

against invaders; and every man is attacked in the person of that neighbour who deserves well of him.

Tatler, No. 92.] [November 10, 1709.

No. 6. *On Envy.*

> Di bene fecerunt, inopis me, quodque pusilli
> Finxerunt animi, raro et perpauca loquentis.
> HOR. Sat. i. 4. 17.

Observing one person behold another, who was an utter stranger to him, with a cast of his eye, which methought expressed an emotion of heart very different from what could be raised by an object so agreeable as the gentleman he looked at, I began to consider, not without some secret sorrow, the condition of an envious man. Some have fancied that envy has a certain magical force in it, and that the eyes of the envious have, by their fascination, blasted the enjoyments of the happy. Sir Francis Bacon[n] says, some have been so curious as to remark the times and seasons when the stroke of an envious eye is most effectually pernicious, and have observed that it has been when the person envied has been in any circumstance of glory and triumph. At such a time the mind of the prosperous man goes, as it were, abroad, among things without him, and is more exposed to the malignity. But I shall not dwell upon speculations so abstracted as this, or repeat the many excellent things which one might collect out of authors upon this miserable affection; but keeping in the road of common life, consider the envious man with relation to these three heads, his pains, his reliefs, and his happiness.

The envious man is in pain upon all occasions which ought to give him pleasure. The relish of his life is inverted; and the objects which administer the highest satisfaction to those who are exempt from this passion, give the quickest pangs to persons who are subject to it. All the perfections of their fellow-creatures are odious. Youth, beauty, valour, and wisdom, are provocations of their displeasure. What a wretched and apostate state is this: to be offended with excellence, and to hate a man because we approve him! The condition of the envious

man is the most emphatically miserable; he is not only incapable of rejoicing in another's merit or success, but lives in a world wherein all mankind are in a plot against his quiet, by studying their own happiness and advantage. Will Prosper is an honest tale-bearer; he makes it his business to join in conversation with envious men. He points to such a handsome young fellow, and whispers that he is secretly married to a great fortune. When they doubt, he adds circumstances to prove it; and never fails to aggravate their distress by assuring them, that, to his knowledge, he has an uncle will leave him some thousands. Will has many arts of this kind to torture this sort of temper, and delights in it. When he finds them change colour, and say faintly they wish such a piece of news is true, he has the malice to speak some good or other of every man of their acquaintance.

The reliefs of the envious man, are those little blemishes and imperfections that discover themselves in an illustrious character. It is matter of great consolation to an envious person, when a man of known honour does a thing unworthy of himself; or when any action which was well executed, upon better information appears so altered in its circumstances, that the fame of it is divided among many, instead of being attributed to one. This is a secret satisfaction to these malignants; for the person whom they before could not but admire, they fancy is nearer their own condition as soon as his merit is shared among others. I remember some years ago, there came out an excellent poem without the name of the author. The little wits, who were incapable of writing it, began to pull in pieces the supposed writer. When that would not do, they took great pains to suppress the opinion that it was his. That again failed. The next refuge was, to say it was overlooked by one man, and many pages wholly written by another. An honest fellow, who sat amongst a cluster of them in debate on this subject, cried out, 'Gentlemen, if you are sure none of you yourselves had a hand in it, you are but where you were, whoever writ it.' But the most usual succour to the envious, in cases of nameless merit in this kind, is to keep the property, if possible, unfixed, and by that means to hinder the reputation of it from falling upon any particular person. You see an envious man clear up his countenance, if, in the relation of any man's great happiness

in one point, you mention his uneasiness in another. When he hears such a one is very rich, he turns pale, but recovers when you add that he has many children. In a word, the only sure way to an envious man's favour is not to deserve it.

But if we consider the envious man in delight, it is like reading of the seat of a giant in romance; the magnificence of his house consists in the many limbs of men whom he has slain. If any who promised themselves success in any uncommon undertaking miscarry in the attempt, or he that aimed at what would have been useful and laudable, meets with contempt and derision, the envious man, under the colour of hating vain-glory, can smile with an inward wantonness of heart at the ill effect it may have upon an honest ambition for the future.

Having thoroughly considered the nature of this passion, I have made it my study how to avoid the envy that may accrue to me from these my speculations; and if I am not mistaken in myself, I think I have a genius to escape it. Upon hearing in a coffee-house one of my papers commended, I immediately apprehended the envy that would spring from that applause; and therefore gave a description of my face[n] the next day; being resolved, as I grow in reputation for wit, to resign my pretensions to beauty. This, I hope, may give some ease to those unhappy gentlemen who do me the honour to torment themselves upon the account of this my paper. As their case is very deplorable, and deserves compassion, I shall sometimes be dull in pity to them, and will, from time to time, administer consolations to them by farther discoveries of my person. In the meanwhile, if any one says the Spectator has wit, it may be some relief to them to think that he does not show it in company. And if any one praises his morality, they may comfort themselves by considering that his face is none of the longest.

Spectator, No. 19.] [March 22, 1711.

No. 7. *On Flattery; Character of an agreeable Companion.*

Si dixeris æstuo, sudat.—JUV. Sat. iii. 103.

An old acquaintance, who met me this morning, seemed overjoyed to see me, and told me I looked as well as he had

known me do these forty years: 'but,' continued he, 'not quite the man you were, when we visited together at Lady Brightly's. Oh! Isaac, those days are over. Do you think there are any such fine creatures now living, as we then conversed with?' He went on with a thousand incoherent circumstances, which, in his imagination, must needs please me; but they had quite the contrary effect. The flattery with which he began, in telling me how well I wore, was not disagreeable; but his indiscreet mention of a set of acquaintance we had out-lived, recalled ten thousand things to my memory, which made me reflect upon my present condition with regret. Had he indeed been so kind as, after a long absence, to felicitate me upon an indolent and easy old age; and mentioned how much he and I had to thank for, who at our time of day could walk firmly, eat heartily, and converse cheerfully, he had kept up my pleasure in myself. But of all mankind, there are none so shocking as these injudicious civil people. They ordinarily begin upon something that they know must be a satisfaction; but then, for fear of the imputation of flattery, they follow it with the last thing in the world of which you would be reminded. It is this that perplexes civil persons. The reason that there is such a general outcry among us against flatterers is, that there are so very few good ones. It is the nicest art in this life, and is a part of eloquence which does not want the preparation that is necessary to all other parts of it, that your audience should be your well-wishers; for praise from an enemy is the most pleasing of all commendations.

It is generally to be observed, that the person most agreeable to a man for a constancy is he that has no shining qualities, but is a certain degree above great imperfections; whom he can live with as his inferior, and who will either overlook, or not observe his little defects. Such an easy companion as this either now and then throws out a little flattery, or lets a man silently flatter himself in his superiority to him. If you take notice, there is hardly a rich man in the world, who has not such a led friend[n] of small consideration, who is a darling for his insignificancy. It is a great ease to have one in our own shape a species below us, and who, without being listed in our service, is by nature of our retinue. These dependants are of excellent use on a rainy day, or when a man has not a mind to dress; or

to exclude solitude, when one has neither a mind to that or to company. There are of this good-natured order, who are so kind as to divide themselves, and do these good offices to many. Five or six of them visit a whole quarter of the town, and exclude the spleen, without fees, from the families they frequent. If they do not prescribe physic, they can be company when you take it. Very great benefactors to the rich, or those whom they call people at their ease, are your persons of no consequence. I have known some of them, by the help of a little cunning, make delicious flatterers. They know the course of the town, and the general characters of persons; by this means they will sometimes tell the most agreeable falsehoods imaginable. They will acquaint you, that such a one of a quite contrary party said, 'That though you were engaged in different interests, yet he had the greatest respect for your good sense and address.' When one of these has a little cunning, he passes his time in the utmost satisfaction to himself and his friends; for his position is never to report or speak a displeasing thing to his friend. As for letting him go on in an error, he knows, advice against them is the office of persons of greater talents and less discretion.

The Latin word for a flatterer, *assentator*, implies no more than a person that barely consents; and indeed such a one, if a man were able to purchase or maintain him, cannot be bought too dear. Such a one never contradicts you; but gains upon you, not by a fulsome way of commending you in broad terms, but liking whatever you propose or utter; at the same time, is ready to beg your pardon, and gainsay you, if you chance to speak ill of yourself. An old lady is very seldom without such a companion as this, who can recite the names of all her lovers, and the matches refused by her in the days when she minded such vanities, as she is pleased to call them, though she so much approves the mention of them. It is to be noted, that a woman's flatterer is generally elder than herself; her years serving at once to recommend her patroness's age, and to add weight to her complaisance in all other particulars.

We gentlemen of small fortunes are extremely necessitous in this particular. I have indeed one who smokes with me often; but his parts are so low, that all the incense he does me

is to fill his pipe with me, and to be out at just as many whiffs as I take. This is all the praise or assent that he is capable of; yet there are more hours when I would rather be in his company than in that of the brightest man I know. It would be a hard matter to give an account of this inclination to be flattered; but if we go to the bottom of it, we shall find, that the pleasure in it is something like that of receiving money which we lay out. Every man thinks he has an estate of reputation, and is glad to see one that will bring any of it home to him. It is no matter how dirty a bag it is conveyed to him in, or by how clownish a messenger, so the money be good. All that we want, to be pleased with flattery, is to believe that the man is sincere who gives it us. It is by this one accident, that absurd creatures often outrun the most skilful in this art. Their want of ability is here an advantage; and their bluntness, as it is the seeming effect of sincerity, is the best cover to artifice.

Terence introduces a flatterer talking to a coxcomb, whom he cheats out of a livelihood; and a third person on the stage makes on him this pleasant remark[n], 'This fellow has an art of making fools madmen.' The love of flattery is, indeed, sometimes the weakness of a great mind; but you see it also in persons, who otherwise discover no manner of relish of any thing above mere sensuality. These latter it sometimes improves; but always debases the former. A fool is in himself the object of pity, until he is flattered. By the force of that, his stupidity is raised into affectation, and he becomes of dignity enough to be ridiculous. I remember a droll[n], that upon one's saying, 'The times are so ticklish, that there must great care be taken what one says in conversation;' answered with an air of surliness and honesty, 'If people will be free, let them be so in the manner that I am, who never abuse a man but to his face.' He had no reputation for saying dangerous truths; therefore when it was repeated, 'You abuse a man but to his face?' 'Yes,' says he, 'I flatter him.'

It is indeed the greatest of injuries to flatter any but the unhappy, or such as are displeased with themselves for some infirmity. In this latter case we have a member of our club, who, when Sir Jeffery[n] falls asleep, wakens him with snoring. This makes Sir Jeffery hold up for some moments the longer,

to see there are men younger than himself among us, who are more lethargic than he is.

When flattery is practised upon any other consideration, it is the most abject thing in nature; nay, I cannot think of any character below the flatterer, except he that envies him. You meet with fellows prepared to be as mean as possible in their condescensions and expressions; but they want persons and talents to rise up to such a baseness. As a coxcomb is a fool of parts, so is a flatterer a knave of parts.

The best of this order, that I know, is one who disguises it under a spirit of contradiction or reproof. He told an arrant driveller the other day, that he did not care for being in company with him, because he heard he turned his absent friends into ridicule. And upon Lady Autumn's disputing with him about something that happened at the Revolution, he replied with a very angry tone, 'Pray, madam, give me leave to know more of a thing in which I was actually concerned, than you who were then in your nurse's arms.'

Tatler, No. 208.] [August 8, 1710.

No. 8. *On Pride, as affecting the Reason.*

> Nimirum insanus paucis videatur, eo quod
> Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem.
> HOR. Sat. ii. 3. 120.

There is no affection of the mind so much blended in human nature, and wrought into our very constitution, as pride. It appears under a multitude of disguises, and breaks out in ten thousand different symptoms. Every one feels it in himself, and yet wonders to see it in his neighbour. I must confess, I met with an instance of it the other day, where I should very little have expected it. Who would believe the proud person I am going to speak of is a cobbler upon Ludgate-hill? This artist being naturally a lover of respect, and considering that his circumstances are such that no man living will give it him, has contrived the figure of a beau, in wood; who stands before him in a bending posture, with his hat under his left arm, and

his right hand extended in such a manner as to hold a thread, a piece of wax, or an awl, according to the particular service in which his master thinks fit to employ him. When I saw him, he held a candle in this obsequious posture. I was very well pleased with the cobbler's invention, that had so ingeniously contrived an inferior, and stood a little while contemplating this inverted idolatry, wherein the image did homage to the man. When we meet with such a fantastic vanity in one of this order, it is no wonder if we may trace it through all degrees above it, and particularly through all the steps of greatness. We easily see the absurdity of pride when it enters into the heart of a cobbler; though in reality it is altogether as ridiculous and unreasonable, wherever it takes possession of a human creature. There is no temptation to it from the reflection upon our being in general, or upon any comparative perfection, whereby one man may excel another. The greater a man's knowledge is, the greater motive he may seem to have for pride; but in the same proportion as the one rises, the other sinks, it being the chief office of wisdom to discover to us our weaknesses and imperfections.

As folly is the foundation of pride, the natural superstructure of it is madness. If there was an occasion for the experiment, I would not question to make a proud man a lunatic in three weeks' time; provided I had it in my power to ripen his frenzy with proper applications. It is an admirable reflection[n] in Terence, where it is said of a parasite, *Hic homines ex stultis facit insanos.* 'This fellow,' says he, 'has an art of converting fools into madmen.' When I was in France, the region of complaisance and vanity, I have often observed, that a great man who has entered a levee of flatterers humble and temperate, has grown so insensibly heated by the court which was paid him on all sides, that he has been quite distracted before he could get into his coach.

If we consult the collegiates of Moor-fields, we shall find most of them are beholden to their pride for their introduction into that magnificent palace[n]. I had, some years ago, the curiosity to enquire into the particular circumstances of these whimsical freeholders: and learned from their own mouths the condition and character of each of them. Indeed, I found that all I spoke to were persons of quality. There were at

that time five duchesses, three earls, two heathen gods, an emperor, and a prophet. There were also a great number of such as were locked up from their estates, and others who concealed their titles. A leather-seller of Taunton whispered me in the ear, that he was 'the duke of Monmouth;' but begged me not to betray him. At a little distance from him sat a tailor's wife, who asked me, as I went, if I had seen the sword-bearer: upon which I presumed to ask her, who she was? and was answered, 'my lady mayoress.'

I was very sensibly touched with compassion towards these miserable people; and, indeed, extremely mortified to see human nature capable of being thus disfigured. However, I reaped this benefit from it, that I was resolved to guard myself against a passion which makes such havoc in the brain, and produces so much disorder in the imagination. For this reason I have endeavoured to keep down the secret swellings of resentment, and stifle the very first suggestions of self-esteem; to establish my mind in tranquillity, and over-value nothing in my own or in another's possession.

For the benefit of such whose heads are a little turned, though not to so great a degree as to qualify them for the place of which I have been now speaking, I shall assign one of the sides of the college which I am erecting, for the cure of this dangerous distemper.

The most remarkable of the persons, whose disturbance arises from pride, and whom I shall use all possible diligence to cure, are such as are hidden in the appearance of quite contrary habits and dispositions. Among such, I shall, in the first place, take care of one who is under the most subtle species of pride that I have observed in my whole experience.

This patient is a person for whom I have a great respect, as being an old courtier, and a friend of mine in my youth. The man has but a bare subsistence, just enough to pay his reckoning with us at the 'Trumpet'[n]: but, by having spent the beginning of his life in the hearing of great men and persons of power, he is always promising to do good offices to introduce every man he converses with into the world; will desire one of ten times his substance to let him see him sometimes, and hints to him, that he does not forget him. He answers to matters of no consequence with great circumspection; but, however, main-

tains a general civility in his words and actions, and an insolent benevolence to all whom he has to do with. This he practises with a grave tone and air; and though I am his senior by twelve years, and richer by forty pounds per annum, he had yesterday the impudence to commend me to my face, and tell me, 'he should be always ready to encourage me.' In a word, he is a very insignificant fellow, but exceeding gracious. The best return I can make him for his favours is, to carry him myself to Bedlam, and see him well taken care of.

The next person I shall provide for is of a quite contrary character, that has in him all the stiffness and insolence of quality, without a grain of sense or good-nature, to make it either respected or beloved. His pride has infected every muscle of his face; and yet, after all his endeavours to show mankind that he contemns them, he is only neglected by all that see him, as not of consequence enough to be hated.

For the cure of this particular sort of madness, it will be necessary to break through all forms with him, and familiarize his carriage by the use of a good cudgel. It may likewise be of great benefit to make him jump over a stick half a dozen times every morning.

A third, whom I have in my eye, is a young fellow, whose lunacy is such that he boasts of nothing but what he ought to be ashamed of. He .... talks publickly of having committed crimes which he ought to be hanged for by the laws of his country.

There are several others whose brains are hurt with pride, and whom I may hereafter attempt to recover; but shall conclude my present list with an old woman, who is just dropping into her grave, that talks of nothing but her birth. Though she has not a tooth in her head, she expects to be valued for the blood in her veins; which she fancies is much better than that which glows in the cheeks of Belinda[n] and sets half the town on fire.

Tatler, No. 127.] [January 31, 1710.

No. 9. *On Anger.*

Animum rege, qui nisi paret
Imperat. HOR. Ep. i. 2. 62.

It is a very common expression, that such a one is very good-natured, but very passionate. The expression, indeed, is very good-natured, to allow passionate people so much quarter: but I think a passionate man deserves the least indulgence imaginable. It is said, it is soon over; that is, all the mischief he does is quickly dispatched, which, I think, is no great recommendation to favour. I have known one of these good-natured passionate men say in a mixed company, even to his own wife or child, such things as the most inveterate enemy of his family would not have spoken, even in imagination. It is certain that quick sensibility is inseparable from a ready understanding; but why should not that good understanding call to itself all its force on such occasions, to master that sudden inclination to anger? One of the greatest souls[n] now in the world is the most subject by nature to anger, and yet so famous, from a conquest of himself this way that he is the known example when you talk of temper and command of a man's self. To contain the spirit of anger, is the worthiest discipline we can put ourselves to. When a man has made any progress this way, a frivolous fellow in a passion is to him as contemptible as a froward child. It ought to be the study of every man for his own quiet and peace. When he stands combustible and ready to flame upon every thing that touches him, life is as uneasy to himself as it is to all about him. Syncropius leads, of all men living, the most ridiculous life; he is ever offending and begging pardon. If his man enters the room without what he was sent for—'That blockhead,' begins he—'Gentlemen, I ask your pardon, but servants now-a-days'—. The wrong plates are laid, they are thrown into the middle of the room; his wife stands by in pain for him, which he sees in her face, and answers as if he had heard all she was thinking:—'Why? what the devil! Why don't you take care to give orders in these things?' His friends sit down to a tasteless plenty of every thing, every minute expecting new insults from his impertinent passions.

In a word, to eat with, or visit Syncropius, is no other than going to see him exercise his family, exercise their patience, and his own anger.

It is monstrous that the shame and confusion in which this good-natured angry man must needs behold his friends, while he thus lays about him, does not give him so much reflection, as to create an amendment. This is the most scandalous disuse of reason imaginable: all the harmless part of him is no more than that of a bull-dog, they are tame no longer than they are not offended. One of these good-natured angry men shall, in an instant, assemble together so many allusions to secret circumstances, as are enough to dissolve the peace of all the families and friends he is acquainted with in a quarter of an hour, and yet the next moment be the best-natured man in the whole world. If you would see passion in its purity, without mixture of reason, behold it represented in a mad hero, drawn by a mad poet. Nat. Lee[n] makes his Alexander say thus:—

> Away! begone! and give a whirlwind room,
> Or I will blow you up like dust! Avaunt!
> Madness but meanly represents my toil.
> Eternal discord!
> Fury! revenge! disdain and indignation!
> Tear my swoll'n breast, make way for fire and tempest.
> My brain is burst, debate and reason quench'd;
> The storm is up, and my hot bleeding heart
> Splits with the rack; while passions, like the wind,
> Rise up to heav'n, and put out all the stars.

Every passionate fellow in town talks half the day with as little consistency, and threatens things as much out of his power.

The next disagreeable person to the outrageous gentleman, is one of a much lower order of anger, and he is what we commonly call a peevish fellow. A peevish fellow is one who has some reason in himself for being out of humour, or has a natural incapacity for delight, and therefore disturbs all who are happier than himself with pishes and pshaws, or other well-bred interjections, at every thing that is said or done in his presence. There should be physic mixed in the food of all which these fellows eat in good company. This degree of anger passes, forsooth, for a delicacy of judgment, that will not admit of being easily pleased; but none above the character of

wearing a peevish man's livery ought to bear with his ill manners. All things among men of sense and condition should pass the censure, and have the protection, of the eye of reason.

No man ought to be tolerated in an habitual humour, whim, or particularity of behaviour, by any who do not wait upon him for bread. Next to the peevish fellow is the snarler. This gentleman deals mightily in what we call the irony; and as those sort of people exert themselves most against those below them, you see their humour best in their talk to their servants. 'This is so like you; You are a fine fellow; Thou art the quickest head-piece;' and the like. One would think the hectoring, the storming, the sullen, and all the different species and subordinations of the angry should be cured, by knowing they live only as pardoned men; and how pitiful is the condition of being only suffered! But I am interrupted by the pleasantest scene of anger and the disappointment of it that I have ever known, which happened while I was yet writing, and I overheard as I sat in the back-room at a French bookseller's. There came into the shop a very learned man with an erect solemn air; and though a person of great parts otherwise, slow in understanding any thing which makes against himself. The composure of the faulty man, and the whimsical perplexity of him that was justly angry, is perfectly new. After turning over many volumes, said the seller to the buyer, 'Sir, you know I have long asked you to send me back the first volume of French sermons I formerly lent you.'—'Sir,' said the chapman[n], 'I have often looked for it, but cannot find it; it is certainly lost, and I know not to whom I lent it, it is so many years ago.'—'Then, Sir, here is the other volume; I'll send you home that, and please to pay for both.'—'My friend,' replied he, 'canst thou be so senseless as not to know that one volume is as imperfect in my library as in your shop?'—'Yes, Sir, but it is you have lost the first volume; and, to be short, I will be paid.'—'Sir,' answered the chapman, 'you are a young man, your book is lost; and learn by this little loss to bear much greater adversities, which you must expect to meet with.'—'Yes, Sir, but I'll bear when I must, but I have not lost now, for I say you have it, and shall pay me.'—'Friend, you grow warm; I tell you the book is lost; and I foresee, in the course even of a prosperous life, that you will

meet afflictions to make you mad, if you cannot bear this trifle. —'Sir, there is in this case no need of bearing, for you have the book.'—'I say, Sir, I have not the book. But your passion will not let you hear enough to be informed that I have it not. Learn resignation of yourself to the distresses of this life : nay, do not fret and fume ; it is my duty to tell you, that you are of an impatient spirit, and an impatient spirit is never without woe.'—'Was ever any thing like this?'—'Yes, Sir, there have been many things like this. The loss is but a trifle ; but your temper is wanton, and incapable of the least pain ; therefore let me advise you, be patient, the book is lost, but do not you for that reason lose yourself.'

Spectator, No. 438.] [July 23, 1712.

No. 10. *On Bravery.*

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found.
POPE'S HOMER'S *Iliad*, Bk. 6.

There is no sort of people whose conversation is so pleasant as that of military men, who derive their courage and magnanimity from thought and reflection. The many adventures which attend their way of life makes their conversation so full of incidents, and gives them so frank an air in speaking of what they have been witnesses of, that no company can be more amiable than that of men of sense who are soldiers. There is a certain irregular way in their narrations or discourse, which has something more warm and pleasing than we meet with among men who are used to adjust and methodize their thoughts.

I was this evening walking in the fields with my friend Captain Sentry[n], and I could not, from the many relations which I drew him into of what passed when he was in the service, forbear expressing my wonder, that the fear of death, which we, the rest of mankind, arm ourselves against with so much contemplation, reason, and philosophy, should appear so little in camps, that common men march into open breaches, meet opposite battalions, not only without reluctance, but with

alacrity. My friend answered what I said in the following manner: 'What you wonder at may very naturally be the subject of admiration to all who are not conversant in camps; but when a man has spent some time in that way of life, he observes a certain mechanic courage which the ordinary race of men become masters of from acting always in a crowd. They see indeed many drop, but then they see many more alive; they observe themselves escape very narrowly, and they do not know why they should not again. Besides which general way of loose thinking, they usually spend the other part of their time in pleasures upon which their minds are so entirely bent, that short labours or dangers are but a cheap purchase of jollity, triumph, victory, fresh quarters, new scenes, and uncommon adventures. Such are the thoughts of the executive part of an army, and indeed of the gross of mankind in general; but none of these men of mechanical courage have ever made any great figure in the profession of arms. Those who are formed for command, are such as have reasoned themselves, out of a consideration of greater good than length of days, into such a negligence of their being, as to make it their first position, that it is one day to be resigned;—and since it is, in the prosecution of worthy actions and service of mankind they can put it to habitual hazard. The event of our designs, say they, as it relates to others, is uncertain; but as it relates to ourselves it must be prosperous, while we are in the pursuit of our duty, and within the terms upon which Providence has ensured our happiness, whether we die or live. All that nature has prescribed must be good; and as death is natural to us, it is absurdity to fear it. Fear loses its purpose when we are sure it cannot preserve us, and we should draw resolution to meet it from the impossibility to escape it. Without a resignation to the necessity of dying, there can be no capacity in man to attempt any thing that is glorious: but when they have once attained to that perfection, the pleasures of a life spent in martial adventures are as great as any of which the human mind is capable. The force of reason gives a certain beauty, mixed with the conscience of well-doing and thirst of glory to all which before was terrible and ghastly to the imagination. Add to this, that the fellowship of danger, the common good of mankind, the general cause,

and the manifest virtue you may observe in so many men, who made no figure until that day, are so many incentives to destroy the little consideration of their own persons. Such are the heroic part of soldiers, who are qualified for leaders. As to the rest whom I before spoke of, I know not how it is, but they arrive at a certain habit of being void of thought, insomuch that on occasion of the most imminent danger they are still in the same indifference. Nay I remember an instance of a gay Frenchman[n], who was led on in battle by a superior officer (whose conduct it was his custom to speak of always with contempt and raillery), and in the beginning of the action received a wound he was sensible was mortal; his reflection on this occasion was, "I wish I could live another hour, to see how this blundering coxcomb will get clear of this business."

'I remember two young fellows who rid in the same squadron of a troop of horse, who were ever together; they ate, they drank, they intrigued; in a word, all their passions and affections seemed to tend the same way, and they appeared serviceable to each other in them. We were in the dusk of the evening to march over a river, and the troop these gentlemen belonged to were to be transported in a ferry-boat, as fast as they could. One of the friends was now in the boat, while the other was drawn up with others by the water-side, waiting the return of the boat. A disorder happened in the passage by an unruly horse; and a gentleman who had the rein of his horse negligently under his arm, was forced into the water by his horse's jumping over. The friend on the shore cried out, "Who is that is drowned, trow?"[n] He was immediately answered, "Your friend Harry Thompson." He very gravely replied, "Ay, he had a mad horse." This short epitaph from such a familiar, without more words, gave me, at that time under twenty, a very moderate opinion of the friendship of companions. Thus is affection and every other motive of life in the generality rooted out by the present busy scene about them; they lament no man whose capacity can be supplied by another; and where men converse without delicacy, the next man you meet will serve as well as he whom you have lived with half your life. To such the devastation of countries, the misery of inhabitants, the cries of the pillaged,

and the silent sorrow of the great unfortunate, are ordinary objects; their minds are bent upon the little gratifications of their own senses and appetites, forgetful of compassion, insensible of glory, avoiding only shame; their whole hearts taken up with the trivial hope of meeting and being merry. These are the people who make up the gross of the soldiery. But the fine gentleman[n] in that band of men is such a one as I have now in my eye, who is foremost in all danger to which he is ordered. His officers are his friends and companions, as they are men of honour and gentlemen; the private men his brethren, as they are of his species. He is beloved of all that behold him. They wish him in danger as he views their ranks, that they may have occasions to save him at their own hazard. Mutual love is the order of the files where he commands; every man afraid for himself and his neighbour, not lest their commander should punish them, but lest he should be offended. Such is his regiment who knows mankind, and feels their distresses so far as to prevent them. Just in distributing what is their due, he would think himself below their tailor to wear a snip of their clothes in lace upon his own; and below the most rapacious agent should he enjoy a farthing above his own pay. Go on, brave man! immortal glory is thy fortune, and immortal happiness thy reward.'

Spectator, No. 152.] [August 24, 1711.

No. 11. *On Courage and Magnanimity.*

Ea animi elatio quæ cernitur in periculis, si justitia vacat pugnatque pro suis commodis, in vitio est.—TULL.

Captain Sentry was last night at the club, and produced a letter from Ipswich, which his correspondent desired him to communicate to his friend the Spectator. It contained an account of an engagement between a French privateer, commanded by one Dominick Pottiere, and a little vessel of that place laden with corn, the master whereof, as I remember, was one Goodwin. The Englishman defended himself with

incredible bravery, and beat off the French, after having been boarded three or four times. The enemy still came on with greater fury, and hoped by his number of men to carry the prize; till at last the Englishman, finding himself sink apace, and ready to perish, struck; but the effect which this singular gallantry had upon the captain of the privateer was no other than an unmanly desire of vengeance for the loss he had sustained in his several attacks. He told the Ipswich man in a speaking-trumpet, that he would not take him aboard, and that he stayed to see him sink. The Englishman at the same time observed a disorder in the vessel, which he rightly judged to proceed from the disdain which the ship's crew had of their captain's inhumanity. With this hope he went into his boat, and approached the enemy. He was taken in by the sailors in spite of their commander: but, though they received him against his command, they treated him, when he was in the ship, in the manner he directed. Pottiere caused his men to hold Goodwin, while he beat him with a stick, till he fainted with loss of blood and rage of heart; after which he ordered him into irons, without allowing him any food, but such as one or two of the men stole to him under peril of the like usage: and having kept him several days overwhelmed with the misery of stench, hunger, and soreness, he brought him into Calais. The governor of the place was soon acquainted with all that had passed, dismissed Pottiere from his charge with ignominy, and gave Goodwin all the relief which a man of honour would bestow upon an enemy barbarously treated, to recover the imputation of cruelty upon his prince and country.

When Mr. Sentry had read his letter, full of many other circumstances which aggravate the barbarity, he fell into a sort of criticism upon magnanimity and courage, and argued that they were inseparable; and that courage, without regard to justice and humanity, was no other than the fierceness of a wild beast. 'A good and truly bold spirit,' continued he, 'is ever actuated by reason, and a sense of honour and duty. The affectation of such a spirit exerts itself in an impudent aspect, an overbearing confidence, and a certain negligence of giving offence. This is visible in all the cocking youths you see about this town, who are noisy in assemblies, unawed by the presence of wise and virtuous men; in a word, insensible of all the honours and

decencies of human life. A shameless fellow takes advantage of merit clothed with modesty and magnanimity, and, in the eyes of little people, appears sprightly and agreeable: while the man of resolution and true gallantry is overlooked and disregarded, if not despised. There is a propriety in all things; and I believe what you scholars call just and sublime, in opposition to turgid and bombast expression, may give you an idea of what I mean, when I say modesty is the certain indication of a great spirit, and impudence the affectation of it. He that writes with judgment, and never rises into improper warmths, manifests the true force of genius; in like manner, he who is quiet and equal in all his behaviour, is supported in that deportment by what we may call true courage. Alas! it is not so easy a thing to be a brave man as the unthinking part of mankind imagine. To dare, is not all that there is in it. The privateer we were just now talking of had boldness enough to attack his enemy, but not greatness of mind enough to admire the same quality exerted by that enemy in defending himself. Thus his base and little mind was wholly taken up in the sordid regard to the prize of which he failed, and the damage done to his own vessel; and therefore he used an honest man, who defended his own from him, in the manner as he would a thief that should rob him.

'He was equally disappointed, and had not spirit enough to consider, that one case would be laudable, and the other criminal. Malice, rancour, hatred, vengeance, are what tear the breasts of mean men in fight; but fame, glory, conquests, desires of opportunities to pardon and oblige their opposers, are what glow in the minds of the gallant.' The captain ended his discourse with a specimen of his book-learning; and gave us to understand that he had read a French author on the subject of justness in point of gallantry. 'I love,' said Mr. Sentry, 'a critic who mixes the rules of life with annotations upon writers. My author[n],' added he, 'in his discourse upon epic poetry, takes occasion to speak of the same quality of courage drawn in the two different characters of Turnus and Æneas. He makes courage the chief and greatest ornament of Turnus; but in Æneas there are many others which outshine it; amongst the rest, that of piety. Turnus is, therefore, all along painted by the poet full of ostentation, his language haughty and vain-glorious,

as placing his honour in the manifestation of his valour: Æneas speaks little, is slow to action, and shows only a sort of defensive courage. If equipage and address make Turnus appear more courageous than Æneas, conduct and success prove Æneas more valiant than Turnus.'

Spectator, No. 350.] [April 11, 1712.

No. 12. *On the Portable Quality of Good Humour; Characters of Harry Tersett and Rebecca Quickly, of Varilas.*

Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.—Hor. Sat. i. 5. 44.

A man advanced in years that thinks fit to look back upon his former life, and call that only life which was passed with satisfaction and enjoyment, excluding all parts which were not pleasant to him, will find himself very young, if not in his infancy. Sickness, ill-humour and idleness will have robbed him of a great share of that space we ordinarily call our life. It is therefore the duty of every man that would be true to himself, to obtain, if possible, a disposition to be pleased, and place himself in a constant aptitude for the satisfactions of his being. Instead of this, you hardly see a man who is not uneasy in proportion to his advancement in the arts of life. An affected delicacy is the common improvement we meet with in those who pretend to be refined above others. They do not aim at true pleasures themselves, but turn their thoughts upon observing the false pleasures of other men. Such people are valetudinarians in society, and they should no more come into company than a sick man should come into the air. If a man is too weak to bear what is a refreshment to men in health, he must still keep his chamber. When any one in Sir Roger's company complains he is out of order, he immediately calls for some posset-drink for him; for which reason that sort of people who are ever bewailing their constitution in other places, are the cheerfullest imaginable when he is present.

It is a wonderful thing that so many, and they not reckoned absurd, shall entertain those with whom they converse, by giving them the history of their pains and aches, and imagine

such narrations their quota of the conversation. This is of all other the meanest help to discourse, and a man must not think at all, or think himself very insignificant, when he finds an account of his head-ache answered by another's asking what news in the last mail? Mutual good humour is a dress we ought to appear in whenever we meet, and we should make no mention of what concerns ourselves, without it be of matters wherein our friends ought to rejoice; but indeed there are crowds of people who put themselves in no method of pleasing themselves or others; such are those whom we usually call indolent persons. Indolence is, methinks, an intermediate state between pleasure and pain, and very much unbecoming any part of our life after we are out of the nurse's arms. Such an aversion to labour creates a constant weariness, and one would think should make existence itself a burden. The indolent man descends from the dignity of his nature, and makes that being which was rational merely vegetative. His life consists only in the mere increase and decay of a body, which, with relation to the rest of the world, might as well have been unformed, as the habitation of a reasonable mind.

Of this kind is the life of that extraordinary couple, Harry Tersett and his lady. Harry was, in the days of his celibacy, one of those pert creatures who have much vivacity and little understanding; Mrs. Rebecca Quickly, whom he married, had all that the fire of youth and a lively manner could do towards making an agreeable woman. These two people of seeming merit fell into each other's arms; and, passion being sated, and no reason or good sense in either to succeed it, their life is now at a stand; their meals are insipid and their time tedious; their fortune has placed them above care, and their loss of taste reduced them below diversion. When we talk of these as instances of inexistence, we do not mean, that in order to live, it is necessary we should be always in jovial crews, or crowned with chaplets of roses, as the merry fellows among the ancients are described; but it is intended, by considering these contraries to pleasure, indolence, and too much delicacy, to show that it is prudence to preserve a disposition in ourselves to receive a certain delight in all we hear and see.

This portable quality of good humour seasons all the parts and occurrences we meet with in such a manner, that there are

no moments lost: but they all pass with so much satisfaction, that the heaviest of loads (when it is a load,) that of time, is never felt by us. Varilas has this quality to the highest perfection, and communicates it wherever he appears. The sad, the merry, the severe, the melancholy, show a new cheerfulness when he comes amongst them. At the same time no one can repeat any thing that Varilas has ever said that deserves repetition; but the man has that innate goodness of temper, that he is welcome to every body, because every man thinks he is so to him. He does not seem to contribute any thing to the mirth of the company; and yet upon reflection you find it all happened by his being there. I thought it was whimsically said of a gentleman, that if Varilas had wit, it would be the best wit in the world. It is certain, when a well-corrected lively imagination and good-breeding are added to a sweet disposition, they qualify it to be one of the greatest blessings as well as pleasures of life.

Men would come into company with ten times the pleasure they do, if they were sure of hearing nothing which should shock them, as well as expected what would please them. When we know every person that is spoken of is represented by one who has no ill-will, and every thing that is mentioned described by one that is apt to set it in the best light, the entertainment must be delicate, because the cook has nothing brought to his hand but what is the most excellent in its kind. Beautiful pictures are the entertainments of pure minds, and deformities of the corrupted. It is a degree towards the life of angels, when we enjoy conversation wherein there is nothing presented but in its excellence; and a degree towards that of demons, wherein nothing is shown but in its degeneracy.

Spectator, No. 100.] [June 25, 1711.

No. 13. *On Being Agreeable in Company.*

Cum tristibus severe, cum remissis jucunde, cum senibus graviter, cum juventute comiter vivere.—TULL.

The piece of Latin on the head of this paper is part of a character extremely vicious, but I have set down no more than

may fall in with the rules of justice and honour. Cicero spoke it of Catiline, who, he said, 'lived with the sad severely, with the cheerful agreeably, with the old gravely, with the young pleasantly;' he added, 'with the wicked boldly, with the wanton lasciviously.' The two last instances of his complaisance I forbear to consider, having it in my thoughts at present only to speak of obsequious behaviour as it sits upon a companion in pleasure, not a man of design and intrigue. To vary with every humour in this manner cannot be agreeable, except it comes from a man's own temper and natural complexion; to do it out of an ambition to excel that way, is the most fruitless and unbecoming prostitution imaginable. To put on an artful part to obtain no other end but an unjust praise from the undiscerning, is of all endeavours the most despicable. A man must be sincerely pleased to become pleasure, or not to interrupt that of others; for this reason it is a most calamitous circumstance, that many people who want to be alone, or should be so, will come into conversation. It is certain that all men, who are the least given to reflection, are seized with an inclination that way: when, perhaps, they had rather be inclined to company; but indeed they had better go home and be tired with themselves, than force themselves upon others to recover their good humour. In all this, the case of communicating to a friend a sad thought or difficulty, in order to relieve a heavy heart, stands excepted; but what is here meant is, that a man should always go with inclination to the turn of the company he is going into, or not pretend to be of the party. It is certainly a very happy temper to be able to live with all kinds of dispositions, because it argues a mind that lies open to receive what is pleasing to others, and not obstinately bent on any particularity of his own.

This is it which makes me pleased with the character of my good acquaintance Acasto. You meet him at the tables and conversations of the wise, the impertinent, the grave, the frolic, and the witty; and yet his own character has nothing in it that can make him particularly agreeable to any one sect of men; but Acasto has natural good sense, good nature, and discretion, so that every man enjoys himself in his company; and though Acasto contributes nothing to the entertainment, he never was at a place where he was not welcome a second

time. Without the subordinate good qualities of Acasto, a man of wit and learning would be painful to the generality of mankind, instead of being pleasing. Witty men are apt to imagine they are agreeable as such, and by that means grow the worst companions imaginable; they deride the absent or rally the present in a wrong manner, not knowing that if you pinch or tickle a man till he is uneasy in his seat, or ungracefully distinguished from the rest of the company, you equally hurt him.

I was going to say, the true art of being agreeable in company (but there can be no such thing as art in it) is to appear well pleased with those you are engaged with, and rather to seem well entertained, than to bring entertainment to others. A man thus disposed is not indeed what we ordinarily call a good companion, but essentially is such, and in all the parts of his conversation has something friendly in his behaviour, which conciliates men's minds more than the highest sallies of wit or starts of humour can possibly do. The feebleness of age in a man of this turn has something which should be treated with respect even in a man no otherwise venerable. The forwardness of youth, when it proceeds from alacrity and not insolence, has also its allowances. The companion who is formed for such by nature, gives to every character of life its due regards, and is ready to account for their imperfections, and receive their accomplishments as if they were his own. It must appear that you receive law from, and not give it to, your company, to make you agreeable.

I remember Tully, speaking, I think, of Antony, says, that, *in eo facetiæ erant, quæ nulla arte tradi possunt:* 'He had a witty mirth, which could be acquired by no art.' This quality must be of the kind of which I am now speaking; for all sorts of behaviour which depend upon observation and knowledge of life are to be acquired; but that which no one can describe, and is apparently the act of nature, must be every where prevalent, because every thing it meets is a fit occasion to exert it; for he who follows nature can never be improper or unseasonable.

How unaccountable then must their behaviour be, who, without any manner of consideration of what the company they have just now entered are upon, give themselves the air

of a messenger, and make as distinct relations of the occurrences they last met with, as if they had been dispatched from those they talk to, to be punctually exact in a report of those circumstances! It is unpardonable to those who are met to enjoy one another that a fresh man shall pop in, and give us only the last part of his own life, and put a stop to ours during the history. If such a man comes from 'Change, whether you will or not, you must hear how the stocks go: and, though you are ever so intently employed on a graver subject, a young fellow of the other end of the town will take his place and tell you, Mrs. Such-a-one is charmingly handsome, because he just now saw her. But I think I need not dwell on this subject, since I have acknowledged there can be no rules made for excelling this way; and precepts of this kind fare like rules for writing poetry, which, it is said, may have prevented ill poets, but never made good ones.

Spectator, No. 386.] [May 23, 1712.

No. 14. *On Solitude; Character of Irus.*

Secretum iter, et fallentis semita vitæ.
HOR. Ep. i. 18. 103.

It has been from age to age an affectation to love the pleasure of solitude, among those who cannot possibly be supposed qualified for passing life in that manner. This people have taken up from reading the many agreeable things which have been written on that subject, for which we are beholden to excellent persons who delighted in being retired, and abstracted from the pleasures that enchant the generality of the world. This way of life is recommended indeed with great beauty, and in such a manner as disposes the reader for the time to a pleasing forgetfulness, or negligence of the particular hurry of life in which he is engaged, together with a longing for that state which he is charmed with in description. But when we consider the world itself, and how few there are capable of a religious, learned, or philosophic solitude, we shall be apt to change a regard to that sort of solitude, for being a little

singular in enjoying time after the way a man himself likes best in the world, without going so far as wholly to withdraw from it. I have often observed, there is not a man breathing who does not differ from all other men as much in the sentiments of his mind as the features of his face. The felicity is, when any one is so happy as to find out and follow what is the proper bent of his genius, and turn all his endeavours to exert himself according as that prompts him. Instead of this, which is an innocent method of enjoying a man's self, and turning out of the general tracks wherein you have crowds of rivals, there are those who pursue their own way out of a sourness and spirit of contradiction. These men do every thing which they are able to support, as if guilt and impunity could not go together. They choose a thing only because another dislikes it; and affect forsooth an inviolable constancy in matters of no manner of moment. Thus sometimes an old fellow shall wear this or that sort of cut in his clothes with great integrity, while all the rest of the world are degenerated into buttons, pockets, and loops unknown to their ancestors. As insignificant as even this is, if it were searched to the bottom, you perhaps would find it not sincere, but that he is in the fashion in his heart, and holds out from mere obstinacy. But I am running from my intended purpose, which was to celebrate a certain particular manner of passing away life, and is a contradiction to no man, but a resolution to contract none of the exorbitant desires by which others are enslaved. The best way of separating a man's self from the world, is to give up the desire of being known to it. After a man has preserved his innocence, and performed all duties incumbent upon him, his time spent his own way is what makes his life differ from that of a slave. If they who affect show and pomp knew how many of their spectators derided their trivial taste, they would be very much less elated, and have an inclination to examine the merit of all they have to do with: they would soon find out that there are many who make a figure below what their fortune or merit entitles them to, out of mere choice, and an elegant desire of ease and disencumbrance. It would look like romance to tell you in this age, of an old man who is contented to pass for a humourist, and one who does not understand the figure he ought to make in the world, while he lives in a lodging of ten shillings a week with only one servant; while he

dresses himself according to the season in cloth or in stuff, and has no one necessary attention to any thing but the bell which calls to prayers twice a-day: I say it would look like a fable to report that this gentleman gives away all which is the overplus of a great fortune by secret methods to other men. If he has not the pomp of a numerous train, and of professors of service to him, he has every day he lives the conscience that the widow, the fatherless, the mourner, and the stranger, bless his unseen hand in their prayers. This humourist gives up all the compliments which people of his own condition could make him, for the pleasure of helping the afflicted, supplying the needy, and befriending the neglected. This humourist keeps to himself much more than he wants, and gives a vast refuse of his superfluities to purchase heaven, and by freeing others from the temptations of worldly want, to carry a retinue with him thither.

Of all men who affect living in a particular way, next to this admirable character, I am the most enamoured of Irus, whose condition will not admit of such largesses, and who perhaps would not be capable of making them if it were. Irus, though he is now turned of fifty, has not appeared in the world in his real character since five-and-twenty, at which age he ran out a small patrimony, and spent some time after with rakes who had lived upon him. A course of ten years time passed in all the little alleys, by-paths, and sometimes open taverns and streets of this town, gave Irus a perfect skill in judging of the inclinations of mankind, and acting accordingly. He seriously considered he was poor, and the general horror which most men have of all who are in that condition. Irus judged very rightly, that while he could keep his poverty a secret, he should not feel the weight of it; he improved this thought into an affectation of closeness and covetousness. Upon this one principle he resolved to govern his future life; and in the thirty-sixth year of his age he repaired to Long-lane[n], and looked upon several dresses which hung there deserted by their first masters, and exposed to the purchase of the best bidder. At this place he exchanged his gay shabbiness of clothes fit for a much younger man, to warm ones that would be decent for a much older one. Irus came out thoroughly equipped from head to foot, with a little oaken cane, in the form of a substantial man that did not

mind his dress, turned of fifty. He had at this time fifty pounds in ready money; and in this habit, with this fortune, he took his present lodging in St. John-street[n], at the mansion-house of a tailor's widow, who washes, and can clear-starch his bands[n]. From that time to this he has kept the main stock, without alteration under or over to the value of five pounds. He left off all his old acquaintance to a man, and all his arts of life, except the play of back-gammon, upon which he has more than bore his charges. Irus has, ever since he came into this neighbourhood, given all the intimations he skilfully could of being a close hunks worth money: nobody comes to visit him, he receives no letters, and tells his money morning and evening. He has from the public papers a knowledge of what generally passes, shuns all discourses of money, but shrugs his shoulders when you talk of securities; he denies his being rich, with the air which all do who are vain of being so. He is the oracle of a neighbouring justice of peace, who meets him at the coffee-house; the hopes that what he has must come to somebody, and that he has no heirs, have that effect wherever he is known, that he every day has three or four invitations to dine at different places, which he generally takes care to choose in such a manner as not to seem inclined to the richer man. All the young men respect him, and say he is just the same man he was when they were boys. He uses no artifice in the world, but makes use of men's designs upon him to get a maintenance out of them. This he carries on by a certain peevishness (which he acts very well) that no one would believe could possibly enter into the head of a poor fellow. His mien, his dress, his carriage, and his language, are such, that you would be at a loss to guess whether in the active part of his life he had been a sensible citizen, or scholar that knew the world. These are the great circumstances in the life of Irus, and thus does he pass away his days a stranger to mankind; and at his death, the worst that will be said of him will be, that he got by every man who had expectations from him more than he had to leave him.

I have an inclination to print the following letters; for that I have heard the author of them[n] has somewhere or other seen me, and by an excellent faculty in mimicry my correspondents tell me he can assume my air, and give my taciturnity a slyness

which diverts more than anything I could say if I were present. Thus I am glad my silence is atoned for to the good company in town. He has carried his skill in imitation so far as to have forged a letter from my friend Sir Roger in such a manner, that any one but I, who am thoroughly acquainted with him, would have taken it for genuine.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'Having observed in Lilly's grammar how sweetly Bacchus and Apollo run in a verse; I have (to preserve the amity between them) called in Bacchus to the aid of my profession of the theatre. So that while some people of quality are bespeaking plays of me to be acted on such a day, and others, hogsheads for their houses against such a time; I am wholly employed in the agreeable service of wit and wine. Sir, I have sent you Sir Roger de Coverley's letter to me, which pray comply with in favour of the Bumper tavern. Be kind, for you know a player's utmost pride is the approbation of the Spectator.

'I am your admirer, though unknown,

'RICHARD ESTCOURT.'

'TO MR. ESTCOURT,

At his house in Covent-Garden,

'Coverley, December the 18th, 1711.

'OLD COMICAL ONE,

'The hogsheads of neat port came safe, and have gotten thee good reputation in these parts; and I am glad to hear, that a fellow who has been laying out his money ever since he was born for the mere pleasure of wine, has bethought himself of joining profit and pleasure together. Our sexton (poor man) having received strength from thy wine since his fit of the gout, is hugely taken with it: he says it is given by nature for the use of families, and that no steward's table can be without it; that it strengthens digestion, excludes surfeits, fevers, and physic; which green wines of any kind can't do. Pray get a pure snug room; and I hope next term to help fill your Bumper with our people of the club; but you must have no bells stirring when the Spectator comes; I forebore ringing to dinner while he was down with me in the country. Thank you for the little hams and Portugal onions; pray keep some always by you. You know my supper is only good Cheshire cheese, best mustard,

a golden pippin, attended with a pipe of John Sly's best[n]. Sir Harry has stolen all your songs, and tells the story of the 5th of November to perfection.

'Yours to serve you,

'ROGER DE COVERLEY.

'We have lost old John since you were here.'

Spectator, No. 264.] [January 2, 1712.

No. 15. *On the Abuse of the Understanding; the Athenians and Lacedemonians compared.*

Credebant hoc grande nefas, et morte piandum,
Si juvenis vetulo non assurrexerat.
JUV. Sat. xiii. 54.

I know no evil under the sun so great as the abuse of the understanding, and yet there is no one vice more common. It has diffused itself through both sexes, and all qualities of mankind, and there is hardly that person to be found, who is not more concerned for the reputation of wit and sense, than honesty and virtue. But this unhappy affectation of being wise rather than honest, witty than good-natured, is the source of most of the ill habits of life. Such false impressions are owing to the abandoned writings of men of wit, and the awkward imitation of the rest of mankind.

For this reason Sir Roger was saying last night, that he was of opinion none but men of fine parts deserved to be hanged. The reflections of such men are so delicate upon all occurrences which they are concerned in, that they should be exposed to more than ordinary infamy and punishment, for offending against such quick admonitions as their own souls give them, and blunting the fine edge of their minds in such a manner, that they are no more shocked at vice and folly than men of slower capacities. There is no greater monster in being, than a very ill man of great parts. He lives like a man in a palsy, with one side of him dead. While perhaps he enjoys the satisfaction of luxury, of wealth, of ambition, he has lost the taste of good-will, of friendship, of innocence. Scarecrow, the beggar in Lincoln's-inn-fields, who disabled himself in his right leg,

and asks alms all day to get himself a warm supper at night, is not half so despicable a wretch as such a man of sense. The beggar has no relish above sensations; he finds rest more agreeable than motion; and while he has a warm fire and his doxy, never reflects that he deserves to be whipped. Every man who terminates his satisfactions and enjoyments within the supply of his own necessities and passions is, says Sir Roger, in my eye, as poor a rogue as Scarecrow. 'But,' continued he, 'for the loss of public and private virtue, we are beholden to your men of parts forsooth; it is with them no matter what is done, so it be done with an air. But to me, who am so whimsical in a corrupt age as to act according to nature and reason, a selfish man, in the most shining circumstance and equipage, appears in the same condition with the fellow above-mentioned, but more contemptible in proportion to what more he robs the public of, and enjoys above him. I lay it down therefore for a rule, that the whole man is to move together; that every action of any importance is to have a prospect of public good: and that the general tendency of our indifferent actions ought to be agreeable to the dictates of reason, of religion, of good-breeding; without this, a man, as I have before hinted, is hopping instead of walking, he is not in his entire and proper motion.'

While the honest knight was thus bewildering himself in good starts, I looked attentively upon him, which made him, I thought, collect his mind a little. 'What I aim at,' says he, 'is to represent, that I am of opinion, to polish our understandings, and neglect our manners, is of all things the most inexcusable. Reason should govern passion, but instead of that, you see, it is often subservient to it; and as unaccountable as one would think it, a wise man is not always a good man.' This degeneracy is not only the guilt of particular persons, but also at some times of a whole people; and perhaps it may appear upon examination, that the most polite ages are the least virtuous. This may be attributed to the folly of admitting wit and learning as merit in themselves, without considering the application of them. By this means it becomes a rule, not so much to regard what we do, as how we do it. But this false beauty will not pass upon men of honest minds, and true taste. Sir Richard Blackmore says[n], with as much good

sense as virtue, 'It is a mighty dishonour and shame to employ excellent faculties and abundance of wit, to humour and please men in their vices and follies. The great enemy of mankind, notwithstanding his wit and angelic faculties, is the most odious being in the whole creation.' He goes on soon after to say, very generously, that he undertook the writing of his poem 'to rescue the Muses out of the hands of ravishers, to restore them to their sweet and chaste mansions, and to engage them in an employment suitable to their dignity.' This certainly ought to be the purpose of every man who appears in public, and whoever does not proceed upon that foundation, injures his country as far as he succeeds in his studies. When modesty ceases to be the chief ornament of one sex, and integrity of the other, society is upon a wrong basis, and we shall be ever after without rules to guide our judgment in what is really becoming and ornamental. Nature and reason direct one thing, passion and humour another. To follow the dictates of the two latter, is going into a road that is both endless and intricate; when we pursue the other, our passage is delightful, and what we aim at easily attainable.

I do not doubt but England is at present as polite a nation as any in the world; but any man who thinks, can easily see, that the affectation of being gay and in fashion, has very near eaten up our good sense, and our religion. Is there any thing so just, as that mode and gallantry should be built upon exerting ourselves in what is proper and agreeable to the institutions of justice and piety among us? And yet is there any thing more common, than that we run in perfect contradiction to them? All which is supported by no other pretension, than that it is done with what we call a good grace.

Nothing ought to be held laudable or becoming, but what nature itself should prompt us to think so. Respect to all kind of superiors is founded, methinks, upon instinct; and yet what is so ridiculous as age? I make this abrupt transition to the mention of this vice more than any other, in order to introduce a little story, which I think a pretty instance, that the most polite age is in danger of being the most vicious.

'It happened at Athens, during a public representation of some play exhibited in honour of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and

quality. Many of the young gentlemen, who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat. The good man bustled through the crowd accordingly; but when he came to the seats to which he was invited, the jest was to sit close and expose him, as he stood out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But on those occasions there were also particular places assigned for foreigners. When the good man skulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedemonians, that honest people, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a man, and with the greatest respect received him among them. The Athenians being suddenly touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause; and the old man cried out, "The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedemonians practise it."'

Spectator, No. 6.] [March 7, 1711.

No. 18. *On the Uselessness of Retrospect.*

Nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum.
LUCAN, ii. 57.

There is a fault, which, though common, wants a name. It is the very contrary to procrastination. As we lose the present hour by delaying from day to day to execute what we ought to do immediately, so most of us take occasion to sit still and throw away the time in our possession by retrospect on what is past, imagining we have already acquitted ourselves, and established our characters in the sight of mankind. But when we thus put a value upon ourselves for what we have already done, any further than to explain ourselves in order to assist our future conduct, that will give us an over-weening opinion of our merit, to the prejudice of our present industry. The great rule, methinks, should be, to manage the instant in which we stand, with fortitude, equanimity, and moderation, according to men's respective circumstances. If our past actions reproach us, they cannot be atoned for by our own severe reflections so effectually as by a contrary behaviour.

If they are praiseworthy, the memory of them is of no use but to act suitably to them. Thus a good present behaviour is an implicit repentance for any miscarriage in what is past; but present slackness will not make up for past activity. Time has swallowed up all that we contemporaries did yesterday as irrevocably as it has the actions of the antediluvians. But we are again awake, and what shall we do to-day—to-day, which passes while we are yet speaking? Shall we remember the folly of last night, or resolve upon the exercise of virtue to-morrow? Last night is certainly gone, and to-morrow may never arrive. This instant make use of. Can you oblige any man of honour and virtue? Do it immediately. Can you visit a sick friend? Will it revive him to see you enter, and suspend your own ease and pleasure to comfort his weakness, and hear the impertinencies of a wretch in pain? Do not stay to take coach, but be gone. Your mistress will bring sorrow, and your bottle madness. Go to neither—— Such virtues and diversions as these are mentioned because they occur to all men. But every man is sufficiently convinced, that to suspend the use of the present moment, and resolve better for the future only, is an unpardonable folly. What I attempted to consider, was the mischief of setting such a value upon what is past, as to think we have done enough. Let a man have filled all the offices of life with the highest dignity till yesterday, and begin to live only to himself to-day, he must expect he will, in the effects upon his reputation, be considered as the man who died yesterday. The man who distinguishes himself from the rest, stands in a press of people: those before him intercept his progress; and those behind him, if he does not urge on, will tread him down. Cæsar [n], of whom it was said that he thought nothing done while there was left any thing for him to do, went on in performing the greatest exploits, without assuming to himself a privilege of taking rest upon the foundation of the merit of his former actions. It was the manner of that glorious captain to write down what scenes he passed through; but it was rather to keep his affairs in method, and capable of a clear review in case they should be examined by others, than that he built a renown upon any thing that was past. I shall produce two fragments of his, to demonstrate that it was his rule of life to support himself rather by what he

should perform, than what he had done already. In the tablet which he wore about him the same year in which he obtained the battle of Pharsalia, there were found these loose notes for his own conduct. It is supposed, by the circumstances they alluded to, that they might be set down the evening of the same night.

'My part is now but begun, and my glory must be sustained by the use I make of this victory; otherwise my loss will be greater than that of Pompey. Our personal reputation will rise or fall as we bear our respective fortunes. All my private enemies among the prisoners shall be spared. I will forget this, in order to obtain such another day. Trebutius is ashamed to see me; I will go to his tent, and be reconciled in private. Give all the men of honour, who take part with me, the terms I offered before the battle. Let them owe this to their friends who have been long in my interests. Power is weakened by the full use of it, but extended by moderation. Galbinius is proud, and will be servile in his present fortune: let him wait. Send for Stertinius: he is modest, and his virtue is worth gaining. I have cooled my heart with reflection, and am fit to rejoice with the army to-morrow. He is a popular general, who can expose himself like a private man during a battle; but he is more popular who can rejoice but like a private man after a victory.'

What is particularly proper for the example of all who pretend to industry in the pursuit of honour and virtue, is, that this hero was more than ordinarily solicitous about his reputation, when a common mind would have thought itself in security, and given itself a loose to joy and triumph. But though this is a very great instance of his temper, I must confess I am more taken with his reflections when he retired to his closet in some disturbance upon the repeated ill omens of Calphurnia's dream, the night before his death. The literal translation of that fragment shall conclude this paper.

'Be it so then. If I am to die to-morrow, that is what I am to do to-morrow. It will not be then, because I am willing it should be then; nor shall I escape it, because I am unwilling. It is in the gods when, but in myself how, I shall die. If Calphurnia's dreams are fumes of indigestion, how shall I behold the day after to-morrow! If they are from the gods, their

admonition is not to prepare me to escape from their decree, but to meet it. I have lived a fulness of days and of glory: what is there that Cæsar has not done with as much honour as ancient heroes?—Cæsar has not yet died! Cæsar is prepared to die.'

Spectator, No. 374.] [May 9, 1712.

No. 17. *On Debt.*

Caput domina venale sub hasta.
JUV. Sat. iii. 33.

Passing under Ludgate[n] the other day, I heard a voice bawling for charity, which I thought I had somewhere heard before. Coming near to the grate, the prisoner called me by my name, and desired I would throw something into the box; I was out of countenance for him, and did as he bid me, by putting in half-a-crown. I went away, reflecting upon the strange constitution of some men, and how meanly they behave themselves in all sorts of conditions. The person who begged of me is now, as I take it, fifty: I was well acquainted with him till about the age of twenty-five; at which time a good estate fell to him by the death of a relation. Upon coming to this unexpected good fortune, he ran into all the extravagances imaginable; was frequently in drunken disputes, broke drawers' heads, talked and swore loud, was unmannerly to those above him, and insolent to those below him. I could not but remark, that it was the same baseness of spirit which worked in his behaviour in both fortunes: the same little mind was insolent in riches, and shameless in poverty. This accident made me muse upon the circumstance of being in debt in general, and solve in my mind what tempers were most apt to fall into this error of life, as well as the misfortune it must needs be to languish under such pressures. As for myself, my natural aversion to that sort of conversation which makes a figure with the generality of mankind, exempts me from any temptations to expense; and all my business lies within a very narrow compass, which is only to give an honest man who takes care of my estate, proper vouchers for his quarterly payments to me, and observe what

linen my laundress brings and takes away with her once a week. My steward brings his receipt ready for my signing; and I have a pretty implement with the respective names of shirts, cravats, handkerchiefs, and stockings, with proper numbers, to know how to reckon with my laundress. This being almost all the business I have in the world for the care of my own affairs, I am at full leisure to observe upon what others do, with relation to their equipage and economy.

When I walk the street and observe the hurry about me in this town,

> Where, with like haste, through diff'rent ways they run;
> Some to undo, and some to be undone!

I say, when I behold this vast variety of persons and humours, with the pains they both take for the accomplishment of the ends mentioned in the above verses of Denham[n], I cannot much wonder at the endeavour after gain, but am extremely astonished that men can be so insensible of the danger of running into debt. One would think it impossible a man who is given to contract debts should know, that his creditor has, from that moment in which he transgresses payment, so much as that demand comes to, in his debtor's honour, liberty, and fortune. One would think he did not know that his creditor can say the worst thing imaginable of him, to wit, 'That he is unjust,' without defamation; and can seize his person, without being guilty of an assault. Yet such is the loose and abandoned turn of some men's minds, that they can live under these constant apprehensions, and still go on to increase the cause of them. Can there be a more low and servile condition, than to be ashamed or afraid to see any one man breathing? Yet he that is much in debt, is in that condition with relation to twenty different people. There are indeed circumstances wherein men of honest natures may become liable to debts, by some unadvised behaviour in any great point of their life, or mortgaging a man's honesty as a security for that of another, and the like; but these instances are so particular and circumstantiated, that they cannot come within general considerations. For one such case as one of these, there are ten where a man, to keep up a farce of retinue and grandeur within his own house, shall shrink at the expectation of surly demands at his doors. The debtor is the creditor's criminal; and all the

officers of power and state, whom we behold make so great a figure, are no other than so many persons in authority to make good his charge against him. Human society depends upon his having the vengeance law allots him; and the debtor owes his liberty to his neighbour, as much as the murderer does his life to his prince.

Our gentry are, generally speaking, in debt; and many families have put it into a kind of method of being so from generation to generation. The father mortgages when his son is very young; and the boy is to marry, as soon as he is at age, to redeem it and find portions for his sisters. This, forsooth, is no great inconvenience to him; for he may keep a public table, or feed dogs, like a worthy English gentleman, till he has out-run half his estate, and leave the same encumbrance upon his first-born, and so on; till one man of more vigour than ordinary goes quite through the estate, or some man of sense comes into it, and scorns to have an estate in partnership, that is to say, liable to the demand or insult of any man living. There is my friend Sir Andrew[n], though for many years a great and general trader, was never the defendant in a law suit, in all the perplexity of business, and the iniquity of mankind at present; no one had any colour for the least complaint against his dealings with him. This is certainly as uncommon, and in its proportion as laudable in a citizen, as it is in a general never to have suffered a disadvantage in fight. How different from this gentleman is Jack Truepenny[n], who has been an old acquaintance of Sir Andrew and myself from boys, but could never learn our caution. Jack has an unresisting good nature, which makes him incapable of having a property in any thing. His fortune, his reputation, his time, and his capacity, are at any man's service that comes first. When he was at school he was whipped thrice a week for faults he took upon him to excuse others; since he came into the business of the world, he has been arrested twice or thrice a-year for debts he had nothing to do with, but as surety for others; . . .' Jack had a good estate left him, which came to nothing; because he believed all who pretended to demands upon it. This easiness and credulity destroy all the other merit he has; and he has all his life been a sacrifice to others, without ever receiving thanks, or doing one good action.

I will end this discourse with a speech which I heard Jack make to one of his creditors (of whom he deserved gentler usage) after lying a whole night in custody at his suit.

'Sir, your ingratitude for the many kindnesses I have done you, shall not make me unthankful for the good you have done me, in letting me see there is such a man as you in the world. I am obliged to you for the diffidence I shall have all the rest of my life: I shall hereafter trust no man so far as to be in his debt.'

Spectator, No. 82.] [June 4, 1711.

No. 18. *On the Condition of Bankruptcy.*

De quo libelli in celeberrimis locis proponuntur, huic ne perire quidem tacite conceditur.—TULL.

Otway, in his tragedy of Venice Preserved, has described the misery of a man whose effects are in the hands of the law, with great spirit. The bitterness of being the scorn and laughter of base minds, the anguish of being insulted by men hardened beyond the sense of shame or pity, and the injury of a man's fortune being wasted, under pretence of justice, are excellently aggravated in the following speech of Pierre to Jaffier:

I pass'd this very moment by thy doors,
And found them guarded by a troop of villains;
The sons of public rapine were destroying.
They told me, by the sentence of the law,
They had commission to seize all thy fortune:
Nay more, Priuli's cruel hand had signed it.
Here stood a ruffian with a horrid face,
Lording it o'er a pile of massy plate,
Tumbled into a heap for public sale.
There was another making villanous jests
At thy undoing. He had ta'en possession
Of all thy ancient most domestic ornaments;
Rich hangings intermix'd and wrought with gold;
The very bed, which on thy wedding night
Receiv'd thee to the arms of Belvidera,
The scene of all thy joys, was violated
By the coarse hands of filthy dungeon villains,
And thrown amongst the common lumber.

Nothing indeed can be more unhappy than the condition of bankruptcy. The calamity which happens to us by ill fortune, or by the injury of others, has in it some consolation; but what arises from our own misbehaviour, or error, is the state of the most exquisite sorrow. When a man considers not only an ample fortune, but even the very necessaries of life, his pretence to food itself, at the mercy of his creditors, he cannot but look upon himself in the state of the dead, with his case thus much worse, that the last office is performed by his adversaries instead of his friends. From this hour the cruel world does not only take possession of his whole fortune, but even of every thing else which had no relation to it. All his indifferent actions have new interpretations put upon them; and those whom he has favoured in his former life, discharge themselves of their obligations to him, by joining in the reproaches of his enemies. It is almost incredible that it should be so; but it is too often seen that there is a pride mixed with the impatience of the creditor; and there are who would rather recover their own by the downfall of a prosperous man, than be discharged to the common satisfaction of themselves and their creditors. The wretched man, who was lately master of abundance, is now under the direction of others; and the wisdom, economy, good sense, and skill in human life before, by reason of his present misfortune, are of no use to him in the disposition of any thing. The incapacity of an infant or a lunatic is designed for his provision and accommodation; but that of a bankrupt, without any mitigation in respect of the accidents by which it arrived, is calculated for his utter ruin, except there be a remainder ample enough, after the discharge of his creditors, to bear also the expense of rewarding those by whose means the effect of all this labour was transferred from him. This man is to look on and see others giving directions upon what terms and conditions his goods are to be purchased; and all this usually done, not with an air of trustees to dispose of his effects, but destroyers to divide and tear them to pieces.

There is something sacred in misery to great and good minds; for this reason all wise lawgivers have been extremely tender how they let loose even the man who has right on his side, to act with any mixture of resentment against the defendant. Virtuous and modest men, though they be used with some

artifice, and have it in their power to avenge themselves, are slow in the application of that power, and are ever constrained to go into rigorous measures. They are careful to demonstrate themselves not only persons injured, but also that to bear it longer would be a means to make the offender injure others before they proceed. Such men clap their hands upon their hearts, and consider what it is to have at their mercy the life of a citizen. Such would have it to say to their own souls, if possible, that they were merciful when they could have destroyed, rather than when it was in their power to have spared a man, they destroyed. This is a due to the common calamity of human life, due in some measure to our very enemies. They who scruple doing the least injury, are cautious of exacting the utmost justice.

Let any one who is conversant in the variety of human life reflect upon it, and he will find the man who wants mercy has a taste of no enjoyment of any kind. There is a natural disrelish of every thing which is good in his very nature, and he is born an enemy to the world. He is ever extremely partial to himself in all his actions, and has no sense of iniquity but from the punishment which shall attend it. The law of the land is his gospel, and all his cases of conscience are determined by his attorney. Such men know not what it is to gladden the heart of a miserable man; that riches are the instruments of serving the purposes of heaven or hell, according to the disposition of the possessor. The wealthy can torment or gratify all who are in their power, and choose to do one or other, as they are affected with love, or hatred to mankind. As for such who are insensible of the concerns of others, but merely as they affect themselves, these men are to be valued only for their mortality, and as we hope better things from their heirs. I could not but read with great delight a letter from an eminent citizen, who has failed, to one who was intimate with him in his better fortune, and able by his countenance to retrieve his lost condition.

'SIR,

'It is in vain to multiply words and make apologies for what is never to be defended by the best advocate in the world, the guilt of being unfortunate. All that a man in my condition can do or say, will be received with prejudice by the generality of

mankind, but I hope not with you: you have been a great instrument in helping me to get what I have lost; and I know (for that reason, as well as kindness to me) you cannot but be in pain to see me undone. To show you I am not a man incapable of bearing calamity, I will, though a poor man, lay aside the distinction between us, and talk with the frankness we did when we were nearer to an equality; as all I do will be received with prejudice, all you do will be looked upon with partiality. What I desire of you is, that you, who are courted by all, would smile upon me, who am shunned by all. Let that grace and favour which your fortune throws upon you, be turned to make up the coldness and indifference that is used towards me. All good and generous men will have an eye of kindness for me for my own sake, and the rest of the world will regard me for yours. There is a happy contagion in riches, as well as a destructive one in poverty: the rich can make rich without parting with any of their store; and the conversation of the poor makes men poor, though they borrow nothing of them. How this is to be accounted for I know not; but men's estimation follows us according to the company we keep. If you are what you were to me, you can go a great way towards my recovery; if you are not, my good fortune, if ever it returns, will return by slower approaches.

'I am, Sir,
'Your affectionate Friend
and humble Servant.'

This was answered with a condescension that did not, by long impertinent professions of kindness, insult his distress, but was as follows:

'DEAR TOM,

'I am very glad to hear that you have heart enough to begin the world a second time. I assure you, I do not think your numerous family at all diminished (in the gifts of nature, for which I have ever so much admired them) by what has so lately happened to you. I shall not only countenance your affairs with my appearance for you, but shall accommodate you with a considerable sum at common interest for three years. You know I could make more of it; but I have so great a love for you, that I can waive opportunities of gain to help you; for

I do not care whether they say of me after I am dead, that I had a hundred or fifty thousand pounds more than I wanted when I was living.

'Your obliged humble Servant.'

Spectator, No. 456.] [August 13, 1712.

No. 19. *On the Just Distribution of Favours.*

Οὗτός ἐστι γαλεώτης γέρων.
MENANDER.

A favour well bestowed is almost as great an honour to him who confers it as to him who receives it. What indeed makes for the superior reputation of the patron in this case is, that he is always surrounded with specious pretences of unworthy candidates, and is often alone in the kind inclination he has towards the well-deserving. Justice is the first quality in the man who is in a post of direction; and I remember to have heard an old gentleman talk of the civil wars, and in his relation give an account of a general officer, who with this one quality, without any shining endowments, became so popularly beloved and honoured, that all decisions between man and man were laid before him by the parties concerned, in a private way; and they would lay by their animosities implicitly, if he bid them be friends, or submit themselves in the wrong without reluctance, if he said it, without waiting the judgment of courts-martial. His manner was to keep the dates of all commissions in his closet, and wholly dismiss from the service such who were deficient in their duty; and after that took care to prefer according to the order of battle. His familiars were his entire friends, and could have no interested views in courting his acquaintance; for his affection was no step to their preferment, though it was to their reputation. By this means, a kind aspect, a salutation, a smile, and giving out his hand, had the weight of what is esteemed by vulgar minds more substantial. His business was very short, and he who had nothing to do but justice, was never affronted with a request of a familiar daily

visitant for what was due to a brave man at a distance. Extraordinary merit he used to recommend to the king for some distinction at home; till the order of battle made way for his rising in the troops. Add to this, that he had an excellent manner of getting rid of such who he observed were good at a halt, as his phrase was. Under this description he comprehended all those who were contented to live without reproach, and had no promptitude in their minds towards glory. These fellows were also recommended to the king, and taken off of the general's hands into posts wherein diligence and common honesty were all that were necessary. This general had no weak part in his line, but every man had as much care upon him, and as much honour to lose as himself. Every officer could answer for what passed where he was; and the general's presence was never necessary anywhere, but where he had placed himself at the first disposition, except that accident happened from extraordinary efforts of the enemy which he could not foresee; but it was remarkable that it never fell out from failure in his own troops. It must be confessed the world is just so much out of order, as an unworthy person possesses what should be in the direction of him who has better pretensions to it.

Instead of such a conduct as this old fellow used to describe in his general, all the evils which have ever happened among mankind have arose from the wanton disposition of the favours of the powerful. It is generally all that men of modesty and virtue can do, to fall in with some whimsical turn in a great man, to make way for things of real and absolute service. In the time of Don Sebastian of Portugal, or some time since, the first minister would let nothing come near him but what bore the most profound face of wisdom and gravity. They carried it so far, that, for the greater show of their profound knowledge, a pair of spectacles tied on their noses, with a black riband round their heads, was what completed the dress of those who made their court at his levee, and none with naked noses were admitted to his presence. A blunt honest fellow, who had a command in the train of artillery, had attempted to make an impression upon the porter, day after day in vain, until at length he made his appearance in a very thoughtful dark suit of clothes, and two pairs of spectacles

on at once. He was conducted from room to room, with great deference, to the minister; and, carrying on the farce of the place, he told his excellency that he had pretended in this manner to be wiser than he really was, but with no ill intention; but he was honest Such-a-one of the train, and he came to tell him that they wanted wheelbarrows and pickaxes. The thing happened not to displease, the great man was seen to smile, and the successful officer was reconducted with the same profound ceremony out of the house.

When Leo X. reigned pope of Rome, his holiness, though a man of sense, and of an excellent taste of letters, of all things affected fools, buffoons, humourists, and coxcombs. Whether it were from vanity, and that he enjoyed no talents in other men but what were inferior to him, or whatever it was, he carried it so far, that his whole delight was in finding out new fools, and, as our phrase is, playing them off, and making them show themselves to advantage. A priest[n] of his former acquaintance suffered a great many disappointments in attempting to find access to him in a regular character, until at last in despair he retired from Rome, and returned in an equipage so very fantastical, both as to the dress of himself and servants, that the whole court were in an emulation who should first introduce him to his holiness. What added to the expectation his holiness had of the pleasure he should have in his follies, was, that this fellow, in a dress the most exquisitely ridiculous, desired he might speak to him alone, for he had matters of the highest importance, upon which he wanted a conference. Nothing could be denied to a coxcomb of so great hope; but when they were apart, the impostor revealed himself, and spoke as follows:—

'Do not be surprised, most holy father, at seeing, instead of a coxcomb to laugh at, your old friend, who has taken this way of access to admonish you of your own folly. Can any thing show your holiness how unworthily you treat mankind, more than my being put upon this difficulty to speak with you? It is a degree of folly to delight to see it in others, and it is the greatest insolence imaginable to rejoice in the disgrace of human nature. It is a criminal humility in a person of your holiness's understanding, to believe you cannot excel but in the conversation of half-wits, humourists,

coxcombs, and buffoons. If your holiness has a mind to be diverted like a rational man, you have a great opportunity for it, in disrobing all the impertinents you have favoured of all their riches and trappings at once, and bestowing them on the humble, the virtuous, and the meek. If your holiness is not concerned for the sake of virtue and religion, be pleased to reflect, that for the sake of your own safety, it is not proper to be so very much in jest. When the pope is thus merry, the people will in time begin to think many things, which they have hitherto beheld with great veneration, are in themselves objects of scorn and derision. If they once get a trick of knowing how to laugh, your holiness's saying this sentence in one night-cap, and the other with the other, the change of your slippers, bringing you your staff in the midst of a prayer, then stripping you of one vest, and clapping on a second during divine service, will be found out to have nothing in it. Consider, Sir, that at this rate a head will be reckoned never the wiser for being bald; and the ignorant will be apt to say, that going barefoot does not at all help on in the way to heaven. The red cap and the cowl will fall under the same contempt; and the vulgar will tell us to our faces, that we shall have no authority over them but from the force of our arguments, and the sanctity of our lives.'

Spectator, No. 497.] [September 30, 1712.

No. 20. *On Satire.*

Quis iniquæ
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se?
JUV. Sat. i. 30.

It was with very great displeasure I heard this day a man say of a companion of his, with an air of approbation, 'You know Tom never fails of saying a spiteful thing. He has a great deal of wit, but satire is his particular talent. Did you mind how he put the young fellow out of countenance that pretended to talk to him?' Such impertinent applauses, which one meets with every day, put me upon considering, what true raillery and satire were in themselves; and this, methought,

occurred to me from reflection upon the great and excellent persons that were admired for talents this way. When I had run over several such in my thoughts, I concluded, however unaccountable the assertion might appear at first sight, that good-nature was an essential quality in a satirist, and that all the sentiments which are beautiful in this way of writing, must proceed from that quality in the author. Good nature produces a disdain of all baseness, vice, and folly; which prompts them to express themselves with smartness against the errors of men, without bitterness towards their persons. This quality keeps the mind in equanimity, and never lets an offence unseasonably throw a man out of his character. When Virgil said, 'he that did not hate Bavius might love Mævius,' he was in perfect good humour; and was not so much moved at their absurdities, as passionately to call them sots, or blockheads in a direct invective, but laughed at them with a delicacy of scorn, without any mixture of anger.

The best good man with the worst-natur'd muse,

was the character[n] among us of a gentleman as famous for his humanity as his wit.

The ordinary subjects for satire are such as incite the greatest indignation in the best tempers, and consequently men of such a make are the best qualified for speaking of the offences in human life. These men can behold vice and folly, when they injure persons to whom they are wholly unacquainted, with the same severity as others resent the ills they do to themselves. A good-natured man cannot see an overbearing fellow put a bashful man of merit out of countenance, or out-strip him in the pursuit of any advantage, but he is on fire to succour the oppressed, to produce the merit of the one, and confront the impudence of the other.

The men of the greatest character in this kind were Horace and Juvenal. There is not, that I remember, one ill-natured expression in all their writings, nor one sentence of severity, which does not apparently proceed from the contrary disposition. Whoever reads them, will, I believe, be of this mind; and if they were read with this view, it might possibly persuade our young fellows, that they may be very witty men without speaking ill of any but those who deserve it. But, in

the perusal of these writers, it may not be unnecessary to consider, that they lived in very different times. Horace was intimate with a prince of the greatest goodness and humanity imaginable, and his court was formed after his example: therefore the faults that poet falls upon were little inconsistencies in behaviour, false pretences to politeness, or impertinent affectations of what men were not fit for. Vices of a coarser sort could not come under his consideration, or enter the palace of Augustus. Juvenal, on the other hand, lived under Domitian, in whose reign every thing that was great and noble was banished the habitations of the men in power. Therefore he attacks vice as it passes by in triumph, not as it breaks into conversation. The fall of empire, contempt of glory, and a general degeneracy of manners, are before his eyes in all his writings. In the days of Augustus, to have talked like Juvenal had been madness; or in those of Domitian, like Horace. Morality and virtue are every where recommended in Horace, as became a man in a polite court, from the beauty, the propriety, the convenience of pursuing them. Vice and corruption are attacked by Juvenal in a style which denotes, he fears he shall not be heard without he calls to them in their own language, with a barefaced mention of the villanies and obscenities of his contemporaries.

This accidental talk of these two great men carries me from my design, which was to tell some coxcombs that run about this town with the name of smart satirical fellows, that they are by no means qualified for the characters they pretend to, of being severe upon other men; for they want good-nature. There is no foundation in them for arriving at what they aim at; and they may as well pretend to flatter as rally agreeably, without being good-natured.

There is a certain impartiality necessary to make what a man says bear any weight with those he speaks to. This quality, with respect to men's errors and vices, is never seen but in good-natured men. They have ever such a frankness of mind, and benevolence to all men, that they cannot receive impressions of unkindness without mature deliberation; and writing or speaking ill of a man upon personal considerations, is so irreparable and mean an injury, that no one possessed of this quality is capable of doing it: but in all ages there have

been interpreters to authors when living, of the same genius with the commentators into whose hands they fall when dead. I dare say it is impossible for any man of more wit than one of these to take any of the four-and-twenty letters, and form out of them a name to describe the character of a vicious man with greater life, but one of these would immediately cry, 'Mr. Such-a-one is meant in that place.' But the truth of it is, satirists describe the age, and backbiters assign their descriptions to private men.

In all terms of reproof, when the sentence appears to arise from personal hatred or passion, it is not then made the cause of mankind, but a misunderstanding between two persons. For this reason the representations of a good-natured man bear a pleasantry in them, which shows there is no malignity at heart, and by consequence they are attended to by his hearers or readers, because they are unprejudiced. This deference is only what is due to him; for no man thoroughly nettled can say a thing general enough, to pass off with the air of an opinion declared, and not a passion gratified. I remember a humorous fellow at Oxford, when he heard any one had spoken ill of him, used to say, 'I will not take my revenge of him until I have forgiven him.' What he meant by this was, that he would not enter upon this subject until it was grown as indifferent to him as any other: and I have by this rule, seen him more than once triumph over his adversary with an inimitable spirit and humour; for he came to the assault against a man full of sore places and he himself invulnerable.

There is no possibility of succeeding in a satirical way of writing or speaking, except a man throws himself quite out of the question. It is great vanity to think any one will attend to a thing, because it is your quarrel. You must make your satire the concern of society in general if you would have it regarded. When it is so, the good-nature of a man of wit will prompt him to many brisk and disdainful sentiments and replies, to which all the malice in the world will not be able to repartee.

Tatler, No. 242.] [October 26, 1710.

No. 21. *On Raillery.*

Hæc scripsi non otii abundantia, sed amoris erga te.
TULL. Epist.

I do not know any thing which gives greater disturbance to conversation, than the false notion some people have of raillery. It ought, certainly, to be the first point to be aimed at in society, to gain the good-will of those with whom you converse: the way to that is, to show you are well inclined towards them. What then can be more absurd than to set up for being extremely sharp and biting, as the term is, in your expressions to your familiars? A man who has no good quality but courage, is in a very ill way towards making an agreeable figure in the world, because that which he has superior to other people cannot be exerted without raising himself an enemy. Your gentleman of a satirical vein is in the like condition. To say a thing which perplexes the heart of him you speak to, or brings blushes into his face, is a degree of murder; and it is, I think, an unpardonable offence to show a man you do not care whether he is pleased or displeased. But will you not then take a jest?—Yes: but pray let it be a jest. It is no jest to put me, who am so unhappy as to have an utter aversion to speaking to more than one man at a time, under a necessity to explain myself in much company, and reducing me to shame and derision, except I perform what my infirmity of silence disables me to do.

Callisthenes has great wit, accompanied with that quality without which a man can have no wit at all—a sound judgment. This gentleman rallies the best of any man I know; for he forms his ridicule upon a circumstance which you are in your heart not unwilling to grant him; to wit, that you are guilty of an excess in something which is in itself laudable. He very well understands what you would be, and needs not fear your anger for declaring you are a little too much that thing. The generous will bear being reproached as lavish, and the valiant as rash, without being provoked to resentment against their monitor. What has been said to be a mark of a good writer will fall in with the character of a good companion. The

good writer makes his reader better pleased with himself, and the agreeable man makes his friends enjoy themselves, rather than him, while he is in their company. Callisthenes does this with inimitable pleasantry. He whispered a friend the other day, so as to be overheard by a young officer who gave symptoms of cocking upon the company, 'That gentleman has very much of the air of a general officer.' The youth immediately put on a composed behaviour, and behaved himself suitably to the conceptions he believed the company had of him. It is to be allowed[n] that Callisthenes will make a man run into impertinent relations to his own advantage, and express the satisfaction he has in his own dear self, till he is very ridiculous; but in this case the man is made a fool by his own consent, and not exposed as such whether he will or no. I take it, therefore, that, to make raillery agreeable, a man must either not know he is rallied, or think never the worse of himself if he sees he is.

Acetus is of a quite contrary genius, and is more generally admired than Callisthenes, but not with justice. Acetus has no regard to the modesty or weakness of the person he rallies; but if his quality or humility gives him any superiority to the man he would fall upon, he has no mercy in making the onset. He can be pleased to see his best friend out of countenance, while the laugh is loud in his own applause. His raillery always puts the company into little divisions and separate interests, while that of Callisthenes cements it, and makes every man not only better pleased with himself, but also with all the rest in the conversation.

To rally well, it is absolutely necessary that kindness must run through all you say; and you must ever preserve the character of a friend to support your pretensions to be free with a man. Acetus ought to be banished human society, because he raises his mirth upon giving pain to the person upon whom he is pleasant. Nothing but the malevolence which is too general towards those who excel could make his company tolerated; but they with whom he converses are sure to see some man sacrificed wherever he is admitted; and all the credit he has for wit, is owing to the gratification it gives to other men's ill-nature.

Minutius has a wit that conciliates a man's love, at the same

time that it is exerted against his faults. He has an art of keeping the person he rallies in countenance, by insinuating that he himself is guilty of the same imperfection. This he does with so much address, that he seems rather to bewail himself, than fall upon his friend.

It is really monstrous to see how unaccountably it prevails among men to take the liberty of displeasing each other. One would think sometimes that the contention is who shall be most disagreeable. Allusions to past follies, hints which revive what a man has a mind to forget for ever, and deserves that all the rest of the world should, are commonly brought forth even in company of men of distinction. They do not thrust with the skill of fencers, but cut up with the barbarity of butchers. It is, methinks, below the character of men of humanity and good-manners to be capable of mirth while there is any of the company in pain and disorder. They who have the true taste of conversation, enjoy themselves in a communication of each other's excellencies, and not in a triumph over their imperfections. Fortius would have been reckoned a wit, if there had never been a fool in the world; he wants not foils to be a beauty, but has that natural pleasure in observing perfection in others, that his own faults are overlooked out of gratitude by all his acquaintance.

After these several characters of men who succeed or fail in raillery, it may not be amiss to reflect a little further what one takes to be the most agreeable kind of it; and that to me appears when the satire is directed against vice, with an air of contempt of the fault, but no ill-will to the criminal. Mr. Congreve's Doris[n] is a master-piece in this kind. It is the character of a woman utterly abandoned; but her impudence, by the finest piece of raillery, is made only generosity:—

Peculiar therefore is her way;
Whether by nature taught,
I shall not undertake to say,
Or by experience bought;

But who o'er-night obtain'd her grace,
She can next day disown,
And stare upon the strange man's face,
As one she ne'er had known.

So well she can the truth disguise,
Such artful wonder frame,
The lover or distrusts his eyes,
Or thinks 'twas all a dream.

Some censure this as lewd and low,
Who are to bounty blind;
For to forget what we bestow
Bespeaks a noble mind.

Spectator, No. 422.] [July 4, 1712.

No. 22. *On Deference to Public Opinion.*

Secretosque pios, his dantem jura Catonem.
VIRG. Æn. viii. 670.

It is an argument of a clear and worthy spirit in a man to be able to disengage himself from the opinions of others, so far as not to let the deference due to the sense of mankind ensnare him to act against the dictates of his own reason. But the generality of the world are so far from walking by any such maxim, that it is almost a standing rule to do as others do, or be ridiculous. I have heard my old friend, Mr. Hart[n], speak it as an observation among the players, 'that it is impossible to act with grace, except the actor has forgot that he is before an audience.' Until he is arrived at that, his motion, his air, his every step and gesture, have something in them which discovers he is under a restraint, for fear of being ill received; or if he considers himself as in the presence of those who approve his behaviour, you see an affectation of that pleasure run through his whole carriage. It is as common in life, as upon the stage, to behold a man in the most indifferent action betray a sense he has of doing what he is about gracefully. Some have such an immoderate relish for applause, that they expect it for things, which in themselves are so frivolous, that it is impossible, without this affectation, to make them appear worthy either of blame or praise. There is Will Glare, so passionately intent upon being admired, that when you see him in public places, every muscle of his face discovers his thoughts are fixed upon the consideration of what figure he makes. He will often fall

into a musing posture, to attract observation; and is then obtruding himself upon the company, when he pretends to be withdrawn from it. Such little arts are the certain and infallible tokens of a superficial mind, as the avoiding observation is the sign of a great and sublime one. It is therefore extremely difficult for a man to judge even of his own actions, without forming to himself an idea of what he should act, were it in his power to execute all his desires without the observation of the rest of the world. There is an allegorical fable in Plato, which seems to admonish us, that we are very little acquainted with ourselves, while we know our actions are to pass the censures of others; but, had we the power to accomplish all our wishes unobserved, we should then easily inform ourselves how far we are possessed of real and intrinsic virtue. The fable I was going to mention is that of Gyges, who is said to have had an enchanted ring, which had in it a miraculous quality, making him who wore it visible or invisible, as he turned it to or from his body. The use Gyges made of his occasional invisibility was, by the advantage of it, to violate a queen, and murder a king. Tully[n] takes notice of this allegory, and says very handsomely, 'that a man of honour who had such a ring would act just in the same manner as he would without it.' It is indeed no small pitch of virtue, under the temptation of impunity, and the hopes of accomplishing all a man desires, not to transgress the rules of justice and virtue; but this is rather not being an ill man, than being positively a good one; and it seems wonderful, that so great a soul as that of Tully should not form to himself a thousand worthy actions, which a virtuous mind would be prompted to by the possession of such a secret. There are certainly some part of mankind who are guardian-beings to the other. Sallust could say of Cato, 'That he had rather be, than appear, good,' but, indeed, this eulogium rose no higher than, as I just now hinted, to an inoffensiveness, rather than an active virtue. Had it occurred to the noble orator to represent, in his language, the glorious pleasures of a man secretly employed in beneficence and generosity, it would certainly have made a more charming page than any he has left behind him. How might a man, furnished with Gyges's secret, employ it in bringing together distant friends; laying snares for creating good-will in the room of groundless hatred;

in removing the pangs of an unjust jealousy, the shyness of an imperfect reconciliation, and the tremor of an awful love! Such a one could give confidence to bashful merit, and confusion to overbearing impudence.

Certain it is, that secret kindnesses done to mankind are as beautiful as secret injuries are detestable. To be invisibly good, is as godlike, as to be invisibly ill, diabolical. As degenerate as we are apt to say the age we live in is, there are still amongst us men of illustrious minds, who enjoy all the pleasures of good actions, except that of being commended for them. There happens, among other very worthy instances of a public spirit, one which I am obliged to discover, because I know not otherwise how to obey the commands of the benefactor. A citizen of London has given directions to Mr. Rayner[n], the writing-master of St. Paul's-school, to educate at his charge ten boys, who shall be nominated by me, in writing and accounts, until they shall be fit for any trade; I desire, therefore, such as know any proper objects for receiving this bounty, to give notice thereof to Mr. Morphew[n], or Mr. Lillie[n]; and they shall, if properly qualified, have instructions accordingly.

Actions of this kind have in them something so transcendent, that it is an injury to applaud them, and a diminution of that merit which consists in shunning our approbation. We shall therefore leave them to enjoy that glorious obscurity; and silently admire their virtue who can contemn the most delicious of human pleasures, that of receiving due praise. Such celestial dispositions very justly suspend the discovery of their benefactions, until they come where their actions cannot be misinterpreted, and receive their first congratulations in the company of angels.

Tatler, No. 138.] [February 24, 1710.

No. 23. *On True Distinction.*

Quid oportet
Nos facere, a vulgo longe lateque remotos?
HOR. Sat. i. 6. 17.

It is, as far as it relates to our present being, the great end of education to raise ourselves above the vulgar; but what is

intended by the vulgar, is not, methinks, enough understood. In me, indeed, that word raises a quite different idea from what it usually does in others; but perhaps that proceeds from my being old, and beginning to want the relish of such satisfactions as are the ordinary entertainment of men. However, such as my opinion is in this case, I will speak it; because it is possible that turn of thought may be received by others, who may reap as much satisfaction from it as I do myself.

It is to me a very great meanness, and something much below a philosopher, which is what I mean by a gentleman, to rank a man among the vulgar for the condition of life he is in, and not according to his behaviour, his thoughts, and sentiments, in that condition[n]. For if a man be loaded with riches and honours, and in that state of life has thoughts and inclinations below the meanest artificer; is not such an artificer, who, within his power, is good to his friends, moderate in his demands for his labour, and cheerful in his occupation, very much superior to him who lives for no other end but to serve himself, and assumes a preference in all his words and actions to those who act their part with much more grace than himself? Epictetus has made use of the similitude of a stage-play to human life with much spirit. 'It is not,' says he, 'to be considered among the actors, who is prince, or who is beggar, but who acts prince or beggar best[n].' The circumstance of life should not be that which gives us place, but our behaviour in that circumstance is what should be our solid distinction. Thus a wise man should think no man above him or below him, any further than it regards the outward order or discipline of the world: for, if we conceive too great an idea of the eminence of our superiors, or subordination of our inferiors, it will have an ill effect upon our behaviour to both. He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place; but will frequently emulate men in rank below him, and pity those above him.

This sense of mankind is so far from a levelling principle, that it only sets us upon a true basis of distinction, and doubles the merit of such as become their condition. A man in power, who can, without the ordinary prepossessions which stop the way to the true knowledge and service of mankind, overlook the little distinctions of fortune, raise obscure merit, and discountenance

successful indesert[n], has, in the minds of knowing men, the figure of an angel rather than a man; and is above the rest of men in the highest character he can be, even that of their benefactor.

Turning my thoughts, as I was taking my pipe this evening, after this manner, it was no small delight to me to receive advice from Felicia, that Eboracensis[n] was appointed a governor of one of their plantations. As I am a great lover of mankind, I took part in the happiness of that people who were to be governed by one of so great humanity, justice, and honour. Eboracensis has read all the schemes which writers have formed of government and order, and has been long conversant with men who have the reins in their hands; so that he can very well distinguish between chimerical and practical politics. It is a great blessing, when men have to deal with such different characters in the same species as those of freemen and slaves, that they who command have a just sense of human nature itself, by which they can temper the haughtiness of the master, and soften the servitude of the slave—'Hæ tibi erunt artes.' This is the notion with which those of the plantation receive Eboracensis: and as I have cast his nativity, I find there will be a record made of this person's administration; and on that part of the shore from whence he embarks to return from his government, there will be a monument, with these words: 'Here the people wept, and took leave of Eboracensis, the first governor our mother Felicia sent, who, during his command here, believed himself her subject.'

Tatler, No. 69.] [September 16, 1709.

No. 24. *On Virtuous Independence.*

> Quisnam igitur liber? Sapiens, sibique imperiosus;
> Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, nec vincula terrent:
> Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
> Fortis, et in seipso totus teres atque rotundus,
> Externi ne quid valeat per leve morari;
> In quem manca ruit semper fortuna.
>
> HOR. Sat. ii. 7. 83.

It is necessary to an easy and happy life, to possess our minds in such a manner as to be always well satisfied with

our own reflections. The way to this state is to measure our actions by our own opinion, and not by that of the rest of the world. The sense of other men ought to prevail over us in things of less consideration, but not in concerns where truth and honour are engaged. When we look into the bottom of things, what at first appears a paradox is a plain truth; and those professions, which, for want of being duly weighed, seem to proceed from a sort of romantic philosophy, and ignorance of the world, after a little reflection, are so reasonable, that it is direct madness to walk by any other rules. Thus to contradict our desires, and to conquer the impulses of our ambition, if they do not fall in with what we in our inward sentiments approve, is so much our interest, and so absolutely necessary to our real happiness, that to contemn all the wealth and power in the world, where they stand in competition with a man's honour, is rather good sense than greatness of mind.

Did we consider that the mind of a man is the man himself, we should think it the most unnatural sort of self-murder to sacrifice the sentiment of the soul to gratify the appetites of the body. Bless us! is it possible, that when the necessities of life are supplied, a man would flatter to be rich, or circumvent to be powerful! When we meet a poor wretch, urged with hunger and cold, asking an alms, we are apt to think this a state we could rather starve than submit to: but yet how much more despicable is his condition, who is above necessity, and yet shall resign his reason and his integrity to purchase superfluities! Both these are abject and common beggars; but sure it is less despicable to beg a supply to a man's hunger than his vanity. But custom and general prepossessions have so far prevailed over an unthinking world, that those necessitous creatures, who cannot relish life without applause, attendance, and equipage, are so far from making a contemptible figure, that distressed virtue is less esteemed than successful vice. But if a man's appeal, in cases that regard his honour, were made to his own soul, there would be a basis and standing rule for our conduct, and we should always endeavour rather to be, than appear honourable. Mr. Collier[11] in his 'Essay on Fortitude,' has treated this subject with great wit and magnanimity. 'What,' says he, 'can be more honourable than to have courage enough to execute the commands of

reason and conscience; to maintain the dignity of our nature, and the station assigned us? to be proof against poverty, pain, and death itself? I mean so far as not to do any thing that is scandalous or sinful to avoid them. To stand adversity under all shapes with decency and resolution! To do this, is to be great above title and fortune. This argues the soul of a heavenly extraction, and is worthy the offspring of the Deity.'

What a generous ambition has this man pointed to us? When men have settled in themselves a conviction, by such noble precepts, that there is nothing honourable which is not accompanied with innocence; nothing mean but what has guilt in it: I say, when they have attained thus much, though poverty, pain, and death, may still retain their terrors, yet riches, pleasures, and honours, will easily lose their charms, if they stand between us and our integrity.

What is here said with allusion to fortune and fame, may as justly be applied to wit and beauty; for these latter are as adventitious as the other, and as little concern the essence of the soul. They are all laudable in the man who possesses them, only for the just application of them. A bright imagination, while it is subservient to an honest and noble soul, is a faculty which makes a man justly admired by mankind, and furnishes him with reflections upon his own actions, which add delicates[n] to the feast of a good conscience: but when wit descends to wait upon sensual pleasures, or promote the base purposes of ambition, it is then to be contemned in proportion to its excellence. If a man will not resolve to place the foundation of his happiness in his own mind, life is a bewildered and unhappy state, incapable of rest or tranquillity. For to such a one, the general applause of valour, wit, nay of honesty itself, can give him but a very feeble comfort; since it is capable of being interrupted by any one who wants either understanding or good-nature to see or acknowledge such excellencies. This rule is so necessary, that one may very safely say, it is impossible to know any true relish of our being without it. Look about you in common life among the ordinary race of mankind, and you will find merit in every kind is allowed only to those who are in particular districts or sets of company; but, since men can have little pleasure in these faculties which denominate them persons of distinction, let them give up such an

empty pursuit, and think nothing essential to happiness but what is in their own power; the capacity of reflecting with pleasure on their own actions, however they are interpreted.

It is so evident a truth, that it is only in our own bosoms we are to search for any thing to make us happy, that it is, methinks, a disgrace to our nature to talk of taking our measures from thence only, as a matter of fortitude. When all is well there, the vicissitudes and distinctions of life are the mere scenes of a drama; and he will never act his part well, who has his thoughts more fixed upon the applause of the audience than the design of his part.

The life of a man who acts with a steady integrity, without valuing the interpretation of his actions, has but one uniform regular path to move in, where he cannot meet opposition, or fear ambuscade. On the other side, the least deviation from the rules of honour introduces a train of numberless evils, and involves him in inexplicable mazes. He that has entered into guilt has bid adieu to rest; and every criminal has his share of the misery expressed so emphatically in the tragedian [n],

Macbeth shall sleep no more!

It was with detestation of any other grandeur but the calm command of his own passions, that the excellent Mr. Cowley [n] cries out with so much justice:

> 'If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat
> With any thought so mean as to be great,
> Continue, heaven, still from me to remove
> The humble blessings of that life I love!

Tatler, No. 251.] [November 15, 1710.

No. 25. *On Ambition; Heroism in Private Life.*

> Hic est;
> Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus.
> HOR. Ep. 1. xi. ver. ult.

This afternoon I went to visit a gentleman of my acquaintance at Mile-End; and passing through Stepney church-yard, I could not forbear entertaining myself with the inscriptions on

the tombs and graves. Among others, I observed one with this notable memorial:

'Here lies the body of T. B.'

This fantastical desire of being remembered only by the two first letters of a name, led me into the contemplation of the vanity and imperfect attainments of ambition in general. When I run back in my imagination all the men whom I have ever known and conversed with in my whole life, there are but very few who have not used their faculties in the pursuit of what it is impossible to acquire; or left the possession of what they might have been, at their setting out, masters, to search for it where it was out of their reach. In this thought it was not possible to forget the instance of Pyrrhus[n], who proposing to himself in discourse with a philosopher, one, and another, and another conquest, was asked, what he would do after all that? 'Then,' says the king, 'we will make merry.' He was well answered, 'What hinders your doing that in the condition you are already?' The restless desire of exerting themselves above the common level of mankind is not to be resisted in some tempers; and minds of this make may be observed in every condition of life. Where such men do not make to themselves, or meet with employment, the soil of their constitution runs into tares and weeds. An old friend of mine, who lost a major's post forty years ago, and quitted, has ever since studied maps, encampments, retreats, and countermarches; with no other design but to feed his spleen and ill-humour, and furnish himself with matter for arguing against all the successful actions of others. He that, at his first setting out in the world, was the gayest man in our regiment; ventured his life with alacrity, and enjoyed it with satisfaction; encouraged men below him, and was courted by men above him, has been ever since the most froward creature breathing. His warm complexion spends itself now only in a general spirit of contradiction: for which he watches all occasions, and is in his conversation still upon sentry, treats all men like enemies, with every other impertinence of a speculative warrior.

He that observes in himself this natural inquietude, should take all imaginable care to put his mind in some method of gratification; or he will soon find himself grow into the condition of this disappointed major. Instead of courting proper

occasions to rise above others, he will be ever studious of pulling others down to him: it being the common refuge of disappointed ambition, to ease themselves by detraction. It would be no great argument against ambition, that there are such *mortal* things in the disappointment of it; but it certainly is a forcible exception, that there can be no solid happiness in the success of it. If we value popular praise, it is in the power of the meanest of the people to disturb us by calumny. If the fame of being happy, we cannot look into a village, but we see crowds in actual possession of what we seek only the appearance. To this may be added, that there is I know not what malignity in the minds of ordinary men, to oppose you in what they see you fond of; and it is a certain exception against a man's receiving applause, that he visibly courts it. However, this is not only the passion of great and undertaking spirits; but you see it in the lives of such as, one would believe, were far enough removed from the ways of ambition. The rural esquires of this nation even eat and drink out of vanity. A vain-glorious fox-hunter shall entertain half a county, for the ostentation of his beef and beer, without the least affection for any of the crowd about him. He feeds them, because he thinks it a superiority over them that he does so; and they devour him, because they know he treats them out of insolence. This indeed is ambition in grotesque; but may figure to us the condition of politer men, whose only pursuit is glory. When the superior acts out of a principle of vanity, the dependant will be sure to allow it him; because he knows it destructive of the very applause which is courted by the man who favours him, and consequently makes him nearer himself.

But as every man living has more or less of this incentive, which makes men impatient of an inactive condition, and urges men to attempt what may tend to their reputation, it is absolutely necessary they should form to themselves an ambition, which is in every man's power to gratify. This ambition would be independent, and would consist only in acting what, to a man's own mind, appears most great and laudable. It is a pursuit in the power of every man, and is only a regular prosecution of what he himself approves. It is what can be interrupted by no outward accidents; for no man can be robbed of his good intention. One of our society of the Trumpet[n] therefore started

last night a notion, which I thought had reason in it. 'It is, methinks,' said he, 'an unreasonable thing, that heroic virtue should, as it seems to be at present, be confined to a certain order of men, and be attainable by none but those whom fortune has elevated to the most conspicuous stations. I would have every thing to be esteemed as heroic, which is great and uncommon in the circumstances of the man who performs it.' Thus there would be no virtue in human life, which every one of the species would not have a pretence to arrive at, and an ardency to exert. Since fortune is not in our power, let us be as little as possible in hers. Why should it be necessary that a man should be rich, to be generous? If we measured by the quality and not the quantity of things, the particulars which accompany an action is what should denominate it mean or great. The highest station of human life is to be attained by each man that pretends to it: for every man can be as valiant, as generous, as wise, and as merciful, as the faculties and opportunities which he has from heaven and fortune will permit. He that can say to himself, 'I do as much good, and am as virtuous as my most earnest endeavours will allow me,' whatever is his station in the world, is to see himself possessed of the highest honour. If ambition is not thus turned, it is no other than a continual succession of anxiety and vexation. But when it has this cast, it invigorates the mind; and the consciousness of its own worth is a reward, which is not in the power of envy, reproach, or detraction, to take from it. Thus the seat of solid honour is in a man's own bosom; and no one can want support who is in possession of an honest conscience, but he who would suffer the reproaches of it for other greatness.

Tatler, No. 202.] [July 25, 1710.

No. 26. *On wishing oneself younger.*

Habet natura ut aliarum omnium rerum sic vivendi modum; senectus autem peractio ætatis est tanquam fabulæ. Cujus defatigationem fugere debemus, præsertim adjuncta satietate.—TULL. De Senect.

Of all the impertinent wishes which we hear expressed in conversation, there is not one more unworthy a gentleman or

a man of liberal education, than that of wishing one's self younger. I have observed this wish is usually made upon sight of some object which gives the idea of a past action, that it is no dishonour to us that we cannot now repeat; or else on what was in itself shameful when we performed it. It is a certain sign of a foolish or a dissolute mind if we want our youth again only for the strength of bones and sinews which we once were masters of. It is (as my author[n] has it) as absurd in an old man to wish for the strength of youth, as it would be in a young man to wish for the strength of a bull or a horse. These wishes are both equally out of nature, which should direct in all things that are not contradictory to justice, law, and reason. But though every old man has been young, and every young one hopes to be old, there seems to be a most unnatural misunderstanding between those two stages of life. This unhappy want of commerce arises from the insolent arrogance or exultation in youth, and the irrational despondence or self-pity in age. A young man whose passion and ambition is to be good and wise, and an old one who has no inclination to be lewd or debauched, are quite unconcerned in this speculation; but the cocking young fellow who treads upon the toes of his elders, and the old fool who envies the saucy pride he sees in him, are the objects of our present contempt and derision. Contempt and derision are harsh words; but in what manner can one give advice to a youth in the pursuit and possession of sensual pleasures, or afford pity to an old man in the impotence and desire of enjoying them? When young men in public places betray in their deportment an abandoned resignation to their appetites, they give to sober minds a prospect of a despicable age, which, if not interrupted by death in the midst of their follies, must certainly come. When an old man bewails the loss of such gratifications which are past, he discovers a monstrous inclination to that which it is not in the course of Providence to recall. The state of an old man, who is dissatisfied merely for his being such, is the most out of all measures of reason and good sense of any being we have any account of from the highest angel to the lowest worm. How miserable is the contemplation to consider an old man (while all created beings, besides himself and devils, are following the order of

Providence) fretting at the course of things, and being almost the sole malecontent in the creation. But let us a little reflect upon what he has lost by the number of years. The passions which he had in youth are not to be obeyed as they were then, but reason is more powerful now without the disturbance of them. An old gentleman the other day in discourse with a friend of his (reflecting upon some adventures they had in youth together) cried out, 'Oh Jack, those were happy days!' 'That is true,' replied his friend, 'but methinks we go about our business more quietly than we did then.' One would think it should be no small satisfaction to have gone so far in our journey that the heat of the day is over with us. When life itself is a fever, as it is in licentious youth, the pleasures of it are no other than the dreams of a man in that distemper; and it is as absurd to wish the return of that season of life, as for a man in health to be sorry for the loss of gilded palaces, fairy walks, and flowery pastures, with which he remembers he was entertained in the troubled slumbers of a fit of sickness.

As to all the rational and worthy pleasures of our being—the conscience of a good fame, the contemplation of another life, the respect and commerce of honest men, our capacities for such enjoyments are enlarged by years. While health endures, the latter part of life, in the eye of reason, is certainly the more eligible. The memory of a well-spent youth gives a peaceable, unmixed, and elegant pleasure to the mind; and to such who are so unfortunate as not to be able to look back on youth with satisfaction, they may give themselves no little consolation that they are under no temptation to repeat their follies, and that they at present despise them. It was prettily said, 'He that would be long an old man, must begin early to be one.' It is too late to resign a thing after a man is robbed of it; therefore it is necessary that before the arrival of age we bid adieu to the pursuits of youth, otherwise sensual habits will live in our imaginations, when our limbs cannot be subservient to them. The poor fellow who lost his arm last siege, will tell you, he feels the fingers that are buried in Flanders ache every cold morning at Chelsea.

The fond humour of appearing in the gay and fashionable

world, and being applauded for trivial excellences, is what makes youth have age in contempt, and makes age resign with so ill a grace the qualifications of youth; but this in both sexes is inverting all things, and turning the natural course of our minds, which should build their approbations and dislikes upon what nature and reason dictate, into chimera and confusion.

Age in a virtuous person, of either sex, carries in it an authority which makes it preferable to all the pleasures of youth. If to be saluted, attended, and consulted with deference, are instances of pleasure, they are such as never fail a virtuous old age. In the enumeration of the imperfections and advantages of the younger and later years of man, they are so near in their condition, that, methinks, it should be incredible we see so little commerce of kindness between them. If we consider youth and age with Tully, regarding the affinity to death, youth has many more chances to be near it than age: what youth can say more than an old man, 'he shall live until night?' Youth catches distempers more easily, its sickness is more violent, and its recovery more doubtful. The youth indeed hopes for many more days, so cannot the old man. The youth's hopes are ill-grounded; for what is more foolish than to place any confidence upon an uncertainty? But the old man has not room so much as for hope; he is still happier than the youth; he has already enjoyed what the other does but hope for. One wishes to live long, the other has lived long. But, alas! is there any thing in human life, the duration of which can be called long? There is nothing which must end, to be valued for its continuance. If hours, days, months, and years pass away, it is no matter what hour, what day, what month, or what year we die. The applause of a good actor is due to him at whatever scene of the play he makes his *exit*. It is thus in the life of a man of sense; a short life is sufficient to manifest himself a man of honour and virtue; when he ceases to be such he has lived too long; and while he is such, it is of no consequence to him how long he shall be so, provided he is so to his life's end.

Spectator, No. 153.] [August 25, 1711.

No. 27. *On the Contemplation of Death; Soliloquy by a Dying Friend.*

Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus
Tam cari capitis?—HOR. Od. i. 24. 1.

There is a sort of delight, which is alternately mixed with terror and sorrow, in the contemplation of death. The soul has its curiosity more than ordinarily awakened, when it turns its thoughts upon the conduct of such who have behaved themselves with an equal, a resigned, a cheerful, a generous, or heroic temper in that extremity. We are affected with these respective manners of behaviour, as we secretly believe the part of the dying person imitated by ourselves, or such as we imagine ourselves more particularly capable of. Men of exalted minds march before us like princes, and are to the ordinary race of mankind rather subjects of their admiration than example. However, there are no ideas strike more forcibly upon our imaginations, than those which are raised from reflections upon the exits of great and excellent men. Innocent men who have suffered as criminals, though they were benefactors to human society, seem to be persons of the highest distinction, among the vastly greater number of human race, the dead. When the iniquity of the times brought Socrates to his execution, how great and wonderful is it to behold him, unsupported by any thing but the testimony of his own conscience and conjectures of hereafter, receive the poison with an air of mirth and good-humour, and, as if going on an agreeable journey, bespeak some deity to make it fortunate!

When Phocion's good actions had met with the like reward from his country, and he was led to death with many other of his friends, they bewailing their fate, he walking composedly towards the place of his execution, how gracefully does he support his illustrious character to the very last instant! One of the rabble spitting at him as he passed, with his usual authority he called to know if no one was ready to teach this fellow how to behave himself. When a poor-spirited creature that died at the same time for his crimes, bemoaned himself

unmanfully, he rebuked him with this question, 'Is it no consolation to such a man as thou art to die with Phocion?' At the instant when he was to die, they asked what commands he had for his son: he answered, 'To forget this injury of the Athenians.' Niocles, his friend, under the same sentence, desired he might drink the potion before him: Phocion said, 'because he never had denied him any thing, he would not even this, the most difficult request he had ever made.'

These instances[n] were very noble and great, and the reflections of those sublime spirits had made death to them what it is really intended to be by the Author of nature, a relief from a various being, ever subject to sorrows and difficulties.

Epaminondas, the Theban general, having received in fight a mortal stab with a sword, which was left in his body, lay in that posture till he had intelligence that his troops had obtained the victory, and then permitted it to be drawn out, at which instant he expressed himself in this manner: 'This is not the end of my life, my fellow-soldiers; it is now your Epaminondas is born, who dies in so much glory.'

It were an endless labour to collect the accounts, with which all ages have filled the world, of noble and heroic minds that have resigned this being, as if the termination of life were but an ordinary occurrence of it.

This common-place way of thinking I fell into from an awkward endeavour to throw off a real and fresh affliction, by turning over books in a melancholy mood; but it is not easy to remove griefs which touch the heart, by applying remedies which only entertain the imagination. As therefore this paper is to consist of any thing which concerns human life, I cannot help letting the present subject regard what has been the last object of my eyes, though an entertainment of sorrow.

I went this evening to visit a friend[n], with a design to rally him, upon a story I had heard of his intending to steal a marriage without the privity of us his intimate friends and acquaintance. I came into his apartment with that intimacy which I have done for very many years, and walked directly into his bed-chamber, where I found my friend in the agonies of death.—What could I do? The innocent mirth in my thoughts struck upon me like the most flagitious wickedness: I in vain called upon him; he was senseless, and too far spent to have the least

knowledge of my sorrow, or any pain in himself. Give me leave then to transcribe my soliloquy, as I stood by his mother, dumb with the weight of grief for a son who was her honour and her comfort, and never till that hour since his birth had been a moment's sorrow to her.

'How surprising is the change! From the possession of vigorous life and strength, to be reduced in a few hours to this fatal extremity! Those lips which look so pale and livid, within these few days gave delight to all who heard their utterance; it was the business, the purpose of his being, next to obeying Him to whom he is going, to please and instruct, and that for no other end but to please and instruct. Kindness was the motive of his actions, and with all the capacity requisite for making a figure in a contentious world, moderation, good-nature, affability, temperance, and chastity, were the arts of his excellent life.—There as he lies in helpless agony, no wise man who knew him so well as I, but would resign all the world can bestow to be so near the end of such a life. Why does my heart so little obey my reason as to lament thee, thou excellent man?—Heaven receive him or restore him!—Thy beloved mother, thy obliged friends, thy helpless servants, stand around thee without distinction. How much wouldst thou, hadst thou thy senses, say to each of us!

'But now that good heart bursts, and he is at rest.—With that breath expired a soul who never indulged a passion unfit for the place he is gone to. Where are now thy plans of justice, of truth, of honour? Of what use the volumes thou hast collated, the arguments thou hast invented, the examples thou hast followed? Poor were the expectations of the studious, the modest, and the good, if the reward of their labours were only to be expected from man. No, my friend; thy intended pleadings, thy intended good offices to thy friends, thy intended services to thy country, are already performed (as to thy concern in them) in His sight, before whom the past, present, and future, appear at one view. While others with their talents were tormented with ambition, with vain glory, with envy, with emulation—how well didst thou turn thy mind to its own improvement in things out of the power of fortune: in probity, in integrity, in the practice and study of justice! How silent thy passage, how private thy journey, how glorious thy end!

"Many have I known more famous, some more knowing, not one so innocent."'

Spectator, No. 133.] [August 2, 1711.

No. 28. *On the Reading of the Common Prayer.*

Pronunciatio est vocis et vultus et gestus moderatio cum venustate.
TULL.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'The well reading of the Common Prayer is of so great importance, and so much neglected, that I take the liberty to offer to your consideration some particulars on that subject. And what more worthy your observation than this? A thing so public, and of so high consequence. It is indeed wonderful, that the frequent exercise of it should not make the performers of that duty more expert in it. This inability, as I conceive, proceeds from the little care that is taken of their reading while boys, and at school, where, when they have got into Latin, they are looked upon as above English, the reading of which is wholly neglected, or at least read to very little purpose, without any due observations made to them of the proper accent and manner of reading; by this means they have acquired such ill habits as will not easily be removed. The only way that I know of to remedy this, is to propose some person of great ability that way as a pattern for them; example being most effectual to convince the learned, as well as instruct the ignorant.

'You must know, Sir, I have been a constant frequenter of the service of the church of England for above these four years last past, and until Sunday was sevennight never discovered, to so great a degree, the excellency of the Common Prayer. When, being at St. James's Garlick-Hill[n] church, I heard the service read so distinctly, so emphatically, and so fervently, that it was next to an impossibility to be inattentive. My eyes and my thoughts could not wander as usual, but were confined to my prayers. I then considered I addressed myself to the Almighty, and not to a beautiful face. And when I reflected on my former performances of that duty, I found I

had run it over as a matter of form, in comparison to the manner in which I then discharged it. My mind was really affected, and fervent wishes accompanied my words. The Confession was read with such resigned humility, the Absolution with such a comfortable authority, the Thanksgivings with such a religious joy, as made me feel those affections of the mind in a manner I never did before. To remedy therefore the grievance above complained of, I humbly propose, that this excellent reader, upon the next and every annual assembly of the clergy of Sion-college[n], and all other conventions, should read prayers before them. For then those that are afraid of stretching their mouths, and spoiling their soft voice, will learn to read with clearness, loudness, and strength. Others that affect a rakish, negligent air, by folding their arms, and lolling on their books, will be taught a decent behaviour, and comely erection of body. Those that read so fast as if impatient of their work, may learn to speak deliberately. There is another sort of persons, whom I call Pindaric readers, as being confined to no set measure: these pronounce five or six words with great deliberation, and the five or six subsequent ones with as great celerity; the first part of a sentence with a very exalted voice, and the latter part with a submissive one: sometimes again, with one sort of a tone, and immediately after with a very different one. These gentlemen will learn of my admired reader an evenness of voice and delivery; and all who are innocent of these affectations, but read with such an indifferency as if they did not understand the language, may then be informed of the art of reading movingly and fervently, how to place the emphasis and give the proper accent to each word, and how to vary the voice according to the nature of the sentence. There is certainly a very great difference between the reading a prayer and a gazette, which I beg of you to inform a set of readers, who affect, forsooth, a certain gentleman-like familiarity of tone, and mend the language as they go on, crying, instead of 'pardoneth and absolveth,' 'pardons and absolves.' These are often pretty classical scholars, and would think it an unpardonable sin to read Virgil or Martial with so little taste as they do divine service.

'This indifferency seems to me to arise from the endeavour of avoiding the imputation of cant, and the false notion of it. It

will be proper, therefore, to trace the original and signification of this word. 'Cant[n]' is, by some people, derived from one Andrew Cant, who, they say, was a Presbyterian minister in some illiterate part of Scotland, who by exercise and use had obtained the faculty, alias gift, of talking in the pulpit in such a dialect, that it is said he was understood by none but his own congregation, and not by all of them. Since Master Cant's time, it has been understood in a larger sense, and signifies all sudden exclamations, whinings, unusual tones, and in fine all praying and preaching, like the unlearned of the Presbyterians. But I hope a proper elevation of voice, a due emphasis and accent, are not to come within this description. So that our readers may still be as unlike the Presbyterians as they please. The dissenters (I mean such as I have heard) do indeed elevate their voices, but it is with sudden jumps from the lower to the higher part of them; and that with so little sense or skill, that their elevation and cadence is bawling and muttering. They make use of an emphasis, but so improperly, that it is often placed on some very insignificant particle, as upon 'if' or 'and.' Now, if these improprieties have so great an effect on the people as we see they have, how great an influence would the service of our church, containing the best prayers that ever were composed, and that in terms most affecting, most humble, and most expressive of our wants, and dependence on the object of our worship, disposed in most proper order, and void of all confusion; what influence, I say, would these prayers have, were they delivered with a due emphasis, and apposite rising and variation of voice, the sentence concluded with a gentle cadence, and, in a word, with such an accent and turn of speech as is peculiar to prayer?

'As the matter of worship is now managed, in dissenting congregations, you find insignificant words and phrases raised by a lively vehemence; in our own churches, the most exalted sense depreciated, by a dispassionate indolence. I remember to have heard Dr. S——e[n] say in his pulpit, of the Common Prayer, that, at least, it was as perfect as any thing of human institution. If the gentlemen who err in this kind would please to recollect the many pleasantries they have read upon those who recite good things with an ill grace, they would go on to think, that what in that case is only ridiculous, in themselves is

impious. But leaving this to their own reflections, I shall conclude this trouble with what Cæsar said upon the irregularity of tone in one who read before him, "Do you read or sing? If you sing, you sing very ill[n]."

'Your most humble servant.'

Spectator, No. 147.] [August 18, 1711.

No. 29. *On Behaviour at Church.*

Inter scabiem tantam et contagia.
HOR. Ep. i. 12. 14.

There is not any where, I believe, so much talk about religion, as among us in England; nor do I think it possible for the wit of man to devise forms of address to the Almighty, in more ardent and forcible terms than are every where to be found in our book of common prayer; and yet I have heard it read with such a negligence, affectation, and impatience, that the efficacy of it has been apparently lost to all the congregation. For my part, I make no scruple to own it, that I go sometimes to a particular place in the city, far distant from my own home, to hear a gentleman, whose manner I admire, read the liturgy[n]. I am persuaded devotion is the greatest pleasure of his soul, and there is none hears him read without the utmost reverence. I have seen the young people, who have been interchanging glances of passion to each other's person, checked into an attention to the service at the interruption which the authority of his voice has given them. But the other morning I happened to rise earlier than ordinary, and thought I could not pass my time better, than to go upon the admonition of the morning bell, to the church prayers at six of the clock. I was there the first of any in the congregation, and had the opportunity, however I made use of it, to look back on all my life, and contemplate the blessing and advantage of such stated early hours for offering ourselves to our Creator, and prepossessing ourselves with the love of Him, and the hopes we have from Him, against the snares of business and pleasure in the ensuing day. But whether it be that people think fit to indulge their own ease in some

secret, pleasing fault, or whatever it was, there was none at the confession but a set of poor scrubs of us[n], who could sin only in our wills, whose persons could be no temptation to one another, and might have, without interruption from any body else, humble, lowly hearts, in frightful looks and dirty dresses, at our leisure. When we poor souls had presented ourselves with a contrition suitable to our worthlessness, some pretty young ladies in mobs[n], popped in here and there about the church, clattering the pew-door after them, and squatting into a whisper behind their fans. Among others, one of lady Lizard's[n] daughters, and her hopeful maid, made their entrance: the young lady did not omit the ardent form behind the fan, while the maid immediately gaped round her to look for some other devout person, whom I saw at a distance very well dressed; his air and habit a little military, but in the pertness, not the true possession, of the martial character. This jackanapes was fixed at the end of a pew, with the utmost impudence, declaring, by a fixed eye on that seat (where our beauty was placed), the object of his devotion. This obscene sight gave me all the indignation imaginable, and I could attend to nothing but the reflection, that the greatest affronts imaginable are such as no one can take notice of. Before I was out of such vexatious inadvertencies to the business of the place, there was a great deal of good company now come in. There was a good number of very jaunty slatterns, who gave us to understand, that it is neither dress nor art to which they were beholden for the town's admiration. Besides these, there were also by this time arrived two or three sets of whisperers, who carry on most of their calumnies by what they entertain one another with in that place, and we were now altogether very good company. There were indeed a few, in whose looks there appeared a heavenly joy and gladness upon the entrance of a new day, as if they had gone to sleep with expectation of it. For the sake of these it is worth while that the church keeps up such early matins throughout the cities of London and Westminster; but the generality of those who observe that hour, perform it with so tasteless a behaviour, that it appears a task rather than a voluntary act. But of all the world, those familiar ducks who are, as it were, at home at the church, and by frequently meeting there throw

the time of prayer very negligently into their common life, and make their coming together in that place as ordinary as any other action, and do not turn their conversation upon any improvements suitable to the true design of that house, but on trifles below even their worldly concerns and characters. These are little groups of acquaintance dispersed in all parts of the town, who are, forsooth, the only people of unspotted characters, and throw all the spots that stick on those of other people. Malice is the ordinary vice of those who live in the mode of religion, without the spirit of it. The pleasurable world are hurried by their passions above the consideration of what others think of them, into a pursuit of irregular enjoyments; while these, who forbear the gratifications of flesh and blood, without having won over the spirit to the interests of virtue, are implacable in defamations on the errors of such who offend without respect to fame. But the consideration of persons whom one cannot but take notice of, when one sees them in that place, has drawn me out of my intended talk, which was to bewail that people do not know the pleasure of early hours, and of dedicating their first moments of the day, with joy and singleness of heart, to their Creator. Experience would convince us, that the earlier we left our beds, the seldomer should we be confined to them.

One great good which would also accrue from this, were it become a fashion, would be, that it is possible our chief divines would condescend to pray themselves, or at least those whom they substitute would be better supplied, than to be forced to appear at those oraisons[n] in a garb and attire which makes them appear mortified with worldly want, and not abstracted from the world by the contempt of it. How is it possible for a gentleman, under the income of fifty pounds a year[n], to be attentive to sublime things? He must rise and dress like a labourer for sordid hire, instead of approaching his place of service with the utmost pleasure and satisfaction, that now he is going to be mouth of a crowd of people who have laid aside all the distinctions of this contemptible being, to beseech a protection under its manifold pains and disadvantages, or a release from it, by his favour who sent them into it. He would, with decent superiority, look upon himself as orator before the throne of grace, for a crowd, who hang upon his

words, while he asks for them all that is necessary in a transitory life; from the assurance that a good behaviour, for a few moments in it, will purchase endless joy and happy immortality.

But who can place himself in this view, who, though not pinched with want, is distracted with care from the fear of it? No; a man, in the least degree below the spirit of a saint or a martyr, will loll, huddle over his duty, look confused, or assume a resolution in his behaviour which will be quite as ungraceful, except he is supported above the necessities of life.

'Power and commandment to his minister to declare and pronounce to his people,' is mentioned with a very unguarded air, when the speaker is known in his own private condition to be almost an object of their pity and charity. This last circumstance, with many others here loosely suggested, are the occasion that one knows not how to recommend, to such as have not already a fixed sense of devotion, the pleasure of passing the earliest hours of the day in a public congregation. But were this morning solemnity as much in vogue, even as it is now at more advanced hours of the day, it would necessarily have so good an effect upon us, as to make us more disengaged and cheerful in conversation, and less artful and insincere in business. The world would be quite another place than it is now, the rest of the day; and every face would have an alacrity in it, which can be borrowed from no other reflections, but those which give us the assured protection of Omnipotence.

Guardian, No. 65.] [May 26, 1713.

No. 30. *On the Uses of Sunday, and Devotion.*

Nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum.
JUV. Sat. vii. 56.

If there were no other consequences of it, but barely that human creatures on this day assemble themselves before their Creator, without regard to their usual employments, their minds at leisure from the cares of this life, and their bodies adorned with the best attire they can bestow on them; I say, were this

mere outward celebration of a sabbath all that is expected from men, even that were a laudable distinction, and a purpose worthy the human nature. But when there is added to it the sublime pleasure of devotion, our being is exalted above itself; and he who spends a seventh day in the contemplation of the next life, will not easily fall into the corruptions of this in the other six. They, who never admit thoughts of this kind into their imaginations, lose higher and sweeter satisfactions than can be raised by any other entertainment. The most illiterate man who is touched with devotion, and uses frequent exercises of it, contracts a certain greatness of mind, mingled with a noble simplicity, that raises him above those of the same condition; and there is an indelible mark of goodness in those who sincerely possess it. It is hardly possible it should be otherwise; for the fervours of a pious mind will naturally contract such an earnestness and attention towards a better being, as will make the ordinary passages of life go off with a becoming indifference. By this a man in the lowest condition will not appear mean, or, in the most splendid fortune, insolent.

As to all the intricacies and vicissitudes, under which men are ordinarily entangled with the utmost sorrow and passion, one who is devoted to heaven, when he falls into such difficulties, is led by a clue through a labyrinth. As to this world, he does not pretend to skill in the mazes of it; but fixes his thoughts upon one certainty, that he shall soon be out of it. And we may ask very boldly, what can be a more sure consolation than to have a hope in death? When men are arrived at thinking of their very dissolution with pleasure, how few things are there that can be terrible to them! Certainly, nothing can be dreadful to such spirits, but what would make death terrible to them, falsehood towards man, or impiety towards heaven. To such as these, as there are certainly many such, the gratifications of innocent pleasures are doubled, even with reflections upon their imperfection. The disappointments which naturally attend the great promises we make ourselves in expected enjoyments, strike no damp upon such men, but only quicken their hopes of soon knowing joys which are too pure to admit of allay or satiety.

It is thought, among the politer sort of mankind, an imper-

fection to want a relish of any of those things which refine our lives. This is the foundation of the acceptance which eloquence, music, and poetry make in the world; and I know not why devotion, considered merely as an exaltation of our happiness, should not at least be so far regarded as to be considered. It is possible the very enquiry would lead men into such thoughts and gratifications as they did not expect to meet with in this place. Many a good acquaintance has been lost from a general prepossession in his disfavour, and a severe aspect has often hid under it a very agreeable companion.

There are no distinguishing qualities among men to which there are not false pretenders; but though none is more pretended to than that of devotion, there are perhaps fewer successful impostors in this kind than any other. There is something so natively great and good in a person that is truly devout, that an awkward man may as well pretend to be genteel, as a hypocrite to be pious. The constraint in words and actions is equally visible in both cases; and any thing set up in their room does but remove the endeavourers farther off from their pretensions. But, however the sense of true piety is abated, there is no other motive of action that can carry us through all the vicissitudes of life with alacrity and resolution. But piety, like philosophy, when it is superficial, does but make men appear the worse for it; and a principle that is but half received does but distract, instead of guiding our behaviour. When I reflect upon the unequal conduct of Lotius, I see many things that run directly counter to his interest; therefore I cannot attribute his labours for the public good to ambition. When I consider his disregard to his fortune I cannot esteem him covetous. How then can I reconcile his neglect of himself, and his zeal for others? I have long suspected him to be a 'little pious:' but no man ever hid his vice with greater caution than he does his virtue. It was the praise of a great Roman, 'that he had rather be, than appear good.' But such is the weakness of Lotius, that I dare say, he had rather be esteemed irreligious than devout. By I know not what impatience of raillery, he is wonderfully fearful of being thought too great a believer. A hundred little devices are made use of to hide a time of private devotion; and he will allow you any suspicion of his being ill employed, so you do not tax him with

being well. But alas! how mean is such a behaviour? To boast of virtue, is a most ridiculous way of disappointing the merit of it, but not so pitiful as that of being ashamed of it. How unhappy is the wretch, who makes the most absolute and independent motive of action the cause of perplexity and inconstancy! How different a figure does Cælicolo[n] make with all who know him! His great and superior mind, frequently exalted by the raptures of heavenly meditation, is to all his friends of the same use, as if an angel were to appear at the decision of their disputes. They very well understand, he is as much disinterested and unbiassed as such a being. He considers all applications made to him, as those addresses will affect his own application to heaven. All his determinations are delivered with a beautiful humility; and he pronounces his decisions with the air of one who is more frequently a supplicant than a judge.

Thus humble, and thus great, is the man who is moved by piety, and exalted by devotion. But behold this recommended by the masterly hand of a great divine[n] I have heretofore made bold with.

'It is such a pleasure as can never cloy or overwork the mind; a delight that grows and improves under thought and reflection; and while it exercises, does also endear itself to the mind. All pleasures that affect the body must needs weary, because they transport; and all transportation is a violence; and no violence can be lasting; but determines upon the falling of the spirits, which are not able to keep up that height of motion that the pleasure of the senses raises them to. And therefore how inevitably does an immoderate laughter end in a sigh, which is only nature's recovering itself after a force done to it: but the religious pleasure of a well-disposed mind moves gently, and therefore constantly. It does not affect by rapture and ecstasy, but is like the pleasure of health, greater and stronger than those that call up the senses with grosser and more affecting impressions. No man's body is as strong as his appetites; but Heaven has corrected the boundlessness of his voluptuous desires by stinting his strength, and contracting his capacities.—The pleasure of the religious man is an easy and a portable pleasure, such a one as he carries about in his bosom, without alarming either the eye or the envy of the

world. A man putting all his pleasures into this one, is like a traveller putting all his goods into one jewel; the value is the same, and the convenience greater.'

Tatler, No. 211.] [August 15, 1710.

No. 31. *On Old and New Freethinkers; Anecdote of a French Officer.*

Quod si in hoc erro, quod animos hominum immortales esse credam, libenter erro; nec mihi hunc errorem, quo delector, dum vivo, extorqueri volo: sin mortuus, ut quidam minuti philosophi censent, nihil sentiam; non vereor, ne hunc errorem meum mortui philosophi irrideant.

TULL. De Senect. cap. ult.

Several letters, which I have lately received, give me information, that some well-disposed persons have taken offence at my using the word Free-thinker as a term of reproach. To set, therefore, this matter in a clear light, I must declare, that no one can have a greater veneration than myself for the Free-thinkers of antiquity; who acted the same part in those times, as the great men of the reformation did in several nations of Europe, by exerting themselves against the idolatry and superstition of the times in which they lived. It was by this noble impulse that Socrates and his disciples, as well as all the philosophers of note in Greece, and Cicero, Seneca, with all the learned men of Rome, endeavoured to enlighten their contemporaries amidst the darkness and ignorance in which the world was then sunk and buried.

The great points which these free-thinkers endeavoured to establish and inculcate into the minds of men, were, the formation of the universe, the superintendency of providence, the perfection of the Divine Nature, the immortality of the soul, and the future state of rewards and punishments. They all complied with the religion of their country, as much as possible, in such particulars as did not contradict and pervert these great and fundamental doctrines of mankind. On the contrary, the persons who now set up for free-thinkers, are such as endeavour, by a little trash of words and sophistry, to weaken and destroy those very principles, for the vindication of which, freedom of thought at first became laudable and heroic. These apo-

states from reason and good sense, can look at the glorious frame of nature, without paying an adoration to Him that raised it; can consider the great revolutions in the universe, without lifting up their minds to that superior power which hath the direction of it; can presume to censure the Deity in his ways towards men; can level mankind with the beasts that perish; can extinguish in their own minds all the pleasing hopes of a future state, and lull themselves into a stupid security against the terrors of it. If one were to take the word priestcraft out of the mouths of these shallow monsters, they would be immediately struck dumb. It is by the help of this single term that they endeavour to disappoint the good works of the most learned and venerable order of men, and harden the hearts of the ignorant against the very light of nature, and the common-received notions of mankind. We ought not to treat such miscreants as these upon the foot of fair disputants; but to pour out contempt upon them, and speak of them with scorn and infamy, as the pests of society, the revilers of human nature, and the blasphemers of a Being, whom a good man would rather die than hear dishonoured. Cicero[n], after having mentioned the great heroes of knowledge that recommended this divine doctrine of the immortality of the soul, calls those small pretenders to wisdom, who declared against it, certain minute philosophers, using a diminutive even of the word 'little,' to express the despicable opinion he had of them. The contempt he throws upon them in another passage is yet more remarkable; where, to show the mean thoughts he entertains of them, he declares 'he would rather be in the wrong with Plato, than in the right with such company[n].' There is, indeed, nothing in the world so ridiculous as one of these grave philosophical free-thinkers, that hath neither passions nor appetites to gratify, no heats of blood, nor vigour of constitution, that can turn his systems of infidelity to his advantage, or raise pleasures out of them which are inconsistent with the belief of a hereafter. One that has neither wit, gallantry, mirth, or youth, to indulge by these notions, but only a poor, joyless, uncomfortable vanity of distinguishing himself from the rest of mankind, is rather to be regarded as a mischievous lunatic, than a mistaken philosopher. A chaste infidel, a speculative libertine, is an animal that I should not believe to be in nature, did I not

sometimes meet with this species of men, that plead for the indulgence of their passions in the midst of a severe studious life, and talk against the immortality of the soul over a dish of coffee.

I would fain ask a minute philosopher, what good he proposes to mankind by the publishing of his doctrines? Will they make a man a better citizen, or father of a family; a more endearing husband, friend, or son? will they enlarge his public or private virtues, or correct any of his frailties or vices? What is there either joyful or glorious in such opinions? do they either refresh or enlarge our thoughts? do they contribute to the happiness, or raise the dignity, of human nature? The only good that I have ever heard pretended to, is, that they banish terrors, and set the mind at ease. But whose terrors do they banish? It is certain, if there were any strength in their arguments, they would give great disturbance to minds that are influenced by virtue, honour, and morality, and take from us the only comforts and supports of affliction, sickness, and old age. The minds, therefore, which they set at ease, are only those of impenitent criminals and malefactors, and which, to the good of mankind, should be in perpetual terror and alarm.

I must confess, nothing is more usual than for a free-thinker, in proportion as the insolence of scepticism is abated in him by years and knowledge, or humbled and beaten down by sorrow or sickness, to reconcile himself to the general conceptions of reasonable creatures; so that we frequently see the apostates turning from their revolt towards the end of their lives, and employing the refuse of their parts in promoting those truths which they had before endeavoured to invalidate.

The history of a gentleman in France is very well known, who was so zealous a promoter of infidelity, that he had got together a select company of disciples, and travelled into all parts of the kingdom to make converts. In the midst of his fantastical success he fell sick, and was reclaimed to such a sense of his condition, that after he had passed some time in great agonies and horrors of mind, he begged those who had the care of burying him, to dress his body in the habit of a capuchin, that the devil might not run away with it; and, to do further justice upon himself, desired them to tie a halter about his neck, as a mark of that ignominious punishment, which, in his own thoughts, he had so justly deserved.

I would not have persecution so far disgraced, as to wish these vermin might be animadverted on by any legal penalties; though I think it would be highly reasonable, that those few of them who die in the professions of their infidelity, should have such tokens of infamy fixed upon them, as might distinguish those bodies which are given up by the owners to oblivion and putrefaction, from those which rest in hope, and shall rise in glory. But at the same time that I am against doing them the honour of the notice of our laws, which ought not to suppose there are such criminals in being, I have often wondered, how they can be tolerated in any mixed conversations, while they are venting these absurd opinions; and should think, that if, on any such occasions, half a dozen of the most robust Christians in the company would lead one of those gentlemen to a pump, or convey him into a blanket, they would do very good service both to church and state. I do not know how the laws stand in this particular; but I hope, whatever knocks, bangs, or thumps, might be given with such an honest intention, would not be construed as a breach of the peace. I dare say, they would not be returned by the person who receives them; for whatever these fools may say in the vanity of their hearts, they are too wise to risk their lives upon the uncertainty of their opinions.

When I was a young man about this town, I frequented the ordinary of the Black-horse in Holborn, where the person that usually presided at the table was a rough old-fashioned gentleman, who, according to the customs of those times, had been the major and preacher of a regiment. It happened one day that a noisy young officer, bred in France, was venting some new-fangled notions, and speaking, in the gaiety of his humour, against the dispensations of Providence. The major, at first, only desired him to talk more respectfully of one for whom all the company had an honour; but, finding him run on in his extravagance, began to reprimand him after a more serious manner. 'Young man,' said he, 'do not abuse your Benefactor whilst you are eating his bread. Consider whose air you breathe, whose presence you are in, and who it is that gave you the power of that very speech which you make use of to his dishonour.' The young fellow, who thought to turn matters into a jest, asked him 'if he was going to preach?' but at the

same time desired him, 'to take care what he said when he spoke to a man of honour.' 'A man of honour!' says the major; 'thou art an infidel and a blasphemer, and I shall use thee as such.' In short, the quarrel ran so high, that the major was desired to walk out. Upon their coming into the garden, the old fellow advised his antagonist to consider the place into which one pass might drive him; but, finding him grow upon him to a degree of scurrility, as believing the advice proceeded from fear; 'Sirrah,' says he, 'if a thunderbolt does not strike thee dead before I come at thee, I shall not fail to chastise thee for thy profaneness to thy Maker, and thy sauciness to his servant.' Upon this he drew his sword, and cried out with a loud voice, 'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!' which so terrified his antagonist, that he was immediately disarmed, and thrown upon his knees. In this posture he begged his life; but the major refused to grant it, before he had asked pardon for his offence in a short extemporary prayer, which the old gentleman dictated to him upon the spot, and which his proselyte repeated after him in the presence of the whole ordinary, that were now gathered about him in the garden.

Tatler, No. 135.] [February 17, 1710.

No. 32. *On the Power of Women.*

Si sapis,
Neque præterquam quas ipse amor molestias
Habet addas; et illas quas habet, recte feras.
TER. Eun. act i. sc. 1.

I was the other day driving in a hack[n] through Gerrard-street, when my eye was immediately catched with the prettiest object imaginable—the face of a very fair girl, between thirteen and fourteen, fixed at the chin to a painted sash, and made part of the landscape. It seemed admirably done, and, upon throwing myself eagerly out of the coach to look at it, it laughed, and flung from the window. This amiable figure dwelt upon me; and I was considering the vanity of the girl, and her pleasant coquetry in acting a picture until she was taken notice of, and raised the admiration of her beholders. This little circumstance

made me run into reflections upon the force of beauty, and the wonderful influence the female sex has upon the other part of the species. Our hearts are seized with their enchantments, and there are few of us, but brutal men, who by that hardness lose the chief pleasure in them, can resist their insinuations, though never so much against our own interest and opinion. It is common with women to destroy the good effects a man's following his own way and inclination might have upon his honour and fortune, by interposing their power over him in matters wherein they cannot influence him, but to his loss and disparagement. I do not know therefore a task so difficult in human life, as to be proof against the importunities of a woman a man loves. There is certainly no armour against tears, sullen looks, or at best constrained familiarities, in her whom you usually meet with transport and alacrity. Sir Walter Raleigh[n] was quoted in a letter (of a very ingenious correspondent of mine) upon this subject. That author, who had lived in courts, camps, travelled through many countries, and seen many men under several climates, and of as various complexions, speaks of our impotence to resist the wiles of women in very severe terms. His words are as follows :—

'What means did the devil find out, or what instruments did his own subtlety present him, as fittest and aptest to work his mischief by? Even the unquiet vanity of the woman; so as by Adam's hearkening to the voice of his wife, contrary to the express commandment of the living God, mankind by that her incantation[n] became the subject of labour, sorrow, and death; the woman being given to man for a comforter and companion, but not for a counsellor. It is also to be noted by whom the woman was tempted: even by the most ugly and unworthy of all beasts, into whom the devil entered and persuaded. Secondly, What was the motive of her disobedience? Even a desire to know what was most unfitting her knowledge; an affection which has ever since remained in all the posterity of her sex. Thirdly, What was it that moved the man to yield to her persuasions? Even the same cause which hath moved all men since to the like consent; namely, an unwillingness to grieve her, or make her sad, lest she should pine, and be overcome with sorrow. But if Adam, in the state of perfection, and Solomon, the son of David, God's chosen servant, and himself a man endued

with the greatest wisdom, did both of them disobey their Creator by the persuasion, and for the love they bare to a woman, it is not so wonderful as lamentable, that other men in succeeding ages have been allured to so many inconvenient and wicked practices by the persuasions of their wives, or other beloved darlings, who cover over and shadow many malicious purposes with a counterfeit passion of dissimulate sorrow and unquietness.'

The motions of the minds of lovers are no where so well described as in the works of skilful writers for the stage. The scene between Fulvia and Curius, in the second act of Jonson's *Cataline*, is an excellent picture of the power of a lady over her gallant. The wench plays with his affections: and as a man, of all places of the world, wishes to make a good figure with his mistress, upon her upbraiding him with want of spirit, he alludes to enterprises which he cannot reveal but with the hazard of his life. When he is worked thus far, with a little flattery of her opinion of his gallantry, and desire to know more of it out of her overflowing fondness to him, he brags to her until his life is in her disposal.

When a man is thus liable to be vanquished by the charms of her he loves, the safest way is to determine what is proper to be done; but to avoid all expostulation with her before he executes what he has resolved. Women are ever too hard for us upon a treaty; and one must consider how senseless a thing it is to argue with one whose looks and gestures are more prevalent with you, than your reason and arguments can be with her. It is a most miserable slavery to submit to what you disapprove, and give up a truth for no other reason, but that you had not fortitude to support you in asserting it. A man has enough to do to conquer his own unreasonable wishes and desires; but he does that in vain, if he has those of another to gratify. Let his pride be in his wife and family, let him give them all the conveniences of life in such a manner as if he were proud of them; but let it be his own innocent pride, and not their exorbitant desires, which are indulged by him. In this case all the little arts imaginable are used to soften a man's heart, and raise his passion above his understanding. But in all concessions of this kind, a man should consider whether the present he makes flows from his own love, or the importunity of his

beloved. If from the latter, he is her slave; if from the former, her friend. We laugh it off, and do not weigh this subjection to women with that seriousness which so important a circumstance deserves. Why was courage given to man, if his wife's fears are to frustrate it? When this is once indulged, you are no longer her guardian and protector, as you were designed by nature; but, in compliance to her weaknesses, you have disabled yourself from avoiding the misfortunes into which they will lead you both, and you are to see the hour in which you are to be reproached by herself for that very complaisance to her. It is indeed the most difficult mastery over ourselves we can possibly attain, to resist the grief of her who charms us; but let the heart ache, be the anguish never so quick and painful, it is what must be suffered and passed through, if you think to live like a gentleman, or be conscious to yourself that you are a man of honesty. The old argument, that 'you do not love me if you deny me this,' which first was used to obtain a trifle, by habitual success will oblige the unhappy man who gives way to it to resign the cause even of his country and his honour[n].

Spectator, No. 510.] [October 15, 1712.

No. 33. *On Matrimony.*

Dare jura maritis.—HOR. Ars Poet. 398.

Many are the epistles I every day receive from husbands who complain of vanity, pride, but, above all, ill-nature in their wives. I cannot tell how it is, but I think I see in all their letters that the cause of their uneasiness is in themselves; and indeed I have hardly ever observed the married condition unhappy, but from want of judgment or temper in the man. The truth is, we generally make love in a style and with sentiments very unfit for ordinary life: they are half theatrical, half romantic. By this means, we raise our imaginations to what is not to be expected in human life; and because we did not beforehand think of the creature we are enamoured of, as subject to dishumour[n], age, sickness, impatience, or sullenness, but altogether considered her as the object of joy; human nature itself is often imputed to her as her particular imperfection, or defect.

I take it to be a rule, proper to be observed in all occurrences of life, but more especially in the domestic, or matrimonial part of it, to preserve always a disposition to be pleased. This cannot be supported but by considering things in their right light, and as Nature has formed them, and not as our own fancies or appetites would have them. He then who took a young lady to his bed, with no other consideration than the expectation of scenes of dalliance, and thought of her (as I said before) only as she was to administer to the gratification of desire; as that desire flags, will, without her fault, think her charms and her merit abated: from hence must follow indifference, dislike, peevishness, and rage. But the man who brings his reason to support his passion, and beholds what he loves, as liable to all the calamities of human life both in body and mind, and even at the best what must bring upon him new cares and new relations; such a lover, I say, will form himself accordingly, and adapt his mind to the nature of his circumstances. This latter person will be prepared to be a father, a friend, an advocate, a steward for people yet unborn, and has proper affections ready for every incident in the marriage state. Such a man can hear the cries of children with pity instead of anger; and, when they run over his head, he is not disturbed at their noise, but is glad of their mirth and health. Tom Trusty has told me, that he thinks it doubles his attention to the most intricate affair he is about, to hear his children, for whom all his cares are applied, make a noise in the next room: on the other side, Will Sparkish cannot put on his perriwig, or adjust his cravat at the glass, for the noise of those damned nurses and squalling brats; and then ends with a gallant reflection upon the comforts of matrimony, runs out of the hearing, and drives to the chocolate-house.

According as the husband has disposed in himself, every circumstance in his life is to give him torment or pleasure. When the affection is well placed, and is supported by the considerations of duty, honour, and friendship, which are in the highest degree engaged in this alliance, there can nothing rise in the common course of life, or from the blows or favours of fortune, in which a man will not find matters of some delight unknown to a single condition.

He that sincerely loves his wife and family, and studies to improve that affection in himself, conceives pleasure from the

most indifferent things; while the married man, who has not bid adieu to the fashions and false gallantries of the town, is perplexed with every thing around him. In both these cases men cannot, indeed, make a sillier figure, than in repeating such pleasures and pains to the rest of the world: but I speak of them only, as they sit upon those who are involved in them. As I visit all sorts of people, I cannot indeed but smile, when the good lady tells her husband what extraordinary things the child spoke since he went out. No longer than yesterday I was prevailed with to go home with a fond husband; and his wife told him, that his son, of his own head, when the clock in the parlour struck two, said papa would come home to dinner presently. While the father has him in a rapture in his arms, and is drowning him with kisses, the wife tells me he is but just four years old. Then they both struggle for him, and bring him up to me, and repeat his observation of two o'clock. I was called upon, by looks upon the child, and then at me, to say something: and I told the father that this remark of the infant of his coming home, and joining the time with it, was a certain indication that he would be a great historian and chronologer. They are neither of them fools, yet received my compliment with great acknowledgment of my prescience. I fared very well at dinner, and heard many other notable sayings of their heir, which would have given very little entertainment to one less turned to reflection than I was: but it was a pleasing speculation to remark on the happiness of a life, in which things of no moment give occasion of hope, self-satisfaction, and triumph. On the other hand, I have known an ill-natured coxcomb, who has hardly improved in any thing but bulk, for want of this disposition, silence the whole family as a set of silly women and children, for recounting things which were really above his own capacity.

When I say all this, I cannot deny but there are perverse jades that fall to men's lots, with whom it requires more than common proficiency in philosophy to be able to live. When these are joined to men of warm spirits, without temper or learning, they are frequently corrected with stripes; but one of our famous lawyers[n] is of opinion, that this ought to be used sparingly; as I remember, those are his very words; but as it is proper to draw some spiritual use out of all afflictions, I

should rather recommend to those who are visited with women of spirit, to form themselves for the world by patience at home. Socrates, who is by all accounts the undoubted head of the sect of the hen-pecked, owned and acknowledged that he owed great part of his virtue to the exercise which his useful wife constantly gave it. There are several good instructions may be drawn from his wise answers to the people of less fortitude than himself on her subject. A friend, with indignation, asked how so good a man could live with so violent a creature? He observed to him, that they who learn to keep a good seat on horseback, mount the least manageable they can get; and, when they have mastered them, they are sure never to be discomposed on the backs of steeds less restive[n]. At several times, to different persons, on the same subject he has said, 'My dear friend, you are beholden to Xantippe, that I bear so well your flying out in a dispute.' To another, 'My hen clacks very much, but she brings me chickens. They that live in a trading street are not disturbed at the passage of carts.' I would have, if possible, a wise man be contented with his lot, even with a shrew; for, though he cannot make her better, he may, you see, make himself better by her means.

But, instead of pursuing my design of displaying conjugal love in its natural beauties and attractions, I am got into tales to the disadvantage of that state of life. I must say, therefore, that I am verily persuaded, that whatever is delightful in human life is to be enjoyed in greater perfection in the married than in the single condition. He that has this passion in perfection, in occasions of joy, can say to himself, besides his own satisfaction, 'How happy will this make my wife and children!' Upon occurrences of distress or danger, can comfort himself, 'But all this while my wife and children are safe.' There is something in it, that doubles satisfactions, because others participate them; and dispels afflictions because others are exempt from them. All who are married without this relish of their circumstance are in either a tasteless indolence and negligence which is hardly to be attained, or else live in the hourly repetition of sharp answers, eager upbraidings, and distracting reproaches. In a word, the married state, with and without the affection suitable to it, is the completest image of heaven and hell we are capable of receiving in this life.

Spectator, No. 479.] [September 9, 1712.

II.

SOCIAL PAPERS.

§ 1. THE SPECTATOR CLUB.

No. 34. *On the Members of the Spectator Club.*

Ast alii sex
Et plures, uno conclamant ore.—JUV. Sat. vii. 167.

The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley[n]. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance[n] which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho-square[n]. It is said, he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow[n] of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester[n] and Sir George Etheredge[n], fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked bully Dawson[n] in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster. But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a-half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and

never dressed afterward. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. . . . . He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed.

His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities, and three months ago gained universal applause, by explaining a passage in the game act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple, a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humoursome father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke[11]. The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage-articles, leases, and tenures in the neighbourhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool; but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable: as few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients, makes him a very delicate observer

of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through New-Inn, crosses through Russell-court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed and his perriwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose[n]. It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London; a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms: for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue, that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valour, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favourite is, 'A penny saved is a penny got.' A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortunes himself; and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass, but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry[n], a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small

estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit, who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he had talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world, because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty, and an even regular behaviour, are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavour at the same end with himself, the favour of a commander. He will, however, in his way of talk excuse generals for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it; for, says he, that great man who has a mind to help me has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: therefore he will conclude, that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candour does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never over-bearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from a habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humourists, unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have amongst us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a gentleman who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his life, but having been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces on his brain. His person is well turned, and of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to

him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; . . . and whose vanity to shew her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such an occasion, he will tell you, when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court, such a woman was then smitten—another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the Park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance, or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such a-one. . . . This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man, who is usually called a well-bred fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of, as one of our company; for he visits us but seldom; but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently, cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to; he is therefore among divines what a chamber-counsellor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind, and the integrity of his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years, that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interest in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.

Spectator, No. 2.] [March 2, 1711.

No. 35. *Character of Mr. Spectator.*

Egregii mortalem altique silentii!
HOR. Sat. ii. 6. 58.

An author, when he first appears in the world, is very apt to believe it has nothing to think of but his performances. With a good share of this vanity in my heart, I made it my business these three days to listen after my own fame; and as I have sometimes met with circumstances which did not displease me, I have been encountered by others which gave me much mortification. It is incredible to think how empty I have in this time observed some part of the species to be, what mere blanks they are when they first come abroad in the morning, how utterly they are at a stand until they are set a-going by some paragraph in a newspaper.

Such persons are very acceptable to a young author, for they desire no more in any thing but to be new, to be agreeable. If I found consolation among such, I was as much disquieted by the incapacity of others. These are mortals who have a certain curiosity without power of reflection, and perused my papers like spectators rather than readers. But there is so little pleasure in inquiries that so nearly concern ourselves (it being the worst way in the world to fame, to be too anxious about it) that upon the whole I resolved for the future to go on in my ordinary way; and without too much fear or hope about the business of reputation, to be very careful of the design of my actions, but very negligent of the consequences of them.

It is an endless and frivolous pursuit to act by any other rule than the care of satisfying our own minds in what we do. One would think a silent man, who concerned himself with no one breathing, should be very little liable to misinterpretations; and yet I remember I was once taken up for a Jesuit[n], for no other reason but my profound taciturnity. It is from this misfortune, that, to be out of harm's way, I have ever since affected crowds. He who comes into assemblies only to gratify his curiosity, and not to make a figure, enjoys the pleasures of retirement in a more exquisite degree than he possibly could in his closet: the lover, the ambitious, and the miser, are followed

thither by a worse crowd than any they can withdraw from. To be exempt from the passions with which others are tormented, is the only pleasing solitude. I can very justly say with the ancient sage, 'I am never less alone than when alone.'

As I am insignificant to the company in public places, and as it is visible I do not come thither as most do, to show myself, I gratify the vanity of all who pretend to make an appearance, and have often as kind looks from well-dressed gentlemen and ladies, as a poet would bestow upon one of his audience. There are so many gratifications attend this public sort of obscurity, that some little distastes I daily receive have lost their anguish; and I did, the other day, without the least displeasure, overhear one say of me, 'that strange fellow;' and another answer, 'I have known the fellow's face these twelve years, and so must you; but I believe you are the first ever asked who he was.' There are, I must confess, many to whom my person is as well known as that of their nearest relations, who give themselves no farther trouble about calling me by my name or quality, but speak of me very currently by Mr. What-d'ye-call-him.

To make up for these trivial disadvantages, I have the high satisfaction of beholding all nature with an unprejudiced eye; and having nothing to do with men's passions or interests, I can, with the greater sagacity, consider their talents, manners, failings, and merits.

It is remarkable, that those who want any one sense, possess the others with greater force and vivacity. Thus my want of, or rather resignation of speech, gives me the advantages of a dumb man. I have, methinks, a more than ordinary penetration in seeing; and flatter myself that I have looked into the highest and lowest of mankind, and make shrewd guesses, without being admitted to their conversation, at the inmost thoughts and reflections of all whom I behold. It is from hence that good or ill fortune has no manner of force towards affecting my judgment. I see men flourishing in courts, and languishing in jails, without being prejudiced, from their circumstances, to their favour or disadvantage; but from their inward manner of bearing their condition, often pity the prosperous, and admire the unhappy.

Those who converse with the dumb, know from the turn of their eyes, and the changes of their countenance, their senti-

ments of the objects before them. I have indulged my silence to such an extravagance, that the few who are intimate with me answer my smiles with concurrent sentences, and argue to the very point I shaked my head at, without my speaking. Will Honeycomb was very entertaining the other night at a play, to a gentleman who sat on his right hand, while I was at his left. The gentleman believed Will was talking to himself, when upon my looking with great approbation at a young thing in a box before us, he said, 'I am quite of another opinion. She has, I will allow, a very pleasing aspect, but, methinks, that simplicity in her countenance is rather childish than innocent.' When I observed her a second time, he said, 'I grant her dress is very becoming, but perhaps the merit of that choice is owing to her mother; for though,' continued he, 'I allow a beauty to be as much to be commended for the elegance of her dress, as a wit for that of his language, yet if she has stolen the colour of her ribands from another, or had advice about her trimmings, I shall not allow her the praise of dress, any more than I would call a plagiary an author.' When I threw my eye towards the next woman to her, Will spoke what I looked, according to his romantic imagination, in the following manner:

'Behold, you who dare, that charming virgin; behold the beauty of her person chastised by the innocence of her thoughts. Chastity, good-nature, and affability, are the graces that play in her countenance; she knows she is handsome, but she knows she is good. Conscious beauty adorned with conscious virtue! What a spirit is there in those eyes! What a bloom in that person! How is the whole woman expressed in her appearance! Her air has the beauty of motion, and her look the force of language.'

It was prudence to turn away my eyes from this object, and therefore I turned them to the thoughtless creatures who make up the lump of that sex, and move a knowing eye no more than the portraiture of insignificant people by ordinary painters, which are but pictures of pictures.

Thus the working of my own mind is the general entertainment of my life: I never enter into the commerce of discourse with any but my particular friends, and not in public even with them. Such a habit has perhaps raised in me uncommon reflections; but this effect I cannot communicate but by my writings. As my pleasures are almost wholly confined to those

of the sight, I take it for a peculiar happiness that I have always had an easy and familiar admittance to the fair sex. If I never praised or flattered, I never belied or contradicted them. As these compose half the world, and are, by the just complaisance and gallantry of our nation, the more powerful part of our people, I shall dedicate a considerable share of these my speculations to their service, and shall lead the young through all the becoming duties of virginity, marriage, and widowhood. When it is a woman's day, in my works, I shall endeavour at a style and air suitable to their understanding. When I say this, I must be understood to mean, that I shall not lower but exalt the subjects I treat upon. Discourse for their entertainment is not to be debased, but refined. A man may appear learned without talking sentences, as in his ordinary gesture he discovers he can dance, though he does not cut capers. In a word, I shall take it for the greatest glory of my work, if among reasonable women this paper may furnish tea-table talk[n]. In order to it, I shall treat on matters which relate to females, as they are concerned to approach or fly from the other sex, or as they are tied to them by blood, interest, or affection. Upon this occasion I think it but reasonable to declare, that whatever skill I may have in speculation, I shall never betray what the eyes of lovers say to each other in my presence. At the same time I shall not think myself obliged by this promise to conceal any false protestations which I observe made by glances in public assemblies; but endeavour to make both sexes appear in their conduct what they are in their hearts. By this means, love, during the time of my speculations, shall be carried on with the same sincerity as any other affair of less consideration. As this is the greatest concern, men shall be from henceforth liable to the greatest reproach for misbehaviour in it. Falsehood in love shall hereafter bear a blacker aspect than infidelity in friendship, or villainy in business. For this great and good end, all breaches against that noble passion, the cement of society, shall be severely examined. But this, and all other matters loosely hinted at now, and in my former papers, shall have their proper place in my following discourses. The present writing is only to admonish the world, that they shall not find me an idle but a busy Spectator.

Spectator, No. 4.] [March 5, 1711

No. 36. *On Sir Roger de Coverley's Servants.*

Æsopo ingentem statuam posuere Attici,
Servumque collocarunt æterna in basi,
Patere honoris scirent ut cunctis viam.
PHÆDR. Epilog. 1. 2.

The reception, manner of attendance, undisturbed freedom and quiet, which I meet with here in the country, has confirmed me in the opinion I always had, that the general corruption of manners in servants is owing to the conduct of masters. The aspect of every one in the family carries so much satisfaction, that it appears he knows the happy lot which has befallen him in being a member of it. There is one particular which I have seldom seen but at Sir Roger's; it is usual in all other places, that servants fly from the parts of the house through which their master is passing; on the contrary, here they industriously place themselves in his way; and it is on both sides, as it were, understood as a visit, when the servants appear without calling. This proceeds from the humane and equal temper of the man of the house, who also perfectly well knows how to enjoy a great estate with such economy as ever to be much beforehand. This makes his own mind untroubled, and consequently unapt to vent peevish expressions, or give passionate or inconsistent orders to those about him. Thus respect and love go together; and a certain cheerfulness in performance of their duty is the particular distinction of the lower part of this family. When a servant is called before his master, he does not come with an expectation to hear himself rated for some trivial fault, threatened to be stripped, or used with any other unbecoming language, which mean masters often give to worthy servants; but it is often to know, what road he took that he came so readily back according to order: whether he passed by such a ground; if the old man who rents it is in good health; or whether he gave Sir Roger's love to him, or the like.

A man who preserves a respect founded on his benevolence to his dependants, lives rather like a prince than a master in his family: his orders are received as favours rather

than duties; and the distinction of approaching him is part of the reward for executing what is commanded by him.

There is another circumstance in which my friend excels in his management, which is the manner of rewarding his servants. He has ever been of opinion, that giving his cast clothes to be worn by valets has a very ill effect upon little minds, and creates a silly sense of equality between the parties, in persons affected only with outward things. I have heard him often pleasant on this occasion, and describe a young gentleman abusing his man in that coat, which a month or two before was the most pleasing distinction he was conscious of in himself. He would turn his discourse still more pleasantly upon the ladies' bounties of this kind; and I have heard him say he knew a fine woman, who distributed rewards and punishments in giving becoming or unbecoming dresses to her maids.*

But my good friend is above these little instances of goodwill, in bestowing only trifles on his servants: a good servant to him is sure of having it in his choice very soon of being no servant at all. As I before observed, he is so good a husband[n], and knows so thoroughly that the skill of the purse is the cardinal virtue of this life; I say he knows so well that frugality is the support of generosity, that he can often spare a large fine when a tenement falls, and give that settlement to a good servant who has a mind to go into the world, or make a stranger pay the fine to that servant for his more comfortable maintenance, if he stays in his service.

A man of honour and generosity considers it would be miserable to himself to have no will but that of another, though it were of the best person breathing, and, for that reason, goes on as fast as he is able to put his servants into independent livelihoods. The greatest part of Sir Roger's estate is tenanted by persons who have served himself or his ancestors. It was to me extremely pleasant to observe the visitants from several parts to welcome his arrival into the country; and all the difference that I could take notice of between the late servants who came to see him, and those who stayed in the family was, that these latter were looked upon as finer gentlemen and better courtiers.

This manumission and placing them in a way of livelihood, I look upon as only what is due to a good servant; which

encouragement will make his successor be as diligent, as humble, and as ready as he was. There is something wonderful in the narrowness of those minds which can be pleased, and be barren of bounty to those who please them.

One might, on this occasion, recount the sense that great persons in all ages have had of the merit of their dependants, and the heroic services which men have done their masters in the extremity of their fortunes, and shown to their undone patrons that fortune was all the difference between them; but as I design this my speculation only as a gentle admonition to thankless masters, I shall not go out of the occurrences of common life, but assert it as a general observation, that I never saw, but in Sir Roger's family and one or two more, good servants treated as they ought to be. Sir Roger's kindness extends to their children's children; and this very morning he sent his coachman's grandson to prentice. I shall conclude this paper with an account of a picture in his gallery, where there are many which will deserve my future observation.

At the very upper end of this handsome structure I saw the portraiture of two young men standing in a river, the one naked, the other in a livery. The person supported seemed half dead, but still so much alive as to show in his face exquisite joy and love towards the other. I thought the fainting figure resembled my friend Sir Roger; and looking at the butler who stood by me, for an account of it, he informed me that the person in the livery was a servant of Sir Roger's, who stood on the shore while his master was swimming, and observing him taken with some sudden illness and sink under water, jumped in and saved him. He told me Sir Roger took off the dress he was in as soon as he came home, and by a great bounty at that time, followed by his favour ever since, had made him master of that pretty seat which we saw at a distance as we came to this house. I remembered, indeed, Sir Roger said, there lived a very worthy gentleman, to whom he was highly obliged, without mentioning any thing farther. Upon my looking a little dissatisfied at some part of the picture, my attendant informed me that it was against Sir Roger's will, and at the earnest request of the gentleman himself, that he was drawn in the habit in which he had saved his master.

Spectator, No. 107.] [July 3, 1711.

No. 37. *On Sir Roger de Coverley's Portrait Gallery.*

Abnormis sapiens.—HOR. Sat. ii. 2. 3.

I was this morning walking in the gallery, when Sir Roger entered at the end opposite to me, and advancing towards me, said he was glad to meet me among his relations the De Coverleys, and hoped I liked the conversation of so much good company, who were as silent as myself. I knew he alluded to the pictures, and as he is a gentleman who does not a little value himself upon his ancient descent, I expected he would give me some account of them. We were now arrived at the upper end of the gallery, when the knight faced towards one of the pictures, and, as we stood before it, he entered into the matter after his blunt way of saying things as they occur to his imagination, without regular introduction, or care to preserve the appearance of chain of thought.

'It is,' said he, 'worth while to consider the force of dress; and how the persons of one age differ from those of another, merely by that only. One may observe also, that the general fashion of one age has been followed by one particular set of people in another, and by them preserved from one generation to another. Thus the vast jetting[n] coat and small bonnet, which was the habit in Henry the Seventh's time, is kept on in the yeomen of the guard; not without a good and politic view, because they look a foot taller, and a foot and a half broader—besides that the cap leaves the face expanded, and consequently more terrible and fitter to stand at the entrance of palaces.

This predecessor of ours, you see, is dressed after this manner, and his cheeks would be no larger than mine were he in a hat as I am. He was the last man that won a prize in the Tilt yard (which is now a common street before Whitehall). You see the broken lance that lies there by his right foot. He shivered that lance of his adversary all to pieces; and bearing himself, look you, Sir, in this manner, at the same time he came within the target of the gentleman who rode against him, and taking him with incredible force before him on the pummel of his saddle, he in that manner rid the tournament over, with an air that shewed he did it rather to perform the rules of the lists,

than expose his enemy: however, it appeared he knew how to make use of a victory, and with a gentle trot he marched up to a gallery where their mistress sat (for they were rivals), and let him down with laudable courtesy and pardonable insolence. I do not know but it might be exactly where the coffee-house[n] is now.

'You are to know this my ancestor was not only of a military genius, but fit also for the arts of peace, for he played on the bass-viol as well as any gentleman at court; you see where his viol hangs by his basket-hilt sword. The action at the Tilt-yard, you may be sure, won the fair lady, who was a maid of honour and the greatest beauty of her time; here she stands, the next picture. You see, Sir, my great great great grandmother has on the new-fashioned petticoat, except that the modern is gathered at the waist; my grandmother appears[n] as if she stood in a large drum, whereas the ladies now walk as if they were in a go-cart. For all this lady was bred at court, she became an excellent country-wife; she brought ten children, and when I show you the library, you shall see in her own hand (allowing for the difference of the language) the best receipt now in England both for a hasty-pudding and a white-pot[n].

'If you please to fall back a little, because it is necessary to look at the three next pictures at one view; these are three sisters. She on the right hand who is so very beautiful, died a maid; the next to her, still handsomer, had the same fate, against her will; this homely thing in the middle had both their portions added to her own, and was stolen by a neighbouring gentleman, a man of stratagem and resolution; for he poisoned three mastiffs to come at her, and knocked down two deer-stealers in carrying her off. Misfortunes happen in all families. The theft of this romp, and so much money, was no great matter to our estate. But the next heir that possessed it was this soft gentleman whom you see there. Observe the small buttons, the little boots, the laces, the slashes about his clothes, and above all the posture he is drawn in (which to be sure was his own choosing): you see he sits with one hand on a desk, writing, and looking as it were another way, like an easy writer, or a sonnetteer. He was one of those that had too much wit to know how to live in the world; he was a man of no justice, but great good manners; he ruined every body that had

any thing to do with him, but never said a rude thing in his life; the most indolent person in the world, he would sign a deed that passed away half his estate with his gloves on, but would not put on his hat before a lady if it were to save his country. He is said to be the first that made love by squeezing the hand. He left the estate with ten thousand pounds debt upon it; but, however, by all hands I have been informed, that he was every way the finest gentleman in the world. That debt lay heavy on our house for one generation, but it was retrieved by a gift from that honest man you see there, a citizen of our name, but nothing at all akin to us. I know Sir Andrew Freeport has said behind my back, that this man was descended from one of the ten children of the maid of honour I showed you above: but it was never made out. We winked at the thing indeed, because money was wanting at that time.'

Here I saw my friend a little embarrassed, and turned my face to the next portraiture.

Sir Roger went on with his account of the gallery in the following manner: 'This man (pointing to him I looked at) I take to be the honour of our house, Sir Humphry de Coverley; he was in his dealings as punctual as a tradesman, and as generous as a gentleman. He would have thought himself as much undone by breaking his word, as if it were to be followed by bankruptcy. He served his country as knight of the shire to his dying day. He found it no easy matter to maintain an integrity in his words and actions, even in things that regarded the offices which were incumbent upon him, in the care of his own affairs and relations of life, and therefore dreaded (though he had great talents) to go into employments of state, where he must be exposed to the snares of ambition. Innocence of life, and great ability, were the distinguishing parts of his character; the latter, he had often observed, had led to the destruction of the former, and he used frequently to lament that great and good had not the same signification. He was an excellent husbandman[n], but had resolved not to exceed such a degree of wealth; all above it he bestowed in secret bounties many years after the sum he aimed at for his own use was attained. Yet he did not slacken his industry, but to a decent old age spent the life and fortune which were superfluous to himself, in the service of his friends and neighbours.'

Here we were called to dinner, and Sir Roger ended the discourse of this gentleman, by telling me, as we followed the servant, that this his ancestor was a brave man, and narrowly escaped being killed in the civil wars; 'for,' said he, 'he was sent out of the field upon a private message, the day before the battle of Worcester.' The whim of narrowly escaping by having been within a day of danger, with other matters above-mentioned, mixed with good sense, left me at a loss whether I was more delighted with my friend's wisdom or simplicity.

Spectator, No. 109.] [July 5, 1711.

No. 38. *On the Perverse Widow and Sir Roger's Disappointment in Love.*

Hærent infixi pectore vultus.—VIRG. Æn. iv. 4.

In my first description of the company in which I pass most of my time, it may be remembered, that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his youth; which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened this evening, that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house. As soon as we came into it, 'It is,' quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, 'very hard, that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse widow[n] did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees, but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. You are to know, this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that custom I can never come into it but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind, as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love, to attempt the removing of their passion by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world.'

Here followed a profound silence; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. After a very long pause, he entered upon an account of this great circumstance in his life, with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the picture of that cheerful mind of his, before it received that stroke which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows:—

'I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors who have inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighbourhood, for the sake of my fame; and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county; and in my servants, officers, and whole equipage, indulged the pleasure of a young man (who did not think ill of his own person) in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behaviour to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, ride well, and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held. But, when I came there, a beautiful creature in a widow's habit sat in court to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower. This commanding creature (who was born for the destruction of all who behold her) put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, until she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murrain to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it but I bowed like a great surprised booby; and knowing her cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a captivated calf as I was, "Make way for the defendant's witnesses." This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff also was become a slave to the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon trial, she

behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I but the whole court was prejudiced in her favour; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage. You must understand, Sir, this perverse woman is one of those unaccountable creatures that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no farther consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a train of admirers, and she removes from her slaves in town to those in the country, according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship. She is always accompanied by a confidante, who is witness to her daily protestations against our sex, and consequently a bar to her first steps towards love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations.

'However, I must need say, this accomplished mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir Roger de Coverley was the tamest and most humane of all the brutes in the country. I was told she said so by one who thought he rallied me; but upon the strength of this slender encouragement of being thought least detestable, I made new liveries, new-paired my coach-horses, sent them all to town to be bitted, and taught to throw their legs well, and move all together, before I pretended to cross the country, and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my retinue suitable to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out from hence to make my addresses. The particular skill of this lady has ever been to inflame your wishes, and yet command respect. To make her mistress of this art, she has a greater share of knowledge, wit, and good sense than is usual even among men of merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you will not let her go on with a certain artifice with her eyes, and the skill of beauty, she will arm herself with her real charms, and strike you with admiration instead of desire. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole woman, there

is that dignity in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate scholar, that no country gentleman can approach her without being a jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her house I was admitted to her presence with great civility; at the same time she placed herself to be first seen by me in such an attitude, as I think you call the posture of a picture, that she discovered new charms, and I at last came towards her with such an awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her advantage of it, and began a discourse to me concerning love and honour, as they both are followed by pretenders, and the real votaries to them. When she discussed these points in a discourse which, I verily believe, was as learned as the best philosopher in Europe could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my sentiments on these important particulars. Her confidante sat by her, and on my being in the last confusion and silence, this malicious aid of her's turning to her, says, 'I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his sentiments upon the matter when he pleases to speak.' They both kept their countenances, and after I had sat half an hour meditating how to behave before such profound casuists, I rose up and took my leave. Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her way, and she as often has directed a discourse to me which I do not understand. This barbarity has kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all mankind, and you must make love to her as you would conquer the sphinx, by posing her. But were she like other women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the pleasure of that man be, who could converse with a creature—But, after all, you may be sure her heart is fixed on some one or other: and yet I have been credibly informed—but who can believe half that is said!—After she had done speaking to me, she put her hand to her bosom, and adjusted her tucker; then she cast her eyes a little down, upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently: her voice in her ordinary speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a public table

the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some tansy[n] in the eye of all the gentlemen in the country. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. I can assure you, Sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same condition; for as her speech is music, her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but indeed it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection. Oh, the excellent creature! she is as inimitable to all women, as she is inaccessible to all men.'

I found my friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the house, that we might be joined by some other company; and am convinced that the widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some part of my friend's discourse; though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that of Martial[n] which one knows not how to render into English, *dum tacet hanc loquitur*. I shall end this paper with that whole epigram, which represents with much humour my honest friend's condition:—

Quicquid agit Rufus, nihil est, nisi Nævia Rufo,
Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur:
Cœnat, propinat, poscit, negat, annuit, una est
Nævia: si non sit Nævia, mutus erit.
Scriberet hesterna patri cum luce salutem,
Nævia lux, inquit, Nævia numen, ave.

Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,
Still he can nothing but of Nævia talk;
Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,
Still he must speak of Nævia, or be mute.
He writ to his father, ending with this line—
I am, my lovely Nævia, ever thine.

Spectator, No. 113.] [July 10, 1711.

No. 39. *The Huntsman in Love.*

Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.—VIRG. Æn. iv. 73.

This agreeable seat is surrounded with so many pleasing walks, which are struck out of a wood, in the midst of which the house stands, that one can hardly ever be weary of rambling from one labyrinth of delight to another. To one used to live

in a city, the charms of the country are so exquisite that the mind is lost in a certain transport which raises us above ordinary life, and is yet not strong enough to be inconsistent with tranquillity. This state of mind was I in—ravished with the murmur of waters, the whisper of breezes, the singing of birds; and whether I looked up to the heavens, down on the earth, or turned to the prospects around me, still struck with new sense of pleasure;—when I found by the voice of my friend, who walked by me, that we had insensibly strolled into the grove sacred to the widow[n]. 'This woman,' says he, "is of all others the most unintelligible: she either designs to marry, or she does not. What is the most perplexing of all is, that she doth not either say to her lovers she has any resolution against that condition of life in general, or that she banishes them; but, conscious of her own merit, she permits their addresses, without fear of any ill consequence, or want of respect, from their rage or despair. She has that in her aspect against which it is impossible to offend. A man whose thoughts are constantly bent upon so agreeable an object, must be excused if the ordinary occurrences in conversation are below his attention. I call her indeed perverse, but, alas! why do I call her so?—because her superior merit is such, that I cannot approach her without awe—that my heart is checked by too much esteem: I am angry that her charms are not more accessible—that I am more inclined to worship than salute her. How often have I wished her unhappy, that I might have an opportunity of serving her! and how often troubled in that very imagination at giving her the pain of being obliged! Well, I have led a miserable life in secret upon her account; but fancy she would have condescended to have some regard for me, if it had not been for that watchful animal her confidante.

'Of all persons under the sun' (continued he, calling me by my name), 'be sure to set a mark upon confidantes: they are of all people the most impertinent. What is most pleasant to observe in them is, that they assume to themselves the merit of persons whom they have in their custody. Orestilla is a great fortune, and in wonderful danger of surprises, therefore full of suspicions of the least indifferent thing, particularly careful of new acquaintance, and of growing too familiar with the old.

Themista, her favourite woman, is every whit as careful of whom she speaks to, and what she says. Let the ward be a beauty, her confidante shall treat you with an air of distance; let her be a fortune, and she assumes the suspicious behaviour of her friend and patroness. Thus it is that very many of our unmarried women of distinction are to all intents and purposes married, except the consideration of different sexes. They are directly under the conduct of their whisperer; and think they are in a state of freedom, while they can prate with one of these attendants of all men in general, and still avoid the man they most like. You do not see one heiress in a hundred whose fate does not turn upon this circumstance of choosing a confidante. Thus it is that the lady is addressed to, presented, and flattered, only by proxy, in her woman. In my case, how is it possible that ——' Sir Roger was proceeding in his harangue, when we heard the voice of one speaking very importunately, and repeating these words, 'What, not one smile?' We followed the sound till we came to a close thicket, on the other side of which we saw a young woman sitting as it were in a personated sullenness just over a transparent fountain[n]. Opposite to her stood Mr. William, Sir Roger's master of the game. The knight whispered me, 'Hist, these are lovers.' The huntsman looking earnestly at the shadow of the young maiden in the stream—'Oh thou dear picture, if thou couldest remain there in the absence of that fair creature whom you represent in the water, how willingly could I stand here satisfied for ever, without troubling my dear Betty herself with any mention of her unfortunate William, whom she is angry with! But alas! when she pleases to be gone, thou wilt also vanish—yet let me talk to thee while thou dost stay. Tell my dearest Betty thou dost not more depend upon her than does her William; her absence will make away with me as well as thee. If she offers to remove thee, I will jump into these waves to lay hold on thee—herself, her own dear person, I must never embrace again. Still do you hear me without one smile—It is too much to bear.' He had no sooner spoken these words, but he made an offer of throwing himself into the water: at which his mistress started up, and at the next instant he jumped across the fountain, and met her in an embrace. She, half recovering from her fright, said in

the most charming voice imaginable, and with a tone of complaint, 'I thought how well you would drown yourself. No, no, you will not drown yourself till you have taken your leave of Susan Holiday.' The huntsman, with a tenderness that spoke the most passionate love, and with his cheek close to 'hers, whispered the softest vows of fidelity in her ear, and cried, 'Do not, my dear, believe a word Kate Willow says; she is spiteful, and makes stories, because she loves to hear me talk to herself for your sake.' 'Look you there,' quoth Sir Roger, 'do you see there, all mischief comes from confidantes! But let us not interrupt them; the maid is honest, and the man dares not be otherwise, for he knows I loved her father: I will interpose in this matter, and hasten the wedding. Kate Willow is a witty mischievous wench in the neighbourhood, who was a beauty; and makes me hope I shall see the perverse widow in her condition. She was so flippant in her answers to all the honest fellows that came near her, and so very vain of her beauty, that she has valued herself upon her charms till they have ceased. She therefore now makes it her business to prevent other young women from being more discreet than she was herself: however, the saucy thing said the other day well enough, "Sir Roger and I must make a match, for we are both despised by those we loved." The hussy has a great deal of power wherever she comes, and has her share of cunning.

'However, when I reflect upon this woman, I do not know whether in the main I am the worse for having loved her: whenever she is recalled to my imagination, my youth returns, and I feel a forgotten warmth in my veins. This affliction in my life has streaked all my conduct with a softness, of which I should otherwise have been incapable. It is owing, perhaps, to this dear image in my heart that I am apt to relent, that I easily forgive, and that many desirable things are grown into my temper, which I should not have arrived at by better motives than the thought of being one day hers. I am pretty well satisfied such a passion as I have had is never well cured; and between you and me, I am often apt to imagine it has had some whimsical effect upon my brain: for I frequently find, that in my most serious discourse I let fall some comical familiarity of speech or odd phrase that makes the company laugh. However, I cannot but allow she is a most excellent woman. When

she is in the country, I warrant she does not run into dairies, but reads upon the nature of plants; but has a glass hive, and comes into the garden out of books to see them work, and observe the policies of their commonwealth. She understands every thing. I would give ten pounds to hear her argue with my friend Sir Andrew Freeport about trade. No, no, for all she looks so innocent as it were, take my word for it she is no fool.'

Spectator, No. 118.] [July 16, 1711.

No. 40. *A Letter from Captain Sentry.*

> Nunquam ita quisquam bene subducta ratione ad vitam fuit,
> Quin res, ætas, usus semper aliquid apportet novi,
> Aliquid moneat: ut illa, quæ te scire credas, nescias;
> Et, quæ tibi putaris prima, in experiendo ut repudies.
> TER. Adelph. act v. sc. 4.

There are, I think, sentiments in the following letter from my friend Captain Sentry, which discover a rational and equal frame of mind, as well prepared for an advantageous as an unfortunate change of condition:—

'Coverley-Hall, Nov. 15,
'SIR, Worcestershire.

'I am come to the succession of the estate of my honoured kinsman, Sir Roger de Coverley; and I assure you I find it no easy task to keep up the figure of master of the fortune which was so handsomely enjoyed by that honest plain man. I cannot (with respect to the great obligations I have, be it spoken) reflect upon his character, but I am confirmed in the truth which I have, I think, heard spoken at the club; to wit, that a man of a warm and well-disposed heart, with a very small capacity, is highly superior in human society to him who with the greatest talents, is cold and languid in his affections. But alas! why do I make a difficulty in speaking of my worthy ancestor's failings? His little absurdities and incapacity for the conversation of the politest men are dead with him, and his greater qualities are even now useful to him. I know not whether by naming those disabilities I do not enhance his

merit, since he has left behind him a reputation in his country, which would be worth the pains of the wisest man's whole life to arrive at. By the way, I must observe to you, that many of your readers have mistook that passage in your writings[n] wherein Sir Roger is reported to have inquired into the private character of the young woman at the tavern. I know you mentioned that circumstance as an instance of the simplicity and innocence of his mind, which made him imagine it a very easy thing to reclaim one of those criminals. . . . The less discerning of your readers cannot enter into that delicacy of description in the character: but indeed my chief business at this time is to represent to you my present state of mind, and the satisfaction I promise to myself in the possession of my new fortune. I have continued all Sir Roger's servants, except such as it was a relief to dismiss into little beings within my manor. Those who are in a list of the good knight's own hand to be taken care of by me, I have quartered upon such as have taken new leases of me, and added so many advantages during the lives of the persons so quartered, that it is the interest of those whom they are joined with to cherish and befriend them upon all occasions. I find a considerable sum of ready money, which I am laying out among my dependants at the common interest, but with a design to lend it according to their merit, rather than according to their ability. I shall lay a tax upon such as I have highly obliged, to become security to me for such of their own poor youth, whether male or female, as want help towards getting into some being in the world. I hope I shall be able to manage my affairs so as to improve my fortune every year by doing acts of kindness. I will lend my money to the use of none but indigent men, secured by such as have ceased to be indigent by the favour of my family or myself. What makes this the more practicable is, that if they will do any one good with my money, they are welcome to it upon their own security: and I make no exception against it, because the persons who enter into the obligations do it for their own family. I have laid out four thousand pounds this way, and it is not to be imagined what a crowd of people are obliged by it. In cases where Sir Roger has recommended, I have lent money to put out children, with a clause which makes void the obligation in case the infant dies before he is out of his apprentice-

ship; by which means the kindred and masters are extremely careful of breeding him to industry, that he may repay it himself by his labour, in three years' journey-work after his time is out, for the use of his securities. Opportunities of this kind are all that have occurred since I came to my estate: but I assure you I will preserve a constant disposition to catch at all the occasions I can to promote the good and happiness of my neighbourhood.

'But give me leave to lay before you a little establishment which has grown out of my past life, that I doubt not will administer great satisfaction to me in that part of it, whatever that is, which is to come.

'There is a prejudice in favour of the way of life to which a man has been educated, which I know not whether it would not be faulty to overcome. It is like a partiality to the interest of one's own country before that of any other nation. It is from a habit of thinking, grown upon me from my youth spent in arms, that I have ever held gentlemen, who have preserved modesty, good-nature, justice, and humanity, in a soldier's life, to be the most valuable and worthy persons of the human race. To pass through imminent dangers, suffer painful watchings, frightful alarms, and laborious marches, for the greater part of a man's time, and pass the rest in sobriety conformable to the rules of the most virtuous civil life, is a merit too great to deserve the treatment it usually meets with among the other part of the world. But I assure you, Sir, were there not very many who have this worth, we could never have seen the glorious events which we have in our days. I need not say more to illustrate the character of a soldier than to tell you he is the very contrary to him you observe loud, saucy, and overbearing, in a red coat about town. But I was going to tell you that, in honour of the profession of arms, I have set apart a certain sum of money for a table for such gentlemen as have served their country in the army, and will please from time to time to sojourn all, or any part of the year, at Coverley. Such of them as will do me that honour shall find horses, servants, and all things necessary for their accommodation and enjoyment of all the conveniences of life in a pleasant various country. If Colonel Camperfeldt[n] be in town, and his abilities are not employed another way in the service, there is no man

would be more welcome here. That gentleman's thorough knowledge in his profession, together with the simplicity of his manners and goodness of his heart, would induce others like him to honour my abode; and I should be glad my acquaintance would take themselves to be invited or not, as their characters have an affinity to his.

'I would have all my friends know, that they need not fear (though I am become a country gentleman) I will trespass against their temperance and sobriety. No, Sir, I shall retain so much of the good sentiments for the conduct of life, which we cultivated in each other at our club, as to contemn all inordinate pleasures; but particularly remember, with our beloved Tully, that the delight in food consists in desire, not satiety. They who most passionately pursue pleasure seldomest arrive at it. Now I am writing to a philosopher I cannot forbear mentioning the satisfaction I took in the passage I read yesterday in the same Tully. A nobleman of Athens[n] made a compliment to Plato the morning after he had supped at his house: "Your entertainments do not only please when you give them, but also the day after."

'I am, my worthy Friend,

'Your most obedient humble Servant,

'WILLIAM SENTRY.'

Spectator, No. 544.] [November 24, 1712.

§ 2. DOMESTIC PAPERS.

No 41. *Mr. Bickerstaff visits a friend.*

Interea dulces pendent circum oscula nati,
Casta pudicitiam servat domus.———
VIRG. Georg. ii. 523.

There are several persons who have many pleasures and entertainments in their possession, which they do not enjoy. It is, therefore, a kind and good office to acquaint them with their own happiness, and turn their attention to such instances of

their good fortune as they are apt to overlook. Persons in the married state often want such a monitor; and pine away their days, by looking upon the same condition in anguish and murmur, which carries with it in the opinion of others a complication of all the pleasures of life, and a retreat from its inquietudes.

I am led into this thought by a visit I made an old friend, who was formerly my school-fellow[n]. He came to town last week with his family for the winter, and yesterday morning sent me word his wife expected me to dinner. I am, as it were, at home at that house, and every member of it knows me for their well-wisher. I cannot indeed express the pleasure it is, to be met by the children with so much joy as I am when I go thither. The boys and girls strive who shall come first, when they think it is I that am knocking at the door; and that child which loses the race to me runs back again to tell the father it is Mr. Bickerstaff. This day I was led in by a pretty girl, that we all thought must have forgot me; for the family has been out of town these two years. Her knowing me again was a mighty subject with us, and took up our discourse at the first entrance. After which, they began to rally me upon a thousand little stories they heard in the country, about my marriage to one of my neighbour's daughters. Upon which the gentleman, my friend, said, 'Nay, if Mr. Bickerstaff marries a child of any of his old companions, I hope mine shall have the preference; there is Mrs. Mary is now sixteen[n], and would make him as fine a widow as the best of them. But I know him too well; he is so enamoured with the very memory of those who flourished in our youth, that he will not so much as look upon the modern beauties. I remember, old gentleman, how often you went home in a day to refresh your countenance and dress when Teraminta reigned in your heart. As we came up in the coach, I repeated to my wife some of your verses on her.' With such reflections on little passages which happened long ago, we passed our time, during a cheerful and elegant meal. After dinner, his lady left the room, as did also the children. As soon as we were alone, he took me by the hand; 'Well, my good friend,' says he, 'I am heartily glad to see thee; I was afraid you would never have seen all the company that dined with you to-day again. Do not you think the good

woman of the house a little altered since you followed her from the play-house, to find out who she was, for me?' I perceived a tear fall down his cheek as he spoke, which moved me not a little. But, to turn the discourse, I said, 'She is not indeed quite that creature she was, when she returned me the letter I carried from you; and told me, "she hoped, as I was a gentleman, I would be employed no more to trouble her, who had never offended me; but would be so much the gentleman's friend, as to dissuade him from a pursuit, which he could never succeed in." You may remember, I thought her in earnest; and you were forced to employ your cousin Will, who made his sister get acquainted with her, for you. You cannot expect her to be for ever fifteen.' 'Fifteen!' replied my good friend: 'Ah! you little understand, you that have lived a bachelor, how great, how exquisite a pleasure there is, in being really beloved! It is impossible, that the most beauteous face in nature should raise in me such pleasing ideas, as when I look upon that excellent woman. That fading in her countenance is chiefly caused by her watching with me, in my fever. This was followed by a fit of sickness, which had like to have carried her off last winter. I tell you sincerely, I have so many obligations to her, that I cannot, with any sort of moderation, think of her present state of health. But as to what you say of fifteen, she gives me every day pleasures beyond what I ever knew in the possession of her beauty, when I was in the vigour of youth. Every moment of her life brings me fresh instances of her complacency to my inclinations, and her prudence in regard to my fortune. Her face is to me much more beautiful than when I first saw it; there is no decay in any feature, which I cannot trace, from the very instant it was occasioned by some anxious concern for my welfare and interests. Thus, at the same time, methinks, the love I conceived towards her for what she was, is heightened by my gratitude for what she is. The love of a wife is as much above the idle passion commonly called by that name, as the loud laughter of buffoons is inferior to the elegant mirth of gentlemen. Oh! she is an inestimable jewel. In her examination of her household affairs, she shows a certain fearfulness to find a fault, which makes her servants obey her like children; and the meanest we have has an ingenuous shame for an offence, not always to be seen in

children in other families. I speak freely to you, my old friend; ever since her sickness, things that gave me the quickest joy before, turn now to a certain anxiety. As the children play in the next room, I know the poor things by their steps, and am considering what they must do, should they lose their mother in their tender years. The pleasure I used to take in telling my boy stories of battles, and asking my girl questions about the disposal of her baby[n], and the gossiping of it, is turned into inward reflection and melancholy.'

He would have gone on in this tender way, when the good lady entered, and with an inexpressible sweetness in her countenance told us, 'she had been searching her closet for something very good, to treat such an old friend as I was.' Her husband's eyes sparkled with pleasure at the cheerfulness of her countenance; and I saw all his fears vanish in an instant. The lady observing something in our looks which showed we had been more serious than ordinary, and seeing her husband receive her with great concern under a forced cheerfulness, immediately guessed at what we had been talking of; and applying herself to me, said, with a smile, 'Mr. Bickerstaff, do not believe a word of what he tells you, I shall still live to have you for my second, as I have often promised you, unless he takes more care of himself than he has done since his coming to town. You must know, he tells me that he finds London is a much more healthy place than the country; for he sees several of his old acquaintance and school-fellows are here young fellows with fair full-bottomed periwigs. I could scarce keep him in this morning from going out open-breasted[n].' My friend, who is always extremely delighted with her agreeable humour, made her sit down with us. She did it with that easiness which is peculiar to women of sense; and to keep up the good humour she had brought in with her, turned her raillery upon me. 'Mr. Bickerstaff, you remember you followed me one night from the play-house; suppose you should carry me thither to-morrow night, and lead me into the front box[n].' This put us into a long field of discourse about the beauties, who were mothers to the present, and shined in the boxes twenty years ago. I told her, 'I was glad she had transferred so many of her charms, and I did not question but her eldest daughter was within half-a-year of being a toast.'

We were pleasing ourselves with this fantastical preferment of the young lady, when on a sudden we were alarmed with the noise of a drum, and immediately entered my little godson to give me a point of war[n]. His mother, between laughing and chiding, would have put him out of the room; but I would not part with him so. I found, upon conversation with him, though he was a little noisy in his mirth, that the child had excellent parts, and was a great master of all the learning on the other side eight years old. I perceived him a very great historian in Æsop's Fables: but he frankly declared to me his mind, 'that he did not delight in that learning, because he did not believe they were true; for which reason I found he had very much turned his studies, for about a twelvemonth past, into the lives and adventures of Don Belianis of Greece, Guy of Warwick, the Seven Champions, and other historians of that age[n]. I could not but observe the satisfaction the father took in the forwardness of his son; and that these diversions might turn to some profit, I found the boy had made remarks, which might be of service to him during the course of his whole life. He would tell you the mismanagements of John Hickerthrift, find fault with the passionate temper in Bevis of Southampton, and loved Saint George for being the champion of England; and by this means had his thoughts insensibly moulded into the notions of discretion, virtue, and honour. I was extolling his accomplishments, when the mother told me, 'that the little girl who led me in this morning was in her way a better scholar than he. Betty,' said she, 'deals chiefly in fairies and sprights; and sometimes in a winter-night will terrify the maids with her accounts, until they are afraid to go up to bed.'

I sat with them until it was very late, sometimes in merry, sometimes in serious discourse, with this particular pleasure, which gives the only true relish to all conversation, a sense that every one of us liked each other. I went home, considering the different conditions of a married life and that of a bachelor; and I must confess it struck me with a secret concern, to reflect, that whenever I go off I shall leave no traces behind me. In this pensive mood I returned to my family; that is to say, to my maid, my dog, and my cat, who only can be the better or worse for what happens to me.

Tatler, No. 95.] [November 17, 1709.

No. 42. *Mr. Bickerstaff visits a Friend* (continued).

Ut in vita, sic in studiis, pulcherrimum et humanissimum existimo, severitatem comitatemque miscere, ne illa in tristitiam, hæc in petulantiam procedat.—PLIN. Epist.

I was walking about my chamber this morning in a very gay humour, when I saw a coach stop at my door, and a youth about fifteen alighting out of it, whom I perceived to be the eldest son of my bosom friend that I gave some account of in my paper of the seventeenth of the last month. I felt a sensible pleasure rising in me at the sight of him, my acquaintance having begun with his father when he was just such a stripling, and about that very age. When he came up to me, he took me by the hand, and burst out in tears. I was extremely moved, and immediately said, 'Child, how does your father do?' He began to reply, 'My mother——' But could not go on for weeping. I went down with him into the coach, and gathered out of him, 'that his mother was then dying, and that, while the holy man was doing the last offices to her, he had taken that time to come and call me to his father, who, he said, would certainly break his heart, if I did not go and comfort him.' The child's discretion in coming to me of his own head, and the tenderness he showed for his parents, would have quite overpowered me, had I not resolved to fortify myself for the seasonable performances of those duties which I owed to my friend. As we were going, I could not but reflect upon the character of that excellent woman, and the greatness of his grief for the loss of one who has ever been the support to him under all other afflictions. How, thought I, will he be able to bear the hour of her death, that could not, when I was lately with him, speak of a sickness, which was then past, without sorrow! We were now got pretty far into Westminster, and arrived at my friend's house. At the door of it I met Favonius[n], not without a secret satisfaction to find he had been there. I had formerly conversed with him at this house; and as he abounds with that sort of virtue and knowledge which makes religion beautiful, and never leads the conversation into the violence and rage of party-disputes, I listened to him with great pleasure. Our

discourse chanced to be upon the subject of death, which he treated with such a strength of reason, and greatness of soul, that, instead of being terrible, it appeared to a mind rightly cultivated, altogether to be contemned, or rather to be desired. As I met him at the door, I saw in his face a certain glowing of grief and humanity, heightened with an air of fortitude and resolution, which, as I afterwards found, had such an irresistible force, as to suspend the pains of the dying, and the lamentation of the nearest friends who attended her. I went up directly to the room where she lay, and was met at the entrance by my friend, who, notwithstanding his thoughts had been composed a little before, at the sight of me turned away his face and wept. The little family of children renewed the expressions of their sorrow according to their several ages and degrees of understanding. The eldest daughter was in tears, busied in attendance upon her mother; others were kneeling about the bed side; and what troubled me most was, to see a little boy, who was too young to know the reason, weeping only because his sisters did. The only one in the room who seemed resigned and comforted was the dying person. At my approach to the bed side, she told me, with a low broken voice, 'This is kindly done—take care of your friend—do not go from him!' She had before taken leave of her husband and children, in a manner proper for so solemn a parting, and, with a gracefulness peculiar to a woman of her character. My heart was torn in pieces, to see the husband on one side suppressing and keeping down the swellings of his grief, for fear of disturbing her in her last moments; and the wife, even at that time, concealing the pains she endured, for fear of increasing his affliction. She kept her eyes upon him for some moments after she grew speechless, and soon after closed them for ever. In the moment of her departure, my friend, who had thus far commanded himself, gave a deep groan, and fell into a swoon by her bed side. The distraction of the children, who thought they saw both their parents expiring together, and now lying dead before them, would have melted the hardest heart; but they soon perceived their father recover, whom I helped to remove into another room, with a resolution to accompany him until the first pangs of his affliction were abated. I knew consolation would now be impertinent; and therefore contented myself to sit by him, and

condole with him in silence. For I shall here use the method of an ancient author[n], who, in one of his epistles, relating the virtues and death of Macrinus's wife, expresses himself thus: 'I shall suspend my advice to this best of friends, until he is made capable of receiving it by those three great remedies—*Necessitas ipsa, dies longa, et satietas doloris*—the necessity of submission, length of time, and satiety of grief.'

In the mean time[n], I cannot but consider, with much commiseration, the melancholy state of one who has had such a part of himself torn from him, and which he misses in every circumstance of life. His condition is like that of one who has lately lost his right arm, and is every moment offering to help himself with it. He does not appear to himself the same person in his house, at his table, in company, or in retirement; and loses the relish of all the pleasures and diversions that were before entertaining to him by her participation of them. The most agreeable objects recall the sorrow for her with whom he used to enjoy them. This additional satisfaction, from the taste of pleasures in the society of one we love, is admirably described in Milton, who represents Eve, though in Paradise itself, no further pleased with the beautiful objects around her, than as she sees them in company with Adam, in that passage[n] so inexpressibly charming:

> With thee conversing, I forget all time;
> All seasons, and their change; all please alike.
> Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet
> With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
> When first on this delightful land he spreads
> His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower
> Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
> After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
> Of grateful evening mild; the silent night,
> With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
> And these the gems of heaven, her starry train.
> But neither breath of morn when she ascends
> With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
> On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
> Glist'ring with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
> Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
> With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
> Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.

The variety of images in this passage is infinitely pleasing, and the recapitulation of each particular image, with a little

varying of the expression, makes one of the finest turns of words that I have ever seen; which I rather mention, because Mr. Dryden has said, in his preface to Juvenal, that he could meet with no turn of words in Milton[n].

It may be further observed, that though the sweetness of these verses has something in it of a pastoral, yet it excels the ordinary kind, as much as the scene of it is above an ordinary field or meadow. I might here, since I am accidentally led into this subject, show several passages in Milton that have as excellent turns of this nature as any of our English poets whatsoever; but shall only mention that which follows[n], in which he describes the fallen angels engaged in the intricate disputes of predestination, free-will, and fore-knowledge; and, to humour the perplexity, makes a kind of labyrinth in the very words that describe it.

> Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,
> In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
> Of Providence; fore-knowledge, will, and fate,
> Fix'd fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute,
> And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.

Tatler, No. 114.] [December 31, 1709.

No. 43. *On Recollections of Childhood; Death of Parents; First Love.*

> Dies, ni fallor, adest, quem semper acerbum,
> Semper honoratum, sic dii voluistis, habebo.
> VIRG. Æn. v. 49.

There are those among mankind, who can enjoy no relish of their being, except the world is made acquainted with all that relates to them, and think every thing lost that passes unobserved; but others find a solid delight in stealing by the crowd, and modelling their life after such a manner, as is as much above the approbation as the practice of the vulgar. Life being too short to give instances great enough of true friendship or good will, some sages have thought it pious to preserve a certain reverence for the manes of their deceased friends; and have withdrawn themselves from the rest of the world at certain

seasons, to commemorate in their own thoughts such of their acquaintance who have gone before them out of this life. And indeed, when we are advanced in years, there is not a more pleasing entertainment, than to recollect in a gloomy moment the many we have parted with, that have been dear and agreeable to us, and to cast a melancholy thought or two after those, with whom, perhaps, we have indulged ourselves in whole nights of mirth and jollity. With such inclinations in my heart I went to my closet yesterday in the evening, and resolved to be sorrowful; upon which occasion I could not but look with disdain upon myself, that though all the reasons which I had to lament the loss of many of my friends are now as forcible as at the moment of their departure, yet did not my heart swell with the same sorrow which I felt at the time; but I could, without tears, reflect upon many pleasing adventures I have had with some, who have long been blended with common earth. Though it is by the benefit of nature, that length of time thus blots out the violence of afflictions; yet, with tempers too much given to pleasure, it is almost necessary to revive the old places of grief in our memory; and ponder step by step on past life, to lead the mind into that sobriety of thought which poises the heart, and makes it beat with due time, without being quickened with desire, or retarded with despair, from its proper and equal motion. When we wind up a clock that is out of order, to make it go well for the future, we do not immediately set the hand to the present instant, but we make it strike the round of all its hours, before it can recover the regularity of its time. Such, thought I, shall be my method this evening; and since it is that day of the year which I dedicate to the memory of such in another life as I much delighted in when living, an hour or two shall be sacred to sorrow and their memory, while I run over all the melancholy circumstances of this kind which have occurred to me in my whole life.

The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father[n], at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a beating the coffin, and calling Papa; for, I

know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother catched me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embraces; and told me in a flood of tears, 'Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again.' She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport; which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow, that, before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since[n]. The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo; and receives impressions so forcible, that they are as hard to be removed by reason, as any mark with which a child is born is to be taken away by any future application. Hence it is, that good-nature in me is no merit; but having been so frequently overwhelmed with her tears before I knew the cause of any affliction, or could draw defences from my own judgment, I imbibed commiseration, remorse, and an unmanly gentleness of mind, which has since insnared me into ten thousand calamities; and from whence I can reap no advantage, except it be, that, in such a humour as I am now in, I can the better indulge myself in the softnesses of humanity, and enjoy that sweet anxiety which arises from the memory of past afflictions.

We, that are very old, are better able to remember things which befell us in our distant youth, than the passages of later days. For this reason it is, that the companions of my strong and vigorous years present themselves more immediately to me in this office of sorrow. Untimely and unhappy deaths are what we are most apt to lament; so little are we able to make it indifferent when a thing happens, though we know it must happen. Thus we groan under life, and bewail those who are relieved from it. Every object that returns to our imagination raises different passions, according to the circumstance of their departure. Who can have lived in an army, and in a serious hour reflect upon the many gay and agreeable men that might long have flourished in the arts of peace, and not join with the imprecations of the fatherless and widow on the tyrant to whose ambition they fell sacrifices? But gallant men, who are cut off

by the sword, move rather our veneration than our pity; and we gather relief enough from their own contempt of death, to make that no evil, which was approached with so much cheerfulness, and attended with so much honour. But when we turn our thoughts from the great parts of life on such occasions, and instead of lamenting those who stood ready to give death to those from whom they had the fortune to receive it; I say, when we let our thoughts wander from such noble objects, and consider the havock which is made among the tender and the innocent, pity enters with an unmixed softness, and possesses all our souls at once.

Here (were there words to express such sentiments with proper tenderness) I should record the beauty, innocence, and untimely death, of the first object[n] my eyes ever beheld with love. The beauteous virgin! how ignorantly did she charm, how carelessly excel? Oh death! thou hast right to the bold, to the ambitious, to the high, and to the haughty; but why this cruelty to the humble, to the meek, to the undiscerning, to the thoughtless? Nor age, nor business, nor distress, can erase the dear image from my imagination. In the same week, I saw her dressed for a ball, and in a shroud. How ill did the habit of death become the pretty trifler? I still behold the smiling earth——A large train of disasters were coming on to my memory, when my servant knocked at my closet-door, and interrupted me with a letter, attended with a hamper of wine, of the same sort with that which is to be put to sale on Thursday next, at Garraway's coffee-house[n]. Upon the receipt of it, I sent for three of my friends. We are so intimate, that we can be company in whatever state of mind we meet, and can entertain each other without expecting always to rejoice. The wine we found to be generous and warming, but with such a heat as moved us rather to be cheerful than frolicksome. It revived the spirits, without firing the blood. We commended it until two of the clock this morning; and having to-day met a little before dinner, we found, that though we drank two bottles a man, we had much more reason to recollect than forget what had passed the night before.

Tatler, No. 181.] [June 6, 1710.

No. 44. *To those about to Marry; Wedding of Jenny Distaff.*

Felices ter, et amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula; nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis,
Suprema citius solvet amor die.
HOR. Od. i. 13. 17

My sister Jenny's lover, the honest Tranquillus, for that shall be his name, has been impatient with me to despatch the necessary direction for his marriage; that while I am taken up with imaginary schemes, as he calls them, he might not burn with real desire, and the torture of expectation. When I had reprimanded him for the ardour wherein he expressed himself, which I thought had not enough of that veneration with which the marriage-bed is to be ascended, I told him, 'the day of his nuptials should be on the Saturday following, which was the eighth instant.' On the seventh in the evening, poor Jenny came into my chamber, and, having her heart full of the great change of life from a virgin condition to that of a wife, she long sat silent. I saw she expected me to entertain her on this important subject, which was too delicate a circumstance for herself to touch upon; whereupon I relieved her modesty in the following manner: 'Sister,' said I, 'you are now going from me: and be contented, that you leave the company of a talkative old man, for that of a sober young one: but take this along with you, that there is no mean in the state you are entering into, but you are to be exquisitely happy or miserable, and your fortune in this way of life will be wholly of your own making. In all the marriages I have ever seen, most of which have been unhappy ones, the great cause of evil has proceeded from slight occasions; and I take it to be the first maxim in a married condition, that you are to be above trifles. When two persons have so good an opinion of each other as to come together for life, they will not differ in matters of importance, because they think of each other with respect, in regard to all things of consideration that may affect them, and are prepared for mutual assistance and relief in such occurrences; but for less occasions, they have formed no resolutions, but leave their minds unprepared.

'This, dear Jenny, is the reason that the quarrel between Sir

Harry Willit and his lady, which began about her squirrel, is irreconcilable. Sir Harry was reading a grave author; she runs into his study, and in a playing humour, claps the squirrel upon the folio: he threw the animal in a rage upon the floor; she snatches it up again, calls Sir Harry a sour pedant, without good nature or good manners. This cast him into such a rage, that he threw down the table before him, kicked the book round the room; then recollected himself: 'Lord, madam,' said he, 'why did you run into such expressions? I was,' said he, 'in the highest delight with that author, when you clapped your squirrel upon my book;' and, smiling, added upon recollection, 'I have a great respect for your favourite, and pray let us all be friends.' My lady was so far from accepting this apology, that she immediately conceived a resolution to keep him under for ever: and with a serious air replied, 'There is no regard to be had to what a man says, who can fall into so indecent a rage, and such an abject submission, in the same moment, for which I absolutely despise you.' Upon which she rushed out of the room. Sir Harry staid some minutes behind, to think and command himself; after which he followed her into her bed-chamber, where she was prostrate upon the bed, tearing her hair, and naming twenty coxcombs who would have used her otherwise. This provoked him to so high a degree, that he forbore nothing but beating her; and all the servants in their family were at their several stations listening, whilst the best man and woman, the best master and mistress, defamed each other in a way that is not to be repeated even at Billingsgate. You know this ended in an immediate separation: she longs to return home, but knows not how to do it: he invites her home every day. Her husband requires no submission of her; but she thinks her very return will argue she is to blame, which she is resolved to be for ever, rather than acknowledge it. Thus, dear Jenny, my great advice to you is, be guarded against giving or receiving little provocations. Great matters of offence I have no reason to fear either from you or your husband.'

After this, we turned our discourse into a more gay style, and parted: but before we did so, I made her resign her snuff-box[n] for ever, and half drown herself with washing away the stench of the musty[n].

But the wedding morning arrived, and our family being very numerous, there was no avoiding the inconvenience of making the ceremony and festival more public, than the modern way of celebrating them makes me approve of. The bride next morning came out of her chamber, dressed with all the art and care that Mrs. Toilet, the tire-woman, could bestow on her. She was on her wedding-day three-and-twenty; her person is far from what we call a regular beauty; but a certain sweetness in her countenance, an ease in her shape and motion, with an unaffected modesty in her looks, had attractions beyond what symmetry and exactness can inspire, without the addition of these endowments. When her lover entered the room, her features flushed with shame and joy; and the ingenious manner, so full of passion and of awe, with which Tranquillus approached to salute her, gave me good omens of his future behaviour towards her. The wedding was wholly under my care. After the ceremony at church, I was resolved to entertain the company with a dinner suitable to the occasion, and pitched upon the Apollo[n] at the Old-Devil at Temple-bar, as a place sacred to mirth tempered with discretion, where Ben Jonson and his sons used to make their liberal meetings. Here the chief of the Staffian race appeared; and as soon as the company were come into that ample room, Lepidus Wagstaff began to make me compliments for choosing that place, and fell into a discourse upon the subject of pleasure and entertainment, drawn from the rules of Ben's club[n], which are in gold letters over the chimney. Lepidus has a way very uncommon, and speaks on subjects on which any man else would certainly offend, with great dexterity. He gave us a large account of the public meetings of all the well-turned minds who had passed through this life in ages past, and closed his pleasing narrative with a discourse on marriage, and a repetition of the following verses out of Milton[n]:—

> Hail, wedded love! mysterious law! true source
> Of human offspring, sole propriety
> In Paradise, of all things common else.
> By thee adulterous lust was driven from men
> Among the bestial herds to range; by thee
> Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
> Relations dear, and all the charities
> Of father, son, and brother, first were known.

Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets
Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced,
Present or past, as saints and patriarchs used.
Here Love his golden shafts employs; here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings:
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendeared,
Casual fruition; nor in court amours,
Mixed dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
Or serenade, which the starved lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.

In these verses, all the images that can come into a young woman's head on such an occasion are raised; but that in so chaste and elegant a manner, that the bride thanked him for his agreeable talk, and we sat down to dinner....

Tatler, No. 79.] [October 11, 1709.

No. 45. *A Matrimonial Quarrel; Character of Tim Dapper.*

My brother Tranquillus, who is a man of business, came to me this morning into my study, and after very many civil expressions in return for what good offices I had done him, told me 'he desired to carry his wife, my sister, that very morning to his own house.' I readily told him, 'I would wait upon him,' without asking why he was so impatient to rob us of his good company. He went out of my chamber, and I thought seemed to have a little heaviness upon him, which gave me some disquiet. Soon after, my sister came to me, with a very matron-like air, and most sedate satisfaction in her looks, which spoke her very much at ease; but the traces of her countenance seemed to discover that she had been lately in a passion, and that air of content to flow from a certain triumph upon some advantage obtained. She no sooner sat down by me, but I perceived she was one of those ladies who begin to be managers within the time of their being brides. Without letting her speak, which I saw she had a mighty inclination to do, I said, 'Here has been your husband, who tells me he has a mind to go home this very morning, and I have consented to it.' 'It is well,' said she, 'for you must know—' 'Nay, Jenny,' said I, 'I beg your pardon,

for it is you must know—You are to understand, that now is the time to fix or alienate your husband's heart for ever; and I fear you have been a little indiscreet in your expressions or behaviour towards him, even here in my house.' 'There has,' says she, 'been some words: but I will be judged by you if he was not in the wrong: nay, I need not be judged by any body, for he gave it up himself, and said not a word when he saw me grow passionate, but, "Madam, you are perfectly in the right of it:" as you shall judge—' 'Nay, madam,' said I, 'I am judge already, and tell you, that you are perfectly in the wrong of it; for if it was a matter of importance, I know he has better sense than you; if a trifle, you know what I told you on your wedding-day, that you were to be above little provocations.' She knows very well I can be sour upon occasion, therefore gave me leave to go on.

'Sister,' said I, 'I will not enter into the dispute between you, which I find his prudence put an end to before it came to extremity; but charge you to have a care of the first quarrel, as you tender your happiness[n]; for then it is that the mind will reflect harshly upon every circumstance that has ever passed between you. If such an accident is ever to happen, which I hope never will, be sure to keep to the circumstance before you; make no allusions to what is passed, or conclusions referring to what is to come: do not show a hoard of matter for dissension in your breast; but, if it is necessary, lay before him the thing as you understand it, candidly, without being ashamed of acknowledging an error, or proud of being in the right. If a young couple be not careful in this point, they will get into a habit of wrangling: and when to displease is thought of no consequence, to please is always of as little moment. There is a play, Jenny, I have formerly been at when I was a student: we got into a dark corner with a porringer of brandy, and threw raisins into it, then set it on fire. My chamber-fellow and I diverted ourselves with the sport of venturing our fingers for the raisins; and the wantonness of the thing was, to see each other look like a demon, as we burnt ourselves, and snatched out the fruit. This fantastical mirth was called snap-dragon. You may go into many a family, where you see the man and wife at this sport: every word at their table alludes to some passage between themselves; and you see by the paleness and

emotion in their countenances, that it is for your sake, and not their own, that they forbear playing out the whole game of burning each other's fingers. In this case, the whole purpose of life is inverted, and the ambition turns upon a certain contention, who shall contradict best, and not upon an inclination to excel in kindness and good offices. Therefore, dear Jenny, remember me, and avoid snap-dragon.'

'I thank you, brother,' said she, 'but you do not know how he loves me; I find I can do anything with him.'—'If you can so, why should you desire to do any thing but please him? but I have a word or two more before you go out of the room; for I see you do not like the subject I am upon: let nothing provoke you to fall upon an imperfection he cannot help; for, if he has a resenting spirit, he will think your aversion as immoveable as the imperfection with which you upbraid him. But above all, dear Jenny, be careful of one thing, and you will be something more than woman; that is, a levity you are almost all guilty of, which is, to take a pleasure in your power to give pain. It is even in a mistress an argument of meanness of spirit, but in a wife it is injustice and ingratitude. When a sensible man once observes this in a woman, he must have a very great or very little spirit, to overlook it. A woman ought, therefore, to consider very often, how few men there are who will regard a meditated offence as a weakness of temper.'

I was going on in my confabulation, when Tranquillus entered. She cast all her eyes upon him with much shame and confusion, mixed with great complacency and love, and went up to him. He took her in his arms, and looked so many soft things at one glance, that I could see he was glad I had been talking to her, sorry she had been troubled, and angry at himself that he could not disguise the concern he was in an hour before. After which, he says to me, with an air awkward enough, but methought not unbecoming—'I have altered my mind, brother; we will live upon you a day or two longer.' I replied, 'That is what I have been persuading Jenny to ask of you, but she is resolved never to contradict your inclination, and refused me.'

We were going on in that way which one hardly knows how to express; as when two people mean the same thing in a nice case, but come at it by talking as distantly from it as they can;

when very opportunely came in upon us an honest inconsiderable fellow, Tim Dapper, a gentleman well known to us both. Tim is one of those who are very necessary, by being very inconsiderable. Tim dropped in at an incident, when we knew not how to fall into either a grave or a merry way. My sister took this occasion to make off, and Dapper gave us an account of all the company he had been in to-day, who was, and who was not at home, where he visited. This Tim is the head of a species: he is a little out of his element in this town; but he is a relation of Tranquillus, and his neighbour in the country, which is the true place of residence for this species. The habit of a Dapper, when he is at home, is a light broad cloth, with calamanco[n] or red waistcoat and breeches; and it is remarkable, that their wigs seldom hide the collar of their coats. They have always a peculiar spring in their arms, a wriggle in their bodies, and a trip in their gait. All which motions they express at once in their drinking, bowing, or saluting ladies; for a distant imitation of a forward fop, and a resolution to overtop him in his way, are the distinguishing marks of a Dapper. These under-characters of men, are parts of the sociable world by no means to be neglected: they are like pegs in a building; they make no figure in it, but hold the structure together, and are as absolutely necessary as the pillars and columns. I am sure we found it so this morning; for Tranquillus and I should, perhaps, have looked cold at each other the whole day, but Dapper fell in with his brisk way, shook us both by the hand, rallied the bride, mistook the acceptance he met with amongst us for extraordinary perfection in himself, and heartily pleased, and was pleased, all the while he staid. His company left us all in good humour, and we were not such fools as to let it sink, before we confirmed it by great cheerfulness and openness in our carriage the whole evening.

Tatler, No. 85.] [October 24, 1709.

No. 46. *On Conjugal Happiness; and some old Love Letters.*

Garrit aniles
Ex re fabellas. HOR. ii. Sat. vi. 77.

My brother Tranquillus being gone out of town for some days, my sister Jenny sent me word she would come and dine with me, and therefore desired me to have no other company. I took care accordingly, and was not a little pleased to see her enter the room with a decent and matron-like behaviour, which I thought very much became her. I saw she had a great deal to say to me, and easily discovered in her eyes, and the air of her countenance, that she had abundance of satisfaction in her heart, which she longed to communicate. However, I was resolved to let her break into her discourse her own way, and reduced her to a thousand little devices and intimations to bring me to the mention of her husband. But, finding I was resolved not to name him, she began of her own accord. 'My husband,' said she, 'gives his humble service to you,' to which I only answered, 'I hope he is well;' and, without waiting for a reply, fell into other subjects. She at last was out of all patience, and said, with a smile and manner that I thought had more beauty and spirit than I had ever observed before in her, 'I did not think, brother, you had been so ill-natured. You have seen ever since I came in, that I had a mind to talk of my husband, and you will not be so kind as to give me an occasion.'—'I did not know,' said I, 'but it might be a disagreeable subject to you. You do not take me for so old-fashioned a fellow as to think of entertaining a young lady with the discourse of her husband. I know nothing is more acceptable than to speak of one who is to be so, but to speak of one who is so! indeed, Jenny, I am a better bred man than you think me.' She showed a little dislike at my raillery; and, by her bridling up, I perceived she expected to be treated hereafter not as Jenny Distaff, but Mrs. Tranquillus. I was very well pleased with this change in her humour; and, upon talking with her on several subjects, I could not but fancy that I saw a great deal of her husband's way and manner in her remarks, her phrases, the tone of her voice, and the very air of her coun-

tenance. This gave me an unspeakable satisfaction, not only because I had found her a husband from whom she could learn many things that were laudable, but also because I looked upon her imitation of him as an infallible sign that she entirely loved him. This is an observation that I never knew fail, though I do not remember that any other has made it. The natural shyness of her sex hindered her from telling me the greatness of her own passion; but I easily collected it from the representation she gave me of his. 'I have every thing,' says she, 'in Tranquillus, that I can wish for; and enjoy in him, what indeed you have told me were to be met with in a good husband, the fondness of a lover, the tenderness of a parent, and the intimacy of a friend.' It transported me to see her eyes swimming in tears of affection when she spoke. 'And is there not, dear sister,' said I, 'more pleasure in the possession of such a man, than in all the little impertinencies of balls, assemblies, and equipage, which it cost me so much pains to make you contemn?' She answered, smiling, 'Tranquillus has made me a sincere convert in a few weeks, though I am afraid you could not have done it in your whole life. To tell you truly, I have only one fear hanging upon me, which is apt to give me trouble in the midst of all my satisfactions: I am afraid, you must know, that I shall not always make the same amiable appearance in his eye that I do at present. You know, brother Bickerstaff, that you have the reputation of a conjurer[n]; and, if you have any one secret in your art to make your sister always beautiful, I should be happier than if I were mistress of all the worlds you have shown me in a starry night.——' 'Jenny,' said I, 'without having recourse to magic, I shall give you one plain rule, that will not fail of making you always amiable to a man who has so great a passion for you, and is of so equal and reasonable a temper as Tranquillus. Endeavour to please, and you must please; be always in the same disposition as you are when you ask for this secret, and you may take my word, you will never want it. An inviolable fidelity, good humour, and complacency of temper, out-live all the charms of a fine face, and make the decays of it invisible.'

We discoursed very long upon this head, which was equally agreeable to us both; for, I must confess, as I tenderly love her, I take as much pleasure in giving her instructions for her

welfare, as she herself does in receiving them. I proceeded, therefore, to inculcate these sentiments, by relating a very particular passage that happened within my own knowledge.

There were several of us making merry at a friend's house in a country village, when the sexton of the parish church entered the room in a sort of surprise, and told us, 'that as he was digging a grave in the chancel, a little blow of his pick-axe opened a decayed coffin, in which there were several written papers.' Our curiosity was immediately raised, so that we went to the place where the sexton had been at work, and found a great concourse of people about the grave. Among the rest, there was an old woman, who told us, the person buried there was a lady[n] whose name I do not think fit to mention, though there is nothing in the story but what tends very much to her honour. This lady lived several years an exemplary pattern of conjugal love, and, dying soon after her husband, who every way answered her character in virtue and affection, made it her death-bed request, 'that all the letters which she had received from him, both before and after her marriage, should be buried in the coffin with her.' These, I found upon examination, were the papers before us. Several of them had suffered so much by time, that I could only pick out a few words; as "my soul! lilies! roses! dearest angel!" and the like. One of them, which was legible throughout, ran thus.

'MADAM,

'If you would know the greatness of my love, consider that of your own beauty. That blooming countenance, that snowy bosom, that graceful person, return every moment to my imagination; the brightness of your eyes hath hindered me from closing mine since I last saw you. You may still add to your beauties by a smile. A frown will make me the most wretched of men, as I am the most passionate of lovers.'

It filled the whole company with a deep melancholy, to compare the description of the letter with the person that occasioned it, who was now reduced to a few crumbling bones, and a little mouldering heap of earth. With much ado I deciphered another letter, which began with, 'My dear, dear wife.' This gave me a curiosity to see how the style of one written in marriage differed from one written in courtship. To

my surprise, I found the fondness rather augmented than lessened, though the panegyric turned upon a different accomplishment. The words were as follow:

'Before this short absence from you, I did not know that I loved you so much as I really do; though, at the same time, I thought I loved you as much as possible. I am under great apprehension, lest you should have any uneasiness whilst I am defrauded of my share in it, and cannot think of tasting any pleasures that you do not partake with me. Pray, my dear, be careful of your health, if for no other reason, but because you know I could not outlive you. It is natural in absence to make professions of an inviolable constancy; but towards so much merit, it is scarce a virtue, especially when it is but a bare return to that of which you have given me such continued proofs ever since our first acquaintance. I am, &c.'

It happened that the daughter of these two excellent persons was by when I was reading this letter. At the sight of the coffin, in which was the body of her mother, near that of her father, she melted into a flood of tears. As I had heard a great character of her virtue, and observed in her this instance of filial piety, I could not resist my natural inclination of giving advice to young people, and therefore addressed myself to her. 'Young lady,' said I, 'you see how short is the possession of that beauty, in which nature has been so liberal to you. You find the melancholy sight before you is a contradiction to the first letter that you heard on that subject; whereas, you may observe, the second letter, which celebrates your mother's constancy, is itself, being found in this place, an argument of it. But, madam, I ought to caution you, not to think the bodies that lie before you your father and your mother. Know, their constancy is rewarded by a nobler union than by this mingling of their ashes, in a state where there is no danger or possibility of a second separation.'

Tatler, No. 104.] [December 8, 1709.

No. 47. *Mr. Bickerstaff's three nephews; Character of Will Courtly.*

The vigilance, the anxiety, the tenderness, which I have for the good people of England, I am persuaded, will in time be

much commended; but I doubt whether they will be ever rewarded. However, I must go on cheerfully in my work of reformation: that being my great design, I am studious to prevent my labour's increasing upon me; therefore am particularly observant of the temper and inclinations of childhood and youth, that we may not give vice and folly supplies from the growing generation. It is hardly to be imagined how useful this study is, and what great evils or benefits arise from putting us in our tender years to what we are fit and unfit: therefore, on Tuesday last (with a design to sound their inclinations) I took three lads, who are under my guardianship, a-rambling in a hackney-coach, to show them the town; as the lions, the tombs, Bedlam[n], and the other places which are entertainments to raw minds, because they strike forcibly on the fancy. The boys are brothers, one of sixteen, the other of fourteen, the other of twelve. The first was his father's darling, the second his mother's, and the third mine, who am their uncle. Mr. William is a lad of true genius; but, being at the upper end of a great school, and having all the boys below him, his arrogance is insupportable. If I begin to show a little of my Latin, he immediately interrupts: 'Uncle, under favour, that which you say, is not understood in that manner.' 'Brother,' says my boy Jack, 'you do not show your manners much in contradicting my uncle Isaac!' 'You queer cur,' says Mr. William, 'do you think my uncle takes any notice of such a dull rogue as you are?' Mr. William goes on, 'He is the most stupid of all my mother's children: he knows nothing of his book: when he should mind that, he is hiding or hoarding his taws and marbles, or laying up farthings. His way of thinking is, four-and-twenty farthings make sixpence, and two sixpences a shilling; two shillings and sixpence half-a-crown, and two half-crowns five shillings. So within these two months the close hunks has scraped up twenty shillings, and we will make him spend it all before he comes home.' Jack immediately claps his hands into both pockets, and turns as pale as ashes. There is nothing touches a parent (and such I am to Jack) so nearly as a provident conduct. This lad has in him the true temper for a good husband, a kind father, and an honest executor. All the great people you see make considerable figures on the exchange, in court, and sometimes in senates, are such as in

reality have no greater faculty than what may be called human instinct, which is a natural tendency to their own preservation, and that of their friends, without being capable of striking out the road for adventurers. There is Sir William Scrip was of this sort of capacity from his childhood; he has bought the country round him, and makes a bargain better than Sir Harry Wildfire, with all his wit and humour. Sir Harry never wants money but he comes to Scrip, laughs at him half an hour, and then gives bond for the other thousand. The close men are incapable of placing merit any where but in their pence, and therefore gain it; while others, who have larger capacities, are diverted from the pursuit by enjoyments which can be supported only by that cash which they despise; and, therefore, are in the end slaves to their inferiors both in fortune and understanding. I once heard a man of excellent sense observe, that more affairs in the world failed by being in the hands of men of too large capacities for their business, than by being in the conduct of such as wanted abilities to execute them. Jack, therefore, being of a plodding make, shall be a citizen: and I design him to be the refuge of the family in their distress, as well as their jest in prosperity. His brother Will shall go to Oxford with all speed, where, if he does not arrive at being a man of sense, he will soon be informed wherein he is a coxcomb. There is in that place such a true spirit of raillery and humour, that if they cannot make you a wise man, they will certainly let you know you are a fool; which is all my cousin wants, to cease to be so. Thus, having taken these two out of the way, I have leisure to look at my third lad. I observe in the young rogue a natural subtilty of mind, which discovers itself rather in forbearing to declare his thoughts on any occasion, than in any visible way of exerting himself in discourse. For which reason I will place him, where, if he commits no faults, he may go farther than those in other stations, though they excel in virtues. The boy is well-fashioned, and will easily fall into a graceful manner; wherefore, I have a design to make him a page to a great lady of my acquaintance; by which means he will be well skilled in the common modes of life, and make a greater progress in the world by that knowledge, than with the greatest qualities without it. A good mien in a court, will carry a man greater lengths than a good under-

standing in any other place. We see a world of pains taken, and the best years of life spent in collecting a set of thoughts in a college for the conduct of life, and, after all, the man so qualified shall hesitate in a speech to a good suit of clothes, and want common sense before an agreeable woman. Hence it is, that wisdom, valour, justice, and learning, cannot keep a man in countenance that is possessed with these excellencies, if he wants that inferior art of life and behaviour, called good-breeding. A man endowed with great perfections, without this, is like one who has his pockets full of gold, but always wants change for his ordinary occasions.

Will Courtly is a living instance of this truth, and has had the same education which I am giving my nephew. He never spoke a thing but what was said before, and yet can converse with the wittiest men without being ridiculous. Among the learned, he does not appear ignorant; nor with the wise, indiscreet. Living in conversation from his infancy, makes him no where at a loss; and a long familiarity with the persons of men, is, in a manner, of the same service to him, as if he knew their arts. As ceremony is the invention of wise men to keep fools at a distance, so good-breeding is an expedient to make fools and wise men equals.

Tatler, No. 30.] [June 16, 1709.

No. 48. *Mr. Bickerstaff entertains his three nephews and a young lady.*

Having yesterday morning received a paper of Latin verses, written with very much elegance in honour of these my papers, and being informed at the same time, that they were composed by a youth under age, I read them with much delight, as an instance of his improvement. There is not a greater pleasure to old age, than seeing young people entertain themselves in such a manner as that we can partake of their enjoyments. On such occasions we flatter ourselves, that we are not quite laid aside in the world; but that we are either used with gratitude for what we were, or honoured for what we are. A well-inclined young man, and whose good-breeding is founded upon the

principles of nature and virtue, must needs take delight in being agreeable to his elders, as we are truly delighted when we are not the jest of them. When I say this, I must confess I cannot but think it a very lamentable thing, that there should be a necessity for making that a rule of life, which should be, methinks, a mere instinct of nature. If reflection upon a man in poverty, whom we once knew in riches, is an argument of commiseration with generous minds; sure old age, which is a decay from that vigour which the young possess, and must certainly, if not prevented against their will, arrive at, should be more forcibly the object of that reverence which honest spirits are inclined to, from a sense of being themselves liable to what they observe has already overtaken others.

My three nephews, whom, in June last was twelvemonth, I disposed of according to their several capacities and inclinations; the first to the university, the second to a merchant, and the third to a woman of quality as her page, by my invitation dined with me to-day. It is my custom often, when I have a mind to give myself a more than ordinary cheerfulness, to invite a certain young gentlewoman of our neighbourhood to make one of the company. She did me that favour this day. The presence of a beautiful woman of honour, to minds which are not trivially disposed, displays an alacrity which is not to be communicated by any other object. It was not unpleasant to me, to look into her thoughts of the company she was in. She smiled at the party of pleasure I had thought of for her, which was composed of an old man and three boys. My scholar, my citizen, and myself, were very soon neglected; and the young courtier, by the bow he made to her at her entrance, engaged her observation without a rival. I observed the Oxonian not a little discomposed at this preference, while the trader kept his eye upon his uncle. My nephew Will had a thousand secret resolutions to break in upon the discourse of his younger brother, who gave my fair companion a full account of the fashion, and what was reckoned most becoming to this complexion, and what sort of habit appeared best upon the other shape. He proceeded to acquaint her, who of quality was well or sick within the bills of mortality, and named very familiarly all his lady's acquaintance, not forgetting her very words when he spoke of their characters. Besides all this, he had a road of flattery; and

upon her enquiring, what sort of woman lady Lovely was in her person, 'Really, madam,' says the Jackanapes, 'she is exactly of your height and shape; but, as you are fair, she is a brown woman.' There was no enduring that this fop should outshine us all at this unmerciful rate; therefore I thought fit to talk to my young scholar concerning his studies; and, because I would throw his learning into present service, I desired him to repeat to me the translation he had made of some tender verses in Theocritus. He did so, with an air of elegance peculiar to the college to which I sent him. I made some exceptions to the turn of the phrases; which he defended with much modesty, as believing in that place the matter was rather to consult the softness of a swain's passion, than the strength of his expressions. It soon appeared that Will had out-stripped his brother in the opinion of our young lady. A little poetry to one who is bred a scholar, has the same effect that a good carriage of his person has on one who is to live in courts. The favour of women is so natural a passion, that I envied both the boys their success in the approbation of my guest; and I thought the only person invulnerable was my young trader. During the whole meal, I could observe in the children a mutual contempt and scorn of each other, arising from their different way of life and education, and took that occasion to advertise them of such growing distastes; which might mislead them in their future life, and disappoint their friends, as well as themselves, of the advantages, which might be expected from the diversity of their professions and interests.

The prejudices, which are growing up between these brothers from the different ways of education, are what create the most fatal misunderstandings in life. But all distinctions of disparagement, merely from our circumstances, are such as will not bear the examination of reason. The courtier, the trader, and the scholar, should all have an equal pretension to the denomination of a gentleman. That tradesman, who deals with me in a commodity which I do not understand, with uprightness, has much more right to that character, than the courtier that gives me false hopes, or the scholar who laughs at my ignorance.

The appellation of gentleman is never to be affixed to a man's circumstances, but to his behaviour in them. For this reason I shall ever, as far as I am able, give my nephews such impres-

sions as shall make them value themselves rather as they are useful to others, than as they are conscious of merit in themselves. There are no qualities for which we ought to pretend to the esteem of others, but such as render us serviceable to them: for 'free men have no superiors but benefactors. . . .'

Tatler, No. 207.] [August 5, 1710.

No. 49. *On Parental Partiality.*

Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum.
HOR. Ep. ii. 2. 187.

Among those inclinations which are common to all men, there is none more unaccountable than that unequal love by which parents distinguish their children from each other. Sometimes vanity and self-love appear to have a share towards this effect; and in other instances I have been apt to attribute it to mere instinct: but, however that is, we frequently see the child, that has been beholden to neither of these impulses in his parents, in spite of being neglected, snubbed, and thwarted at home, acquire a behaviour which makes him as agreeable to all the rest of the world, as that of every one else of their family is to each other. I fell into this way of thinking from an intimacy which I have with a very good house in our neighbourhood, where there are three daughters of a very different character and genius. The eldest has a great deal of wit and cunning; the second has good sense, but no artifice; the third has much vivacity, but little understanding. The first is a fine, but scornful woman; the second is not charming, but very winning; the third is no way commendable, but very desirable. The father of these young creatures was ever a great pretender to wit, the mother a woman of as much coquetry. This turn in the parents has biassed their affections towards their children. The old man supposes the eldest of his own genius; and the mother looks upon the youngest as herself renewed. By this means, all the lovers who approach the house are discarded by the father for not observing Mrs. Mary's wit and beauty[n]; and by the mother, for being blind to

the mien and air of Mrs. Biddy. Come never so many pretenders, they are not suspected to have the least thought of Mrs. Betty, the middle daughter. Betty, therefore, is mortified into a woman of a great deal of merit, and knows she must depend on that for her advancement. The middlemost is thus the favourite of all her acquaintance, as well as mine; while the other two carry a certain insolence about them in all conversations, and expect the partiality which they meet with at home to attend them wherever they appear. So little do parents understand that they are, of all people, the least judges of their children's merit, that what they reckon such is seldom any thing else but a repetition of their own faults and infirmities.

There is, methinks, some excuse for being particular, when one of the offspring has any defect in nature. In this case, the child, if we may so speak, is so much longer the child of its parents, and calls for the continuance of their care and indulgence from the slowness of its capacity, or the weakness of its body. But there is no enduring to see men enamoured only at the sight of their own impertinencies repeated, and to observe, as we may sometimes, that they have a secret dislike of their children for a degeneracy from their very crimes. Commend me to Lady Goodly; she is equal to all her own children, but prefers them to those of all the world beside. My lady is a perfect hen in the care of her brood; she fights and squabbles with all that appear where they come, but is wholly unbiassed in dispensing her favours among them. It is no small pains she is at to defame all the young women in her neighbourhood, by visits, whispers, intimations, and hearsays; all which she ends with thanking heaven, 'that no one living is so blessed with such obedient and well-inclined children as herself. Perhaps,' she says, 'Betty cannot dance like Mrs. Frontinet, and it is no great matter whether she does or not; but she comes into a room with a good grace; though she says it that should not, she looks like a gentlewoman. Then, if Mrs. Rebecca is not so talkative as the mighty wit Mrs. Clapper, yet she is discreet, she knows better what she says when she does speak. If her wit be slow, her tongue never runs before it.' This kind parent lifts up her eyes and hands in congratulation of her own good fortune, and is maliciously thankful that none of her girls are like any of her neighbours; but this preference

of her own to all others is grounded upon an impulse of nature; while those, who like one before another of their own are so unpardonably unjust, that it could hardly be equalled in the children, though they preferred all the rest of the world to such parents. It is no unpleasant entertainment to see a ball at a dancing-school, and observe the joy of relations when the young ones, for whom they are concerned, are in motion. You need not be told whom the dancers belong to. At their first appearance, the passions of their parents are in their faces, and there is always a nod of approbation stolen at a good step or a graceful turn.

I remember, among all my acquaintance, but one man whom I have thought to live with his children with equanimity and a good grace. He had three sons and one daughter, whom he bred with all the care imaginable in a liberal and ingenuous way. I have often heard him say, 'he had the weakness to love one much better than the other, but that he took as much pains to correct that as any other criminal passion that could arise in his mind.' His method was, to make it the only pretension in his children to his favour, to be kind to each other; and he would tell them, 'that he who was the best brother, he would reckon the best son.' This turned their thoughts into an emulation for the superiority in kind and tender affection towards each other. The boys behaved themselves very early with a manly friendship; and their sister, instead of the gross familiarities, and impertinent freedoms in behaviour usual in other houses, was always treated by them with as much complaisance as any other young lady of their acquaintance. It was an unspeakable pleasure to visit, or sit at a meal, in that family. I have often seen the old man's heart flow at his eyes with joy, upon occasions which would appear indifferent to such as were strangers to the turn of his mind; but a very slight accident, wherein he saw his children's good-will to one another, created in him the god-like pleasure of loving them because they loved each other. This great command of himself, in hiding his first impulse to partiality, at last improved to a steady justice towards them; and that, which at first was but an expedient to correct his weakness, was afterwards the measure of his virtue.

The truth of it is, those parents who are interested in the

care of one child more than that of another, no longer deserve the name of parents, but are, in effect, as childish as their children, in having such unreasonable and ungoverned inclinations. A father of this sort has degraded himself into one of his own offspring; for none but a child would take part in the passions of children.

Tatler, No. 235.] [October 10, 1710.

No. 50. *On the Relations of Parents and Children; Letter from a Mother to her Son.*

Gratulor quod eum quem necesse erat diligere, qualiscunque esset, talem habemus ut libenter quoque diligamus.—TREBONIUS apud TULL.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I am the happy father of a very towardly son, in whom I do not only see my life, but also my manner of life, renewed. It would be extremely beneficial to society, if you would frequently resume subjects which serve to bind these sort of relations faster, and endear the ties of blood with those of good-will, protection, observance, indulgence, and veneration. I would, methinks, have this done after an uncommon method, and do not think any one, who is not capable of writing a good play, fit to undertake a work wherein there will necessarily occur so many secret instincts, and biasses of human nature which would pass unobserved by common eyes. I thank Heaven I have no outrageous offence against my own excellent parents to answer for; but when I am now and then alone, and look back upon my past life, from my earliest infancy to this time, there are many faults which I committed that did not appear to me, even until I myself became a father. I had not until then a notion of the yearnings of heart, which a man has when he sees his child do a laudable thing, or the sudden damp which seizes him when he fears he will act something unworthy. It is not to be imagined what a remorse touched me for a long train of childish negligences of my mother, when I saw my wife the other day look out of the window, and turn as pale as ashes upon seeing my younger boy sliding upon the ice. These slight intimations will give

you to understand, that there are numberless little crimes which children take no notice of while they are doing, which, upon reflection, when they shall themselves become fathers, they will look upon with the utmost sorrow and contrition, that they did not regard before those whom they offended were to be no more seen. How many thousand things do I remember which would have highly pleased my father, and I omitted for no other reason, but that I thought what he proposed the effect of humour and old age, which I am now convinced had reason and good sense in it. I cannot now go into the parlour to him, and make his heart glad with an account of a matter which was of no consequence, but that I told it, and acted in it. The good man and woman are long since in their graves, who used to sit and plot the welfare of us their children, while, perhaps, we were sometimes laughing at the old folks, at another end of the house. The truth of it is, were we merely to follow nature in these great duties of life, though we have a strong instinct towards the performing of them, we should be on both sides very deficient. Age is so unwelcome to the generality of mankind, and growth towards manhood so desirable to all, that resignation to decay is too difficult a task in the father; and deference, amidst the impulse of gay desires, appears unreasonable to the son. There are so few who can grow old with a good grace, and yet fewer who can come slow enough into the world, that a father, were he to be actuated by his desires, and a son, were he to consult himself only, could neither of them behave himself as he ought to the other. But when reason interposes against instinct, where it would carry either out of the interests of the other, there arises that happiest intercourse of good offices between those dearest relations of human life. The father, according to the opportunities which are offered to him, is throwing down blessings on the son, and the son endeavouring to appear the worthy offspring of such a father. It is after this manner that Camillus and his first-born dwell together. Camillus enjoys a pleasing and indolent old age, in which passion is subdued, and reason exalted. He waits the day of his dissolution with a resignation mixed with delight; and the son fears the accession of his father's fortune with diffidence, lest he should not enjoy or become it as well as his predecessor. Add to this, that the

father knows he leaves a friend to the children of his friends, an easy landlord to his tenants, and an agreeable companion to his acquaintance. He believes his son's behaviour will make him frequently remembered, but never wanted. This commerce is so well cemented, that without the pomp of saying, "Son, be a friend to such-a-one when I am gone," Camillus knows being in his favour is direction enough to the grateful youth who is to succeed him, without the admonition of his mentioning it. These gentlemen are honoured in all their neighbourhood, and the same effect which the court has on the manners of a kingdom, their characters have on all who live within the influence of them.

'My son and I are not of fortune to communicate our good actions or intentions to so many as these gentlemen do; but I will be bold to say, my son has, by the applause and approbation which his behaviour towards me has gained him, occasioned that many an old man besides myself has rejoiced. Other men's children follow the example of mine, and I have the inexpressible happiness of overhearing our neighbours, as we ride by, point to their children, and say, with a voice of joy, "There they go."

'You cannot, Mr. Spectator, pass your time better than in insinuating the delights which those relations, well regarded, bestow upon each other. Ordinary passages are no longer such, but mutual love gives an importance to the most indifferent things, and a merit to actions the most insignificant. When we look round the world, and observe the many misunderstandings which are created by the malice and insinuation of the meanest servants between people thus related, how necessary will it appear that it were inculcated, that men would be upon their guard to support a constancy of affection, and that grounded upon the principles of reason, not the impulses of instinct.

'It is from the common prejudices which men receive from their parents, that hatreds are kept alive from one generation to another; and when men act by instinct, hatred will descend when good offices are forgotten. For the degeneracy of human life is such, that our anger is more easily transferred to our children, than our love. Love always gives something to the object it delights in, and anger spoils the person against whom

it is moved of something laudable in him; from this degeneracy, therefore, and a sort of self-love, we are more prone to take up the ill-will of our parents, than to follow them in their friendships.

'One would think there should need no more to make men keep up this sort of relation with the utmost sanctity, than to examine their own hearts. If every father remembered his own thoughts and inclinations when he was a son, and every son remembered what he expected from his father, when he himself was in a state of dependance, this one reflection would preserve men from being dissolute or rigid in these several capacities. The power and subjection between them, when broken, make them more emphatically tyrants and rebels against each other, with greater cruelty of heart, than the disruption of states and empires can possibly produce. I shall end this application to you with two letters, which passed between a mother and son very lately, and are as follows:

'DEAR FRANK,

'If the pleasures, which I have the grief to hear you pursue in town, do not take up all your time, do not deny your mother so much of it as to read seriously this letter. You said before Mr. Letacre, that an old woman might live very well in the country upon half my jointure, and that your father was a fond fool to give me a rent charge of eight hundred a-year to the prejudice of his son. What Letacre said to you upon that occasion, you ought to have borne with more decency, as he was your father's well-beloved servant, than to have called him country-put. In the first place, Frank, I must tell you, I will have my rent duly paid, for I will make up to your sisters for the partiality I was guilty of, in making your father do so much as he has done for you. I may, it seems, live upon half my jointure! I lived upon much less, Frank, when I carried you from place to place in these arms, and could neither eat, dress, or mind any thing for feeding and tending you a weakly child, and shedding tears when the convulsions you were then troubled with returned upon you. By my care you outgrew them, to throw away the vigour of your youth, and deny your mother what is not yours to detain. Both your sisters are crying to see the passion which I smother; but if you please to go on

thus like a gentleman of the town, and forget all regards to yourself and family, I shall immediately enter upon your estate for the arrear due to me, and, without one tear more, contemn you for forgetting the fondness of your mother, as much as you have the example of your father. O Frank, do I live to omit writing myself,

'Your affectionate Mother,

'A. T.'

'MADAM,

'I will come down to-morrow and pay the money on my knees. Pray write so no more. I will take care you never shall, for I will be for ever hereafter,

'Your most dutiful Son,

'F. T.

'I will bring down new heads[n] for my sisters. Pray let all be forgotten.'—T.

Spectator, No. 263.] [January 1, 1712.

§ 3. MANNERS AND FASHIONS.

No. 51. *The Trumpet Club.*

Habeo senectuti magnam gratiam, quæ mihi sermonis aviditatem auxit, potionis et cibi sustulit.—TULL. DE SENECT.

After having applied my mind with more than ordinary attention to my studies, it is my usual custom to relax and unbend it in the conversation of such as are rather easy than shining companions. This I find particularly necessary for me before I retire to rest, in order to draw my slumbers upon me by degrees, and fall asleep insensibly. This is the particular use I make of a set of heavy honest men, with whom I have passed many hours with much indolence, though not with great pleasure. Their conversation is a kind of preparative for sleep: it takes the mind down from its abstractions, leads it into the familiar traces of thought, and lulls it into that state of tranquillity, which is the condition of a thinking man, when he is but half awake.

After this, my reader will not be surprised to hear the account which I am about to give of a club of my own contemporaries, among whom I pass two or three hours every evening. This I look upon as taking my first nap before I go to bed. The truth of it is, I should think myself unjust to posterity, as well as to the society at the *Trumpet*[n], of which I am a member, did not I in some part of my writings give an account of the persons among whom I have passed almost a sixth part of my time for these last forty years. Our club consisted originally of fifteen; but, partly by the severity of the law in arbitrary times, and partly by the natural effects of old age, we are at present reduced to a third part of that number; in which, however, we have this consolation, that the best company is said to consist of five persons. I must confess, besides the aforementioned benefit which I meet with in the conversation of this select society, I am not the less pleased with the company, in that I find myself the greatest wit among them, and am heard as their oracle in all points of learning and difficulty.

Sir Jeoffery Notch, who is the oldest of the club, has been in possession of the right-hand chair time out of mind, and is the only man among us that has the liberty of stirring the fire. This, our foreman, is a gentleman of an ancient family, that came to a great estate some years before he had discretion, and run it out in hounds, horses, and cock-fighting; for which reason he looks upon himself as an honest, worthy gentleman, who has had misfortunes in the world, and calls every thriving man a pitiful upstart.

Major Matchlock is the next senior, who served in the last civil wars, and has all the battles by heart. He does not think any action in Europe worth talking of since the fight of Marston Moor[n]; and every night tells us of his having been knocked off his horse at the rising of the London apprentices[n]; for which he is in great esteem among us.

Honest old Dick Reptile is the third of our society. He is a good-natured indolent man, who speaks little himself, but laughs at our jokes; and brings his young nephew along with him, a youth of eighteen years old, to show him good company, and give him a taste of the world. This young fellow sits generally silent; but whenever he opens his mouth, or laughs at any thing that passes, he is constantly told by his uncle, after a

jocular manner, 'Ay, ay, Jack, you young men think us fools; but we old men know you are [n].'

The greatest wit of our company, next to myself, is a bencher of the neighbouring inn, who in his youth frequented the ordinaries about Charing-cross, and pretends to have been intimate with Jack Ogle [n]. He has about ten distichs of Hudibras without book, and never leaves the club until he has applied them all. If any modern wit be mentioned, or any town-frolic spoken of, he shakes his head at the dulness of the present age, and tells us a story of Jack Ogle.

For my own part, I am esteemed among them, because they see I am something respected by others; though at the same time I understand by their behaviour, that I am considered by them as a man of a great deal of learning, but no knowledge of the world; insomuch, that the major sometimes, in the height of his military pride, calls me the Philosopher: and sir Jeoffery, no longer ago than last night, upon a dispute what day of the month it was then in Holland, pulled his pipe out of his mouth, and cried, 'What does the scholar say to it?'

Our club meets precisely at six o'clock in the evening; but I did not come last evening until half an hour after seven, by which means I escaped the battle of Naseby [n], which the major usually begins at about three quarters after six: I found also, that my good friend the bencher had already spent three of his distichs; and only waited an opportunity to hear a sermon spoken of, that he might introduce the couplet where 'a stick' rhymes to 'ecclesiastic [n].' At my entrance into the room, they were naming a red petticoat and a cloak, by which I found that the bencher had been diverting them with a story of Jack Ogle.

I had no sooner taken my seat, but sir Jeoffery, to show his good-will towards me, gave me a pipe of his own tobacco, and stirred up the fire. I look upon it as a point of morality, to be obliged by those who endeavour to oblige me; and therefore, in requital for his kindness, and to set the conversation a-going, I took the best occasion I could to put him upon telling us the story of old Gauntlett, which he always does with very particular concern. He traced up his descent on both sides for several generations, describing his diet and manner of life, with his several battles, and particularly that in which he fell. This Gauntlett was a game cock, upon whose head the knight, in his

youth, had won five hundred pounds, and lost two thousand. This naturally set the major upon the account of Edge-hill fight[n], and ended in a duel of Jack Ogle's.

Old Reptile was extremely attentive to all that was said, though it was the same he had heard every night for these twenty years, and, upon all occasions, winked upon his nephew to mind what passed.

This may suffice to give the world a taste of our innocent conversation, which we spun out until about ten of the clock, when my maid came with a lantern[n] to light me home. I could not but reflect with myself, as I was going out, upon the talkative humour of old men, and the little figure which that part of life makes in one who cannot employ his natural propensity in discourses which would make him venerable. I must own, it makes me very melancholy in company, when I hear a young man begin a story; and have often observed, that one of a quarter of an hour long in a man of five-and-twenty, gathers circumstances every time he tells it, until it grows into a long Canterbury tale of two hours by that time he is threescore.

The only way of avoiding such a trifling and frivolous old age is, to lay up in our way to it such stores of knowledge and observation, as may make us useful and agreeable in our declining years. The mind of man in a long life will become a magazine of wisdom or folly, and will consequently discharge itself in something impertinent or improving. For which reason, as there is nothing more ridiculous than an old trifling story-teller, so there is nothing more venerable, than one who has turned his experience to the entertainment and advantage of mankind.

In short, we, who are in the last stage of life, and are apt to indulge ourselves in talk, ought to consider, if what we speak be worth being heard, and endeavour to make our discourse like that of Nestor, which Homer compares to the flowing of honey for its sweetness.

I am afraid I shall be thought guilty of this excess I am speaking of, when I cannot conclude without observing, that Milton certainly thought of this passage in Homer, when, in his description of an eloquent spirit, he says,

His tongue dropped manna.

Tatler, No. 132.] [February 11, 1710.

No. 52. *On Personal Defects; Proposals for an Ugly Club.*

Tetrum ante omnia vultum.—JUV. x. 191.

Since our persons are not of our own making, when they are such as appear defective or uncomely, it is, methinks, an honest and laudable fortitude to dare to be ugly; at least to keep ourselves from being abashed with a consciousness of imperfections which we cannot help, and in which there is no guilt. I would not defend a haggard beau for passing away much time at a glass, and giving softness and languishing graces to deformity: all I contend is, that we ought to be contented with our countenance and shape, so far, as never to give ourselves an uneasy reflection on that subject. It is to the ordinary people who are not accustomed to make very proper remarks on any occasion, matter of great jest, if a man enters with a prominent pair of shoulders into an assembly, or is distinguished by an expansion of mouth, or obliquity of aspect. It is happy for a man that has any of these oddnesses about him, if he can be as merry upon himself, as others are apt to be upon that occasion. When he can possess himself with such a cheerfulness, women and children, who are at first frighted at him, will afterwards be as much pleased with him. As it is barbarous in others to rally him for natural defects, it is extremely agreeable when he can jest upon himself for them.

Madam Maintenon's first husband [n] was a hero in this kind, and has drawn many pleasantries from the irregularity of his shape, which he describes as very much resembling the letter Z. He diverts himself likewise by representing to his reader the make of an engine and pully, with which he used to take off his hat. When there happens to be any thing ridiculous in a visage, and the owner thinks it an aspect of dignity, he must be of very great quality to be exempt from raillery. The best expedient, therefore, is to be pleasant upon himself. Prince Harry and Falstaff, in Shakspeare, have carried the ridicule upon fat and lean as far as it will go. Falstaff is humorously called woolsack, bedpresser, and hill of flesh; Harry, a starveling, an elves-skin, a sheath, a bow-case, and a tuck [n]. There is, in several incidents of the conversation between them, the jest still kept up upon the person. Great tenderness and sensibility in

this point is one of the greatest weaknesses of self-love. For my own part, I am a little unhappy in the mould of my face[n], which is not quite so long as it is broad. Whether this might not partly arise from my opening my mouth much seldomer than other people, and by consequence not so much lengthening the fibres of my visage, I am not at leisure to determine. However it be, I have been often put out of countenance by the shortness of my face, and was formerly at great pains in concealing it by wearing a periwig with a high fore-top, and letting my beard grow. But now I have thoroughly got over this delicacy, and could be contented with a much shorter, provided it might qualify me for a member of the merry club, which the following letter gives me an account of. I have received it from Oxford, and as it abounds with the spirit of mirth and good humour, which is natural to that place, I shall set it down word for word as it came to me.

'MOST PROFOUND SIR,

'Having been very well entertained, in the last of your speculations that I have yet seen, by your specimen upon clubs, which I therefore hope you will continue, I shall take the liberty to furnish you with a brief account of such a one as, perhaps, you have not seen in your travels, unless it was your fortune to touch upon some of the woody parts of the African continent, in your journey to or from Grand Cairo[n]. There have arose in this university (long since you left us without saying any thing) several of these inferior hebdomadal societies, as the Punning Club, the Witty club, and amongst the rest, the Handsome club; as a burlesque upon which, a certain merry species, that seem to have come into the world in masquerade, for some years last past have associated themselves together, and assumed the name of the Ugly club. This ill-favoured fraternity consists of a president and twelve fellows; the choice of which is not confined by patent to any particular foundation (as St. John's men would have the world believe, and have therefore erected a separate society within themselves), but liberty is left to elect from any school in Great Britain, provided the candidates be within the rules of the club, as set forth in a table, entitled, The Act of Deformity: a clause or two of which I shall transmit to you.

'1. That no person whatsoever shall be admitted without a visible queerity[n] in his aspect, or peculiar cast of countenance; of which the president and officers for the time being are to determine, and the president to have the casting voice.

'2. That a singular regard be had upon examination, to the gibbosity[n] of the gentlemen that offer themselves as founder's kinsmen; or to the obliquity of their figure, in what sort soever.

'3. That if the quantity of any man's nose be eminently miscalculated, whether as to length or breadth, he shall have a just pretence to be elected.

'Lastly, That if there shall be two or more competitors for the same vacancy, *cæteris paribus*, he that has the thickest skin to have the preference.

'Every fresh member, upon his first night, is to entertain the company with a dish of cod-fish, and a speech in praise of Æsop[n], whose portraiture they have in full proportion, or rather disproportion, over the chimney; and their design is, as soon as their funds are sufficient, to purchase the heads of Thersites[n], Duns Scotus[n], Scarron, Hudibras[n], and the old gentleman in Oldham[n], with all the celebrated ill faces of antiquity, as furniture for the club-room.

'As they have always been professed admirers of the other sex, so they unanimously declare that they will give all possible encouragement to such as will take the benefit of the statute, though none yet have appeared to do it.

'The worthy president, who is their most devoted champion, has lately shown me two copies of verses, composed by a gentleman of his society; the first, a congratulatory ode, inscribed to Mrs. Touchwood, upon the loss of her two fore teeth; the other, a panegyric upon Mrs. Andiron's left shoulder. Mrs. Vizard (he says), since the small pox, has grown tolerably ugly, and a top toast in the club; but I never heard him so lavish of his fine things, as upon old Nell Trott, who continually officiates at their table; her he even adores and extols as the very counterpart of Mother Shipton[n]; in short, Nell (says he) is one of the extraordinary works of nature; but as for complexion, shape, and features, so valued by others, they are all mere outside and symmetry, which is his aversion. Give me leave to add, that the president is a facetious pleasant gentleman, and never more

so, than when he has got (as he calls them) his dear mummers about him; and he often protests it does him good to meet a fellow with a right genuine grimace in his air (which is so agreeable in the generality of the French nation); and, as an instance of his sincerity in this particular, he gave me a sight of a list in his pocket book of all this class, who for these five years have fallen under his observation, with himself at the head of them, and in the rear (as one of a promising and improving aspect),

'Sir, your obliged and humble servant,

'ALEXANDER CARBUNCLE.'

'Oxford, March 12, 1711.'

Spectator, No. 17.] [March 20, 1711.

No. 53. *On the Mohock-Club; Letter from Mrs. Margaret Clark.*

O curvæ in terris animæ, et cœlestium inanes!
PERS. Sat. ii. 61.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'The materials you have collected towards a general history of clubs, make so bright a part of your speculations, that I think it is but a justice we all owe the learned world, to furnish you with such assistance as may promote that useful work. For this reason I could not forbear communicating to you some imperfect information of a set of men (if you will allow them a place in that species of being) who have lately erected themselves into a nocturnal fraternity, under the title of the Mohock-club[n], a name borrowed it seems from a sort of cannibals in India, who subsist by plundering and devouring all the nations about them. The president is styled "Emperor of the Mohocks;" and his arms are a Turkish crescent, which his imperial majesty bears at present in a very extraordinary manner engraved upon his forehead. Agreeable to their name, the avowed design of their institution is mischief; and upon this foundation all their rules and orders are framed. An outrageous ambition of doing all possible hurt to their fellow-creatures, is the great cement of their assembly, and the only qualification required in the members. In order to exert this

principle in its full strength and perfection, they take care to drink themselves to a pitch, that is, beyond the possibility of attending to any motions of reason or humanity; then make a general sally, and attack all that are so unfortunate as to walk the streets through which they patrol. Some are knocked down, others stabbed, others cut and carbonadoed[n]. To put the watch to a total rout, and mortify some of those inoffensive militia, is reckoned a *coup d'état*. The particular talents by which these misanthropes are distinguished from one another, consist in the various kinds of barbarities which they execute upon their prisoners. Some are celebrated for a happy dexterity in tipping the lion upon them; which is performed by squeezing the nose flat to the face, and boring out the eyes with their fingers. Others are called the dancing-masters, and teach their scholars to cut capers; by running swords through their legs; a new invention, whether originally French I cannot tell. A third sort are the tumblers[n], whose office it is to set women on their heads. But these I forbear to mention, because they cannot but be very shocking to the reader as well as the Spectator. In this manner they carry on a war against mankind; and by the standing maxims of their policy, are to enter into no alliances but one, and that is offensive and defensive with all bawdy-houses in general, of which they have declared themselves protectors and guarantees.'

'I must own, Sir, these are only broken, incoherent memoirs of this wonderful society; but they are the best I have been yet able to procure: for, being but of late established, it is not ripe for a just history; and, to be serious, the chief design of this trouble is to hinder it from ever being so. You have been pleased, out of a concern for the good of your countrymen, to act, under the character of Spectator, not only the part of a looker-on, but an observer of their actions; and whenever such enormities as this infest the town, we immediately fly to you for redress. I have reason to believe, that some thoughtless youngsters, out of a false notion of bravery, and an immoderate fondness to be distinguished for fellows of fire, are insensibly hurried into this senseless, scandalous project. Such will probably stand corrected by your reproofs, especially if you inform them, that it is not courage for half a score of fellows, mad with wine and lust, to set upon two or three soberer than

themselves; and that the manners of Indian savages are not becoming accomplishments to an English fine gentleman. Such of them as have been bullies and scowerers[n] of a long standing, and are grown veterans in this kind of service, are, I fear, too hardened to receive any impressions from your admonitions. But I beg you would recommend to their perusal your ninth Speculation. They may there be taught to take warning from the club of Duellists; and be put in mind, that the common fate of those men of honour, was to be hanged.

'I am, Sir,

'Your most humble Servant,

'PHILANTHROPOS.

'March 10, 1712.'

The following letter is of a quite contrary nature; but I add it here, that the reader may observe, at the same view, how amiable ignorance may be, when it is shown in its simplicities; and how detestable in barbarities. It is written by an honest countryman to his mistress, and came to the hands of a lady of good sense, wrapped about a thread-paper[n], who has long kept it by her as an image of artless love.

'*To her I very much respect, Mrs. Margaret Clark.*

'Lovely, and O that I could write loving Mrs. Margaret Clark[n], I pray you let affection excuse presumption. Having been so happy as to enjoy the sight of your sweet countenance and comely body, sometimes when I had occasion to buy treacle or liquorish powder at the apothecary's shop, I am so enamoured with you, that I can no more keep close my flaming desire to become your servant. And I am the more bold now to write to your sweet self, because I am now my own man, and may match where I please; for my father is taken away; and now I am come to my living, which is ten yard land[n] and a house; and there is never a yard land in our field, but is as well worth ten pounds a year as a thief is worth a halter, and all my brothers and sisters are provided for: besides, I have good household stuff, though I say it, both brass and pewter[n], linens and woollens; and though my home be thatched, yet, if you and I match, it shall go hard but I will have one half of it slated. If you think well of this motion, I

will wait upon you as soon as my new clothes are made, and hay-harvest is in. I could, though I say it, have good[n] [matches in our town; but my mother (God's peace be with her) charged me upon her death-bed to marry a gentlewoman, one who had been well trained up in sewing and cookery. I do not think but that if you and I can agree to marry, and lay our means together, I shall be made grand jury-man e'er two or three years come about, and that will be a great credit to us. If I could have got a messenger for sixpence, I would have sent one on purpose, and some trifle or other for a token of my love; but I hope there is nothing lost for that neither. So hoping you will take this letter in good part, and answer it with what care and speed you can,

'I rest and remain,

'Yours, if my own,

'MR. GABRIEL BULLOCK,

'now my father is dead.

'Swepston, Leicestershire.

'When the coal carts come, I shall send oftener; and may come in one of them myself.']

Spectator, No. 324.] [March 27, 1712.

No. 54. *On Coffee Houses; Succession of Visitors; Character of Eubulus.*

Hominem pagina nostra sapit.—MART.

It is very natural for a man who is not turned for mirthful meetings of men, or assemblies of the fair sex, to delight in that sort of conversation which we find in coffee-houses. Here a man of my temper is in his element; for if he cannot talk, he can still be more agreeable to his company, as well as pleased in himself, in being only a hearer. It is a secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a great inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him. The latter is the more

general desire, and I know very able flatterers that never speak a word in praise of the persons from whom they obtain daily favours, but still practise a skilful attention to whatever is uttered by those with whom they converse. We are very curious to observe the behaviour of great men and their clients; but the same passions and interests move men in lower spheres; and I (that have nothing else to do but make observations) see in every parish, street, lane, and alley, of this populous city, a little potentate that has his court and his flatterers, who lay snares for his affection and favour by the same arts that are practised upon men in higher stations.

In the place I most usually frequent, men differ rather in the time of day in which they make a figure, than in any real greatness above one another. I, who am at the coffee-house at six in the morning, know that my friend Beaver, the haberdasher [n], has a levee of more undissembled friends and admirers than most of the courtiers or generals of Great Britain. Every man about him has, perhaps, a newspaper in his hand; but none can pretend to guess what step will be taken in any one court of Europe, till Mr. Beaver has thrown down his pipe, and declares what measures the allies must enter into upon this new posture of affairs. Our coffee-house is near one of the inns of court, and Beaver has the audience and admiration of his neighbours from six till within a quarter of eight, at which time he is interrupted by the students of the house; some of whom are ready dressed for Westminster at eight in a morning, with faces as busy as if they were retained in every cause there; and others come in their night-gowns [n] to saunter away their time, as if they never designed to go thither. I do not know that I meet in any of my walks, objects which move both my spleen and laughter so effectually, as those young fellows at the Grecian, Squire's, Serle's [n], and all other coffee-houses adjacent to the law, who rise early for no other purpose but to publish their laziness. One would think these young virtuosos take a gay cap and slippers, with a scarf and party-coloured gown, to be ensigns of dignity; for the vain things approach each other with an air, which shews they regard one another for their vestments. I have observed, that the superiority among these proceeds from an opinion of gallantry and fashion. The gentleman in the strawberry sash, who presides so much over

the rest, has, it seems, subscribed to every opera this last winter, and is supposed to receive favours from one of the actresses.

When the day grows too busy for these gentlemen to enjoy any longer the pleasures of their dishabille with any manner of confidence, they give place to men who have business or good sense in their faces, and come to the coffee-house either to transact affairs, or enjoy conversation. The persons to whose behaviour and discourse I have most regard, are such as are between these two sorts of men; such as have not spirits too active to be happy and well pleased in a private condition, nor complexions too warm to make them neglect the duties and relations of life. Of these sort of men consist the worthier part of mankind; of these are all good fathers, generous brothers, friends, and faithful subjects. Their entertainments are derived rather from reason than imagination; which is the cause that there is no impatience or instability in their speech or action. You see in their countenances they are at home, and in quiet possession of their present instant as it passes, without desiring to quicken it by gratifying any passion, or prosecuting any new design. These are the men formed for society, and those little communities which we express by the word neighbourhoods.

The coffee-house is the place of rendezvous to all that live near it, who are thus turned to relish calm and ordinary life. Eubulus presides over the middle hours of the day, when this assembly of men meet together. He enjoys a great fortune handsomely, without launching into expense; and exerts many noble and useful qualities, without appearing in any public employment. His wisdom and knowledge are serviceable to all that think fit to make use of them; and he does the office of a counsel, a judge, an executor, and a friend, to all his acquaintance, not only without the profits which attend such offices, but also without the deference and homage which are usually paid to them. The giving of thanks is displeasing to him. The greatest gratitude you can shew him is, to let him see that you are a better man for his services; and that you are so ready to oblige others, as he is to oblige you.

In the private exigencies of his friends, he lends at legal value considerable sums which he might highly increase by

rolling in the public stocks. He does not consider in whose hands his money will improve most, but where it will do most good.

Eubulus has so great an authority in his little diurnal audience, that when he shakes his head at any piece of public news, they all of them appear dejected; and on the contrary, go home to their dinners with a good stomach and cheerful aspect when Eubulus seems to intimate that things go well[n]. Nay, their veneration towards him is so great, that when they are in other company they speak and act after him; are wise in his sentences, and are no sooner sat down at their own tables, but they hope or fear, rejoice or despond, as they saw him do at the coffee-house. In a word, every man is Eubulus as soon as his back is turned.

Having here given an account of the several reigns that succeed each other from day-break till dinner-time, I shall mention the monarchs of the afternoon on another occasion, and shut up the whole series of them with the history of Tom the Tyrant[n]; who, as the first minister of the coffee-house, takes the government upon him between the hours of eleven and twelve at night, and gives his orders in the most arbitrary manner to the servants below him, as to the disposition of liquors, coal, and cinders.

Spectator, No. 49.] [April 26, 1711.

No. 55. *On Don Quixote, and a Coffee-House Politician.*

When we look into the delightful history of the most ingenious Don Quixote of the Mancha, and consider the exercises and manner of life of that renowned gentleman, we cannot but admire the exquisite genius and discerning spirit of Michael Cervantes; who has not only painted his adventurer with great mastery in the conspicuous parts of his story, which relate to love and honour; but also intimated in his ordinary life, in his economy and furniture, the infallible symptoms he gave of his growing frenzy, before he declared himself a Knight Errant. His hall was furnished with old lances, halberds, and morions; his food, lentils; his dress, amorous. He slept moderately, rose

early, and spent his time in hunting. When by watchfulness and exercise he was thus qualified for the hardships of his intended peregrinations, he had nothing more to do but to fall hard to study; and before he should apply himself to the practical part, get into the methods of making love and war by reading books of knighthood. As for raising tender passions in him, Cervantes reports[n], that he was wonderfully delighted with a smooth intricate sentence; and when they listened at his study-door, they could frequently hear him read loud, 'The reason of the unreasonableness, which against my reason is wrought, doth so weaken my reason, as with all reason I do justly complain of your beauty.' Again, he would pause until he came to another charming sentence, and, with the most pleasing accent imaginable, be loud at a new paragraph: 'The high heavens, which with your divinity, do fortify you divinely with the stars, make you deserveress of the deserts that your greatness deserves.' With these and other such passages, says my author, the poor gentleman grew distracted, and was breaking his brains day and night to understand and unravel their sense.

As much as the case of this distempered knight is received by all the readers of his history as the most incurable and ridiculous of all frenzies; it is very certain, we have crowds among us far gone in as visible a madness as his, though they are not observed to be in that condition. As great and useful discoveries are sometimes made by accidental and small beginnings, I came to the knowledge of the most epidemic ill of this sort, by falling into a coffee-house, where I saw my friend the upholsterer[n], whose crack[n] towards politics I have heretofore mentioned. This touch in the brain of the British subject, is as certainly owing to the reading newspapers, as that of the Spanish worthy above-mentioned to the reading works of chivalry. My contemporaries, the novelists[n], have, for the better spinning out paragraphs, and working down to the end of their columns, a most happy art in saying and unsaying, giving hints of intelligence, and interpretations of indifferent actions, to the great disturbance of the brains of ordinary readers. This way of going on in the words, and making no progress in the sense, is more particularly the excellency of my most ingenious and renowned fellow-labourer, the Post-man; and it is to this talent in him that I impute the loss of my upholsterer's intellects. That unfortunate

tradesman has, for years past, been the chief orator in ragged assemblies, and the reader in alley coffee-houses. He was yesterday surrounded by an audience of that sort, among whom I sat unobserved, through the favour of a cloud of tobacco, and saw him with the Post-man in his hand, and all the other papers safe under his elbow. He was intermixing remarks, and reading the Paris article of May the thirtieth, which says, 'That it is given out that an express arrived this day with advice, that the armies were so near in the plain of Lens, that they cannonaded each other.' 'Ay, ay, here we shall have sport.' 'And that it was highly probable the next express would bring us an account of an engagement.' 'They are welcome as soon as they please.' 'Though some others say that the same will be put off until the second or third of June, because the marshal Villars expects some further reinforcements from Germany, and other parts, before that time.' 'What does he put it off for? Does he think our horse is not marching up at the same time? But let us see what he says further.' 'They hope that Monsieur Albergotti[n], being encouraged by the presence of so great an army, will make an extraordinary defence.' 'Why then, I find, Albergotti is one of those that love to have a great many on their side. Nay, I say that for this paper, he makes the most natural inferences of any of them all.' 'The elector of Bavaria, being uneasy to be without any command, has desired leave to come to court, to communicate a certain project to his majesty.——Whatever it be, it is said, that prince is suddenly expected; and then we shall have a more certain account of his project, if this report has any foundation.' 'Nay, this paper never imposes upon us; he goes upon sure grounds; for he will not be positive the elector has a project, or that he will come, or if he does come at all; for he doubts, you see, whether the report has any foundation.'

What makes this the more lamentable is, that this way of writing falls in with the imaginations of the cooler and duller part of her majesty's subjects. The being kept up with one line contradicting another; and the whole, after many sentences of conjecture, vanishing in a doubt whether there is any thing at all in what the person has been reading, puts an ordinary head into a vertigo, which his natural dulness would have secured him from. Next to the labours of the Post-man, the upholsterer

took from under his elbow honest Ichabod Dawks's Letter[n], and there, among other speculations, the historian takes upon him to say, 'That it is discoursed that there will be a battle in Flanders before the armies separate, and many will have it to be to-morrow, the great battle of Ramillies being fought on a Whitsunday[n].' A gentleman, who was a wag in this company, laughed at the expression, and said, 'By Mr. Dawks's favour, I warrant you, if we meet them on Whitsunday or Monday we shall not stand upon the day with them, whether it be before or after the holidays.' An admirer of this gentleman stood up, and told a neighbour at a distant table the conceit; at which indeed we were all very merry. These reflections, in the writers of the transactions of the times, seize the noddles of such as were not born to have thoughts of their own, and consequently lay a weight upon every thing which they read in print. But Mr. Dawks concluded his paper with a courteous sentence, which was very well taken and applauded by the whole company. 'We wish,' says he, 'all our customers a merry Whitsuntide and many of them.' Honest Ichabod is as extraordinary a man as any of our fraternity, and as particular. His style is a dialect between the familiarity of talking and writing, and his letter such as you cannot distinguish whether print or manuscript[n], which gives us a refreshment of the idea from what has been told us from the press by others. This wishing a good Tide had its effect upon us, and he was commended for his salutation, as showing as well the capacity of a bell-man as a historian. My distempered old acquaintance read, in the next place, the account of the affairs abroad in the Courant: but the matter was told so distinctly, that these wanderers thought there was no news in it; this paper differing from the rest, as a history from a romance. The tautology, the contradiction, the doubts, and wants of confirmations, are what keep up imaginary entertainments in empty heads and produce neglect of their own affairs, poverty, and bankruptcy, in many of the shop-statesmen; but turn the imaginations of those of a little higher orb into deliriums of dissatisfaction, which is seen in a continual fret upon all that touches their brains, but more particularly upon any advantage obtained by their country, where they are considered as lunatics, and therefore tolerated in their ravings.

What I am now warning the people of is, that the newspapers

of this island are as pernicious to weak heads in England, as ever books of chivalry to Spain; and therefore shall do all that in me lies, with the utmost care and vigilance imaginable, to prevent these growing evils. A flaming instance of this malady appeared in my old acquaintance at this time, who, after he had done reading all his papers, ended with a thoughtful air, 'If we should have a peace, we should then know for certain whether it was the king of Sweden that lately came to Dunkirk?' I whispered him, and desired him to step aside a little with me. When I had opportunity, I decoyed him into a coach, in order for his more easy conveyance to Moor-fields. The man went very quietly with me; and by that time he had brought the Swede from the defeat by the czar to the Boristhenes, we were passing by Will's coffee-house, where the man of the house beckoned to us. We made a full stop, and could hear from above a very loud swearing, with some expressions towards treason, that the subject in France was as free as in England. His distemper would not let him reflect, that his own discourse was argument of the contrary. They told him, one would speak with him below. He came immediately to our coach-side. I whispered him, 'that I had an order to carry him to the Bastile.' He immediately obeyed with great resignation: for to this sort of lunatic, whose brain is touched for the French, the name of a gaol in that kingdom has a more agreeable sound, than that of a paternal seat in this their own country. It happened a little unluckily bringing these lunatics together, for they immediately fell into a debate concerning the greatness of their respective monarchs; one for the king of Sweden, the other for the *grand monarque* of France. This gentleman from Will's is now next door to the upholsterer, safe in his apartment in my Bedlam, with proper medicaments, and the Mercure Gallant to soothe his imagination that he is actually in France. If therefore he should escape to Covent-garden again, all persons are desired to lay hold of him and deliver him to Mr. Morphew, my overseer. At the same time, I desire all true subjects to forbear discourse with him, any otherwise than, when he begins to fight a battle for France, to say, 'Sir, I hope to see you in England.'

Tatler, No. 178.] [May 30, 1710.

No. 56. *On the Misbehaviour of Servants.*

Quid domini facient, audent cum talia fures?
VIRG. Ecl. iii. 16.

May 30, 1711.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I have no small value for your endeavours to lay before the world what may escape their observation, and yet highly conduces to their service. You have, I think, succeeded very well on many subjects; and seem to have been conversant in very different scenes of life. But in the considerations of mankind, as a Spectator, you should not omit circumstances which relate to the inferior part of the world, any more than those which concern the greater. There is one thing in particular, which I wonder you have not touched upon—and that is the general corruption of manners in the Servants of Great Britain. I am a man that have travelled and seen many nations, but have for seven years last past resided constantly in London or within twenty miles of it. In this time I have contracted a numerous acquaintance among the best sort of people, and have hardly found one of them happy in their servants. This is matter of great astonishment to foreigners, and all such as have visited foreign countries; especially since we cannot but observe, that there is no part of the world where servants have those privileges and advantages as in England. They have no where else such plentiful diet, large wages, or indulgent liberty. There is no place where they labour less, and yet where they are so little respectful, more wasteful, more negligent, or where they so frequently change their masters. To this I attribute, in a great measure, the frequent robberies and losses which we suffer on the high road and in our own houses. That indeed which gives me the present thought of the kind is, that a careless groom of mine has spoiled me the prettiest pad in the world with only riding him ten miles; and I assure you, if I were to make a register of all the horses I have known thus abused by the negligence of servants, the number would mount a regiment. I wish you would give us your observa-

tions, that we may know how to treat these rogues, or that we masters may enter into measures to reform them. Pray give us a speculation in general about servants, and you make me

'Yours,

'PHILO-BRITANNICUS.

'P.S. Pray do not omit the mention of grooms in particular.'

This honest gentleman, who is so desirous that I should write a satire upon grooms, has a great deal of reason for his resentment; and I know no evil which touches all mankind so much as this of the misbehaviour of servants.

The complaint of this letter runs wholly upon men-servants; and I can attribute the licentiousness which has at present prevailed among them, to nothing but what a hundred before me have ascribed it to, the custom of giving board-wages. This one instance of false economy is sufficient to debauch the whole nation of servants, and makes them as it were but for some part of their time in that quality. They are either attending in places where they meet and run into clubs, or else, if they wait at taverns, they eat after their masters, and reserve their wages for other occasions. From hence it arises, that they are but in a lower degree what their masters themselves are; and usually affect an imitation of their manners: and you have in liveries, beaux, fops, and coxcombs, in as high perfection as among people that keep equipages. It is a common humour among the retinue of people of quality, when they are in their revels—that is, when they are out of their masters' sight—to assume in a humorous way the names and titles of those whose liveries they wear. By which means, characters and distinctions become so familiar to them, that it is to this, among other causes, one may impute a certain insolence among our servants, that they take no notice of any gentleman, though they know him ever so well, except he is an acquaintance of their master.

My obscurity and taciturnity leave me at liberty, without scandal, to dine, if I think fit, at a common ordinary, in the meanest as well as the most sumptuous house of entertainment. Falling in the other day at a victualling-house near the house of peers, I heard the maid come down and tell the landlady at the bar, that my lord bishop swore he would throw her

out at window, if she did not bring up more mild beer, and that my lord duke would have a double mug of purl. My surprise was increased, in hearing loud and rustic[n] voices speak and answer to each other upon the public affairs, by the names of the most illustrious of our nobility; till of a sudden one came running in, and cried the house was rising. Down came all the company together, and away! The alehouse was immediately filled with clamour, and scoring one mug to the marquis of such a place, oil and vinegar to such an earl, three quarts to my new lord for wetting his title, and so forth. It is a thing too notorious to mention the crowd of servants, and their insolence, near the courts of justice, and the stairs towards the supreme assembly, where there is a universal mockery of all order, such riotous clamour and licentious confusion, that one would think the whole nation lived in jest, and that there were no such thing as rule and distinction among us.

The next place of resort, wherein the servile world are let loose, is at the entrance of Hyde-park, while the gentry are at the Ring[n]. Hither people bring their lackeys out of state, and here it is that all they say at their tables, and act in their houses, is communicated to the whole town. There are men of wit in all conditions of life; and mixing with these people at their diversions, I have heard coquettes and prudes as well rallied, and insolence and pride exposed (allowing for their want of education) with as much humour and good sense, as in the politest companies. It is a general observation, that all dependants run in some measure into the manners and behaviour of those whom they serve. You shall frequently meet with lovers and men of intrigue among the lackeys as well as at White's[n] or in the side-boxes[n]. I remember once some years ago an instance of this kind. A footman to a captain of the guards used frequently, when his master was out of the way, to carry on amours and make assignations in his master's clothes. The fellow had a very good person, and there were very many women who think no further than the outside of a gentleman: besides which, he was almost as learned a man as the colonel himself: I say, thus qualified, the fellow could scrawl *billets-doux* so well, and furnish a conversation on common topics, that he had, as they call it, a great deal of good business on his hands. It happened one day that, coming down a tavern

stairs, in his master's fine guard-coat, with a well-dressed woman masked, he met the colonel coming up with other company; but with a ready assurance he quitted his lady, came up to him, and said, 'Sir, I know you have too much respect for yourself to cane me in this honourable habit. But you see there is a lady in the case[n], and I hope on that score also you will put off your anger till I have told you all another time.' After a little pause the colonel cleared up his countenance, and with an air of familiarity whispered his man apart. 'Sirrah, bring the lady with you to ask pardon for you:' then aloud, 'Look to it, Will, I'll never forgive you else.' The fellow went back to his mistress, and telling her, with a loud voice and an oath, That was the honestest fellow in the world, conveyed her to a hackney-coach.

But the many irregularities committed by servants in the places above-mentioned, as well as in the theatres, of which masters are generally the occasions, are too various not to need being resumed on another occasion.

Spectator, No. 88.] [June 11, 1711.

No. 57. *On Masters and Mistresses; Letters from Ralph Valet and Patience Giddy.*

At hæc etiam servis semper libera fuerunt, timerent, gauderent, dolerent, suo potius quam alterius arbitrio.—TULL. Epist.

It is no small concern to me, that I find so many complaints from the part of mankind whose portion it is to live in servitude, that those whom they depend upon will not allow them to be even as happy as their condition will admit of. There are, as these unhappy correspondents inform me, masters who are offended at a cheerful countenance, and think a servant is broke loose from them, if he does not preserve the utmost awe in their presence. There is one who says, if he looks satisfied his master asks him, 'What makes him so pert this morning?' if a little sour, 'Hark ye sirrah, are not you paid your wages?' The poor creatures live in the most extreme misery together; the master knows not how to preserve respect,

nor the servant how to give it. It seems this person is of so sullen a nature that he knows but little satisfaction in the midst of a plentiful fortune, and secretly frets to see any appearance of content in one that lives upon the hundredth part of his income, who is unhappy in the possession of the whole. Uneasy persons, who cannot possess their own minds, vent their spleen upon all who depend upon them; which, I think, is expressed in a lively manner in the following letters:—

'SIR, August 2, 1711.

'I have read your Spectator[n] of the third of the last month and wish I had the happiness of being preferred to serve so good a master as Sir Roger. The character of my master is the very reverse of that good and gentle knight's. All his directions are given, and his mind revealed by way of contraries: as when any thing is to be remembered, with a peculiar cast of face he cries, "Be sure to forget now." If I am to make haste back, "Do not come these two hours; be sure to call by the way upon some of your companions." Then another excellent way of his is, if he sets me any thing to do, which he knows must necessarily take up half a day, he calls ten times in a quarter of an hour to know whether I have done yet. This is his manner; and the same perverseness runs through all his actions, according as the circumstances vary. Besides all this, he is so suspicious, that he submits himself to the drudgery of a spy. He is as unhappy himself as he makes his servants; he is constantly watching us, and we differ no more in pleasure and liberty than as a gaoler and a prisoner. He lays traps for faults; and no sooner makes a discovery, but falls into such language, as I am more ashamed of for coming from him, than for being directed to me. This, Sir, is a short sketch of a master I have served upwards of nine years; and though I have never wronged him, I confess my despair of pleasing him has very much abated my endeavour to do it. If you will give me leave to steal a sentence out of my master's Clarendon, I shall tell you my case in a word, "being used worse than I deserved, I cared less to deserve well than I had done[n]."

'I am, Sir, your humble servant,

'RALPH VALET.'

'DEAR MR. SPECTER,

'I am the next thing to a lady's woman, and am under both my lady and her woman. I am so used by them both, that I should be very glad to see them in the Specter. My lady herself is of no mind in the world, and for that reason her woman is of twenty minds in a moment. My lady is one that never knows what to do with herself; she pulls on and puts off every thing she wears twenty times before she resolves upon it for that day. I stand at one end of the room, and reach things to her woman. When my lady asks for a thing, I hear, and have half brought it, when the woman meets me in the middle of the room to receive it, and at that instant she says, "No, she will not have it." Then I go back, and her woman comes up to her, and by this time she will have that and two or three things more in an instant. The woman and I run to each other; I am loaded and delivering the things to her, when my lady says she wants none of all these things, and we are the dullest creatures in the world, and she the unhappiest woman living, for she shall not be drest in any time. Thus we stand, not knowing what to do, when our good lady, with all the patience in the world, tells us as plain as she can speak, that she will have temper because we have no manner of understanding; and begins again to dress, and see if we can find out, of ourselves, what we are to do. When she is dressed she goes to dinner, and after she has disliked every thing there, she calls for her coach, then commands it in again, and then she will not go out at all, and then will go, too, and orders the chariot. Now, good Mr. Specter, I desire you would, in the behalf of all who serve froward ladies, give out in your paper, that nothing can be done without allowing time for it, and that one cannot be back again with what one was sent for, if one is called back before one can go a step for that they want. And if you please, let them know that all mistresses are as like as all servants.

'I am your loving friend,

'PATIENCE GIDDY.'

These are great calamities; but I met the other day in the Five fields[n], towards Chelsea, a pleasanter tyrant than either of the above represented. A fat fellow was puffing on in his

open waistcoat; a boy of fourteen in a livery, carrying after him his cloak, upper coat, hat, wig, and sword. The poor lad was ready to sink with the weight, and could not keep up with his master, who turned back every half furlong, and wondered what made the lazy young dog lag behind.

There is something very unaccountable, that people cannot put themselves in the condition of the persons below them, when they consider the commands they give. But there is nothing more common, than to see a fellow (who if he were reduced to it, would not be hired by any man living) lament that he is troubled with the most worthless dogs in nature.

It would, perhaps, be running too far out of common life to urge, that he who is not master of himself and his own passions, cannot be a proper master of another. Equanimity in a man's own words and actions, will easily diffuse itself through his whole family. Pamphilio has the happiest household of any man I know, and that proceeds from the humane regard he has to them in their private persons, as well as in respect that they are his servants. If there be any occasion, wherein they may in themselves be supposed to be unfit to attend their master's concerns by reason of any attention to their own, he is so good as to place himself in their condition. I thought it very becoming in him, when at dinner the other day, he made an apology for want of more attendants. He said, 'One of my footmen is gone to the wedding of his sister, and the other I do not expect to wait, because his father died but two days ago.'

Spectator, No. 137.] [August 7, 1711.

No. 58. *On Testimonials and Recommendatory Epistles.*

Qualem commendes, etiam atque etiam aspice, ne mox
Incutiant aliena tibi peccata pudorem.—HOR. Ep. i. 18, 76.

It is no unpleasant matter of speculation to consider the recommendatory epistles that pass round this town from hand to hand, and the abuse people put upon one another in that kind. It is indeed come to that pass, that, instead of being the

testimony of merit in the person recommended, the true reading of a letter of this sort is, 'The bearer hereof is so uneasy to me, that it will be an act of charity in you to take him off my hands; whether you prefer him or not, it is all one; for I have no manner of kindness for him, or obligation to him or his; and do what you please as to that.' As negligent as men are in this respect, a point of honour is concerned in it; and there is nothing a man should be more ashamed of, than passing a worthless creature into the service or interests of a man who has never injured you.* The women indeed are a little too keen in their resentments to trespass often this way: but you shall sometimes know, that the mistress and the maid shall quarrel, and give each other very free language, and at last the lady shall be pacified to turn her out of doors, and give her a very good word to any body else. Hence it is that you see, in a year and a half's time, the same face a domestic in all parts of the town. Good-breeding and good-nature lead people in a great measure to this injustice: when suitors of no consideration will have confidence enough to press upon their superiors, those in power are tender of speaking the exceptions they have against them, and are mortgaged into promises out of their impatience of importunity. In this latter case, it would be a very useful inquiry to know the history of recommendations. There are, you must know, certain abettors of this way of torment, who make it a profession to manage the affairs of candidates. These gentlemen let out their impudence to their clients, and supply any defective recommendation, by informing how such and such a man is to be attacked. They will tell you, get the least scrap from Mr. Such-a-one, and leave the rest to them. When one of these undertakers has your business in hand, you may be sick, absent in town or country, and the patron shall be worried, or you prevail. I remember to have been shown a gentleman some years ago, who punished a whole people for their facility in giving their credentials. This person had belonged to a regiment which did duty in the West Indies, and, by the mortality of the place, happened to be commanding-officer in the colony. He oppressed his subjects with great frankness, till he became sensible that he was heartily hated by every man under his command. When he had carried his point to be thus detestable, in a pretended fit of dishumour,

and feigned uneasiness of living where he found he was so universally unacceptable, he communicated to the chief inhabitants a design he had to return for England, provided they would give him ample testimonials of their approbation. The planters came into it to a man, and, in proportion to his deserving the quite contrary, the words justice, generosity, and courage, were inserted in his commission, not omitting the general good-liking of people of all conditions in the colony. The gentleman returns for England, and within a few months after came back to them their governor, on the strength of their own testimonials.

Such a rebuke as this cannot indeed happen to easy recommenders, in the ordinary course of things, from one hand to another; but how would a man bear to have it said to him, 'The person *I* took into confidence on the credit you gave him, has proved false, unjust, and has not answered any way the character you gave me of him?'

I cannot but conceive very good hopes of that rake Jack Toper of the Temple, for an honest scrupulousness in this point. A friend of his meeting with a servant that had formerly lived with Jack, and having a mind to take him, sent to him to know what faults the fellow had, since he could not please such a careless fellow as he was. His answer was as follows:—

'SIR,

'Thomas that lived with me was turned away because he was too good for me. You know I live in taverns; he is an orderly sober rascal, and thinks much to sleep in an entry until two in the morning. He told me one day, when he was dressing me, that he wondered I was not dead before now, since I went to dinner in the evening, and went to supper at two in the morning. We were coming down Essex-street one night a little flustered, and I was giving him the word to alarm the watch; he had the impudence to tell me it was against the law. You that are married, and live one day after another the same way, and so on the whole week, I dare say will like him, and he will be glad to have his meat in due season. The fellow is certainly very honest. My service to your lady. Yours,

'J. T.'

Now this was very fair dealing. Jack knew very well, that

though the love of order made a man very awkward in his equipage, it was a valuable quality among the queer people who live by rule; and had too much good sense and good-nature to let the fellow starve, because he was not fit to attend his vivacities.

I shall end this discourse with a letter of recommendation from Horace to Claudius Nero. You will see in that letter a slowness to ask a favour, a strong reason for being unable to deny his good word any longer, and that it is a service to the person to whom he recommends, to comply with what is asked: all which are necessary circumstances, both in justice and good-breeding, if a man would ask so as to have reason to complain of a denial; and indeed a man should not in strictness ask otherwise. In hopes the authority of Horace, who perfectly understood how to live with great men, may have a good effect towards amending this facility in people of condition, and the confidence of those who apply to them without merit, I have translated the epistle[n].

'TO CLAUDIUS NERO.

'SIR,

'Septimius, who waits upon you with this, is very well acquainted with the place you are pleased to allow me in your friendship. For when he beseeches me to recommend him to your notice, in such a manner as to be received by you, who are delicate in the choice of your friends and domestics, he knows our intimacy, and understands my ability to serve him better than I do myself. I have defended myself against his ambition to be yours, as long as I possibly could; but fearing the imputation of hiding my power in you out of mean and selfish considerations, I am at last prevailed upon to give you this trouble. Thus to avoid the appearance of a greater fault, I have put on this confidence. If you can forgive this transgression of modesty in behalf of a friend, receive this gentleman into your interests and friendship, and take it from me that he is an honest and a brave man.'

Spectator, No. 493.] [September 25, 1712.

No. 59. *On Improper Modes of Address; Character of Tom Courtly.*

> Gaudent prænomine molles
> Auriculæ. HOR. Sat. ii. 5. 32.

Many are the inconveniences which happen from the improper manner of address in common speech, between persons of the same or of different quality. Among these errors, there is none greater than that of the impertinent use of Title, and a paraphrastical way of saying, You. I had the curiosity the other day to follow a crowd of people near Billingsgate, who were conducting a passionate woman that sold fish to a magistrate, in order to explain some words, which were ill taken by one of her own quality and profession in the public market. When she came to make her defence, she was so full of, 'His Worship,' and of, 'If it should please his Honour,' that we could, for some time, hardly hear any other apology she made for herself, than that of atoning for the ill language she had been accused of towards her neighbour, by the great civilities she paid to her judge. But this extravagance in her sense of doing honour was no more to be wondered at, than that her many rings on each finger were worn as instances of finery and dress. The vulgar may thus heap and huddle terms of respect, and nothing better be expected from them; but for people of rank to repeat appellatives insignificantly, is a folly not to be endured, neither with regard to our time, or our understanding. It is below the dignity of speech to extend it with more words or phrases than are necessary to explain ourselves with elegance: and it is, methinks, an instance of ignorance, if not of servitude, to be redundant in such expressions.

I waited upon a man of quality some mornings ago. He happened to be dressing; and his shoe-maker fitting him, told him, 'that if his Lordship would please to tread hard, or that if his Lordship would stamp a little, his Lordship would find his Lordship's shoe will sit as easy as any piece of work his Lordship should see in England.' As soon as my lord was dressed, a gentleman approached him with a very good air, and told him, 'he had an affair which had long depended in the lower

courts; which, through the inadvertency of his ancestors on the one side, and the ill arts of their adversaries on the other, could not possibly be settled according to the rules of the lower courts; that, therefore, he designed to bring his cause before the House of Lords next session, where he should be glad if his Lordship should happen to be present; for he doubted not but his cause would be approved by all men of justice and honour.' In this place the word Lordship was gracefully inserted; because it was applied to him in that circumstance wherein his quality was the occasion of the discourse, and wherein it was most useful to the one, and most honourable to the other.

This way is so far from being disrespectful to the honour of nobles, that it is an expedient for using them with greater deference. I would not put Lordship to a man's hat, gloves, wig, or cane; but to desire his Lordship's favour, his Lordship's judgment, or his Lordship's patronage, is a manner of speaking, which expresses an alliance between his quality and his merit. It is this knowledge, which distinguished the discourse of the shoe-maker from that of the gentleman. The highest point of good-breeding, if any one can hit it, is to show a very nice regard to your own dignity, and, with that in your heart, express your value for the man above you.

But the silly humour to the contrary has so much prevailed, that the slavish addition of title enervates discourse, and renders the application of it almost ridiculous. We writers of diurnals are nearer in our style to that of common talk than any other writers, by which means we use words of respect sometimes very unfortunately. The Postman, who is one of the most celebrated of our fraternity, fell into this misfortune yesterday in his paragraph from Berlin of the twenty-sixth of July. 'Count Wartembourg,' says he, 'great chamberlain, and chief minister of this court, who on Monday last accompanied the king of Prussia to Oranienburg, was taken so very ill, that on Wednesday his life was despaired of; and we had a report, that his Excellency was dead.'

I humbly presume that it flattens the narration, to say his Excellency in a case which is common to all men; except you would infer what is not to be inferred, to wit, that the author designed to say, 'all wherein he excelled others was departed from him.'

Were distinctions used according to the rules of reason and sense, those additions to men's names would be, as they were first intended, significant of their worth, and not their persons; so that in some cases it might be proper to say, 'The man is dead; but his Excellency will never die.' It is, methinks, very unjust to laugh at a Quaker, because he has taken up a resolution to treat you with a word, the most expressive of complaisance that can be thought of and with an air of good-nature and charity calls you Friend. I say, it is very unjust to rally him for this term to a stranger, when you yourself, in all your phrases of distinction, confound phrases of honour into no use at all.

Tom Courtly, who is the pink of courtesy, is an instance of how little moment an undistinguishing application of sounds of honour are to those who understand themselves. Tom never fails of paying his obeisance to every man he sees, who has title or office to make him conspicuous; but his deference is wholly given to outward considerations. I, who knew him, can tell him within half an acre, how much land one man has more than another by Tom's bow to him. Title is all he knows of honour, and civility of friendship: for this reason, because he cares for no man living, he is religiously strict in performing, what he calls, his respects to you. To this end he is very learned in pedigree; and will abate something in the ceremony of his approaches to a man, if he is in any doubt about the bearing of his coat of arms. What is the most pleasant of all his character is, that he acts with a sort of integrity in these impertinences; and though he would not do any solid kindness, he is wonderfully just and careful not to wrong his quality. But as integrity is very scarce in the world, I cannot forbear having respect for the impertinent: it is some virtue to be bound by any thing. Tom and I are upon very good terms, for the respect he has for the house of Bickerstaff. Though one cannot but laugh at his serious consideration of things so little essential, one must have a value even for a frivolous good conscience.

Tatler, No. 204.] [July 29, 1710.

No. 60. *On Outward Civilities and Salutations.*

Quod decet honestum est, et quod honestum est decet.—TULL.

There are some things which cannot come under certain rules, but which one would think could not need them. Of this kind are outward civilities and salutations[n]. These one would imagine might be regulated by every man's common sense, without the help of an instructor: but that which we call common sense suffers under that word: for it sometimes implies no more than that faculty which is common to all men, but sometimes signifies right reason, and what all men should consent to. In this latter acceptation of the phrase, it is no great wonder people err so much against it, since it is not every one who is possessed of it, and there are fewer, who against common rules and fashions, dare obey its dictates. As to salutations, which I was about to talk of, I observe, as I stroll about town, there are great enormities committed with regard to this particular. You shall sometimes see a man begin the offer of a salutation, and observe a forbidding air, or escaping eye, in the person he is going to salute, and stop short in the poll of his neck. This in the person who believed he could do it with a good grace, and was refused the opportunity, is justly resented with a coldness the whole ensuing season. Your great beauties, people in much favour, or by any means or for any purpose overflattered, are apt to practise this, which one may call the preventing aspect, and throw their attention another way, lest they should confer a bow or a courtesy upon a person who might not appear to deserve that dignity. Others you shall find so obsequious, and so very courteous, as there is no escaping their favours of this kind. Of this sort may be a man who is in the fifth or sixth degree of favour with a minister. This good creature is resolved to show the world, that great honours cannot at all change his manners; he is the same civil person he ever was; he will venture his neck to bow out of a coach in full speed, at once to show he is full of business, and yet not so taken up as to forget his old friend. With a man who is not so well formed for courtship and elegant

behaviour, such a gentleman as this seldom finds his account in the return of his compliments; but he will still go on, for he is in his own way, and must not omit; let the neglect fall on your side, or where it will, his business is still to be well-bred to the end. I think I have read, in one of our English comedies, a description of a fellow that affected knowing every body, and for want of judgment in time and place, would bow and smile in the face of a judge sitting in the court, would sit in an opposite gallery and smile in the minister's face as he came up into the pulpit, and nod as if he alluded to some familiarities between them in another place. But now I happen to speak of salutations at church, I must take notice that several of my correspondents have importuned me to consider that subject, and settle the point of decorum in that particular.

I do not pretend to be the best courtier in the world, but I have often on public occasions thought it a very great absurdity in the company (during the royal presence) to exchange salutations from all parts of the room, when certainly common sense should suggest, that all regards at that time should be engaged, and cannot be diverted to any other object, without disrespect to the sovereign. But as to the complaint of my correspondents, it is not to be imagined what offence some of them take at the custom of saluting in places of worship. I have a very angry letter from a lady, who tells me of one of her acquaintance, who, out of mere pride and a pretence to be rude, takes upon her to return no civilities done to her in the time of divine service, and is the most religious woman, for no other reason but to appear a woman of the best quality in the church. This absurd custom had better be abolished than retained; if it were but to prevent evils of no higher a nature than this is; but I am informed of objections much more considerable. A dissenter of rank and distinction was lately prevailed upon by a friend of his to come to one of the greatest congregations of the church of England about town. After the service was over, he declared he was very well satisfied with the little ceremony which was used towards God Almighty; but at the same time he feared he should not be able to go through those required towards one another: as to this point he was in a state of despair, and feared he was not well-bred enough to be a convert. There have been many

scandals of this kind given to our Protestant dissenters, from the outward pomp and respect we take to ourselves in our religious assemblies. A Quaker who came one day into a church, fixed his eye upon an old lady with a carpet larger than that from the pulpit before her, expecting when she would hold forth. An anabaptist who designs to come over himself, and all his family, within a few months, is sensible they want breeding enough for our congregations, and has sent his two eldest daughters to learn to dance, that they may not misbehave themselves at church. It is worth considering whether, in regard to awkward people with scrupulous consciences, a good Christian of the best air in the world ought not rather to deny herself the opportunity of showing so many graces, than keep a bashful proselyte without the pale of the church.

Spectator, No. 259.] [December 27, 1711.

No. 61. *On Fine Gentlemen, true and false.*

Mores multorum vidit.
HOR. Ars Poet. 1 2.

It is a most vexatious thing to an old man, who endeavours to square his notions by reason, and to talk from reflection and experience, to fall in with a circle of young ladies at their afternoon tea-table. This happened very lately to be my fate: The conversation, for the first half-hour, was so very rambling, that it is hard to say what was talked of, or who spoke least to the purpose. The various motions of the fan, the tossings of the head, intermixed with all the pretty kinds of laughter, made up the greatest part of the discourse. At last, this modish way of shining, and being witty, settled into something like conversation, and the talk ran upon 'fine gentlemen.' From the several characters that were given, and the exceptions that were made, as this or that gentleman happened to be named, I found that a lady is not difficult to be pleased, and that the town swarm with fine gentlemen. A nimble pair of heels, a smooth complexion, a full-bottom wig, a laced shirt, an embroidered suit, a pair of fringed

gloves, a hat and feather; any one or more of these and the like accomplishments ennobles a man, and raises him above the vulgar, in a female imagination. On the contrary, a modest serious behaviour, a plain dress, a thick pair of shoes, a leathern belt, a waistcoat not lined with silk, and such like imperfections, degrade a man, and are so many blots in his escutcheon. I could not forbear smiling at one of the prettiest and liveliest of this gay assembly, who excepted to the gentility of sir William Hearty, because he wore a frieze coat, and breakfasted upon toast and ale. I pretended to admire the fineness of her taste; and to strike in with her in ridiculing those awkward healthy gentlemen, that seem to make nourishment the chief end of eating. I gave her an account of an honest Yorkshire gentleman, who (when I was a traveller) used to invite his acquaintance at Paris to break their fast with him upon cold roast beef and mum[n]. There was, I remember, a little French marquis, who was often pleased to rally him unmercifully upon beef and pudding, of which our countryman would despatch a pound or two with great alacrity, while this antagonist was piddling at a mushroom[n], or the haunch of a frog. I could perceive the lady was pleased with what I said, and we parted very good friends, by virtue of a maxim I always observe, Never to contradict or reason with a sprightly female. I went home, however, full of a great many serious reflections upon what had passed, and though, in complaisance, I disguised my sentiments, to keep up the good humour of my fair companions, and to avoid being looked upon as a testy old fellow, yet out of the good-will I bear to the sex, and to prevent for the future their being imposed upon by counterfeits, I shall give them the distinguishing marks of 'a true fine gentleman.'

When a good artist would express any remarkable character in sculpture, he endeavours to work up his figure into all the perfections his imagination can form; and to imitate not so much what is, as what may or ought to be. I shall follow their example, in the idea I am going to trace out of a fine gentleman, by assembling together such qualifications as seem requisite to make the character complete. In order to this I shall premise in general, that by a fine gentleman I mean a man completely qualified as well for the service and good, as for the ornament and delight of society. When I consider the frame of mind

peculiar to a gentleman, I suppose it graced with all the dignity and elevation of spirit that human nature is capable of. To this I would have joined a clear understanding, a reason free from prejudice, a steady judgment, and an extensive knowledge. When I think of the heart of a gentleman, I imagine it firm and intrepid, void of all inordinate passions, and full of tenderness, compassion, and benevolence. When I view the fine gentleman with regard to his manners, methinks I see him modest without bashfulness, frank and affable without impertinence, obliging and complaisant without servility, cheerful and in good humour without noise. These amiable qualities are not easily obtained; neither are there many men that have a genius to excel this way. A finished gentleman is perhaps the most uncommon of all the great characters in life. Besides the natural endowments with which this distinguished man is to be born, he must run through a long series of education. Before he makes his appearance and shines in the world, he must be principled in religion, instructed in all the moral virtues, and led through the whole course of the polite arts and sciences. He should be no stranger to courts and to camps; he must travel to open his mind, to enlarge his views, to learn the policies and interests of foreign states, as well as to fashion and polish himself, and to get clear of national prejudices, of which every country has its share. To all these more essential improvements, he must not forget to add the fashionable ornaments of life, such as are the languages and the bodily exercises most in vogue; neither would I have him think even dress itself beneath his notice.

It is no very uncommon thing in the world to meet with men of probity; there are likewise a great many men of honour to be found. Men of courage, men of sense, and men of letters are frequent; but a true fine gentleman is what one seldom sees. He is properly a compound of the various good qualities that embellish mankind. As the great poet animates all the different parts of learning by the force of his genius, and irradiates all the compass of his knowledge by the lustre and brightness of his imagination; so all the great and solid perfections of life appear in the finished gentleman, with a beautiful gloss and varnish; every thing he says or does is accompanied with a manner, or rather a charm, that draws the admiration and good-will of every beholder.

ADVERTISEMENT.

For the benefit of my female readers.

N.B. The gilt chariot, the diamond ring, the gold snuff-box, and brocade sword-knot, are no essential parts of a fine gentleman; but may be used by him, provided he casts his eye upon them but once a day.

Guardian, No. 34.] [April 20, 1713.

No. 62. *On Fine Gentlemen; Vocifer; Character of Ignotus.*

Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res.
HOR. Ep. i. 17. 23.

It was with some mortification that I suffered the raillery of a fine lady of my acquaintance, for calling, in one of my papers, Dorimant[n] a clown. She was so unmerciful as to take advantage of my invincible taciturnity, and on that occasion with great freedom to consider the air, the height, the face, the gesture of him, who could pretend to judge so arrogantly of gallantry. She is full of motion, jaunty and lively in her impertinence, and one of those that commonly pass, among the ignorant, for persons who have a great deal of humour. She had the play of Sir Fopling in her hand, and after she had said it was happy for her there was not so charming a creature as Dorimant now living, she began with a theatrical air and tone of voice to read, by way of triumph over me, some of his speeches. 'Tis she! that lovely air, that easy shape, those wanton eyes, and all those melting charms about her mouth, which Medley spoke of; I'll follow the lottery, and put in for a prize with my friend Bellair.'

> In love the victors from the vanquish'd fly;
> They fly that wound, and they pursue that die!

Then turning over the leaves, she reads alternately, and speaks:

> And you and Loveit to her cost shall find
> I fathom all the depths of woman-kind.

Oh the fine gentleman! But here, continues she, is the passage I admire most, where he begins to teaze Loveit, and

mimic Sir Fopling. Oh, the pretty satire, in his resolving to be a coxcomb to please, since noise and nonsense have such powerful charms.

> I, that I may successful prove,
> Transform myself to what you love.

Then how like a man of the town, so wild and gay is that!

> The wise will find a diff'rence in our fate,
> You wed a woman, I a good estate.

It would have been a very wild endeavour for a man of my temper to offer any opposition to so nimble a speaker as my fair enemy is; but her discourse gave me very many reflections when I had left her company. Among others, I could not but consider with some attention, the false impressions the generality (the fair sex more especially) have of what should be intended, when they say a 'fine gentleman;' and could not help revolving that subject in my thoughts, and setting, as it were, an idea of that character in my own imagination.

No man ought to have the esteem of the rest of the world, for any actions which are disagreeable to those maxims which prevail as the standards of behaviour in the country wherein he lives. What is opposite to the eternal rules of reason and good sense must be excluded from any place in the carriage of a well-bred man. I did not, I confess, explain myself enough on this subject, when I called Dorimant a clown, and made it an instance of it, that he called the orange wench Double Tripe: I should have shewn, that humanity obliges a gentleman to give no part of human kind reproach, for what they, whom they reproach, may possibly have in common with the most virtuous and worthy amongst us. When a gentleman speaks coarsely, he has dressed himself clean to no purpose. The clothing of our minds certainly ought to be regarded before that of our bodies. To betray in a man's talk a corrupted imagination, is a much greater offence against the conversation of gentlemen than any negligence of dress imaginable. But this sense of the matter is so far from being received among people even of condition, that Vocifer passes for a fine gentleman. He is loud, haughty, gentle, soft, and obsequious by turns, just as a little understanding and great impudence prompt him at the present moment. He passes among the silly part of our women

for a man of wit, because he is generally in doubt. He contradicts with a shrug, and confutes with a certain sufficiency, in professing such and such a thing is above his capacity. What makes his character the pleasanter is, that he is a professed deluder of women; and because the empty coxcomb has no regard to any thing that is of itself sacred and inviolable, I have heard an unmarried lady of fortune say, it is pity so fine a gentleman as Vocifer is so great an atheist. The crowds of such inconsiderable creatures, that infest all places of assembling, every reader will have in his eye from his own observation; but would it not be worth considering what sort of figure a man who formed himself upon those principles among us which are agreeable to the dictates of honour and religion would make in the familiar and ordinary occurrences of life?

I hardly have observed any one fill his several duties of life better than Ignotus. All the under parts of his behaviour, and such as are exposed to common observation, have their rise in him from great and noble motives. A firm and unshaken expectation of another life makes him become this; humanity and good-nature, fortified by the sense of virtue, have the same effect upon him as the neglect of all goodness has upon many others. Being firmly established in all matters of importance, that certain inattention which makes men's actions look easy, appears in him with greater beauty: by a thorough contempt of little excellences, he is perfectly master of them. This temper of mind leaves him under no necessity of studying his air, and he has this peculiar distinction, that his negligence is unaffected.

He that can work himself into a pleasure in considering this being as an uncertain one, and think to reap an advantage by its discontinuance, is in a fair way of doing all things with a graceful unconcern, and a gentleman-like ease. Such a one does not behold his life as a short transient perplexing state, made up of trifling pleasures and great anxieties; but sees it in quite another light: his griefs are momentary and his joys immortal. Reflection upon death is not a gloomy and sad thought of resigning every thing that he delights in, but it is a short night followed by an endless day. What I would here contend for is, that the more virtuous the man is, the nearer he will naturally be to the character of genteel and agreeable. A

man whose fortune is plentiful, shows an ease in his countenance, and confidence in his behaviour, which he that is under wants and difficulties cannot assume. It is thus with the state of the mind; he that governs his thoughts with the everlasting rules of reason and sense, must have something so inexpressibly graceful in his words and actions, that every circumstance must become him. The change of persons or things around him does not at all alter his situation, but he looks disinterested in the occurrences with which others are distracted, because the greatest purpose of his life is to maintain an indifference both to it and all its enjoyments. In a word, to be a fine gentleman is to be a generous and a brave man. What can make a man so much in constant good humour, and shine, as we call it, than to be supported by what can never fail him, and to believe that whatever happens to him was the best thing that could possibly befal him, or else he on whom it depends would not have permitted it to have befallen him at all!

Spectator, No. 75.] [May 26, 1711.

No. 63. *On Decayed Men of Pleasure; and other Correspondence.*

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes.—HOR. Ep. ii. 2. 55.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I am now in the sixty-fifth year of my age, and having been the greater part of my days a man of pleasure, the decay of my faculties is a stagnation of my life. But how is it, Sir, that my appetites are increased upon me with the loss of power to gratify them? I write this like a criminal, to warn people to enter upon what reformation they please to make in themselves in their youth, and not expect they shall be capable of it from a fond opinion some have often in their mouths, that if we do not leave our desires, they will leave us. It is far otherwise; I am now as vain in my dress, and as flippant, if I see a pretty woman, as when in my youth I stood upon a bench in the pit to survey the whole circle of beauties. The folly is so extrava-

gant with me, and I went on with so little check of my desires or resignation of them, that I can assure you, I very often, merely to entertain my own thoughts, sit with my spectacles on, writing love-letters to the beauties that have been long since in their graves. This is to warm my heart with the faint memory of delights which were once agreeable to me: but how much happier would my life have been now, if I could have looked back on any worthy action done for my country? if I had laid out that which I profused[n] in luxury and wantonness, in acts of generosity or charity? I have lived a bachelor to this day; and instead of a numerous offspring, with which in the regular ways of life I might possibly have delighted myself, I have only to amuse myself with the repetition of old stories and intrigues which no one will believe I ever was concerned in. I do not know whether you have ever treated of it or not; but you cannot fall on a better subject, than that of the art of growing old. In such a lecture you must propose, that no one set his heart upon what is transient: the beauty grows wrinkled while we are yet gazing at her. The witty man sinks into a humourist imperceptibly, for want of reflecting that all things around him are in a flux, and continually changing: thus he is in the space of ten or fifteen years surrounded by a new set of people, whose manners are as natural to them as his delights, method of thinking, and mode of living, were formerly to him and his friends. But the mischief is, he looks upon the same kind of error which he himself was guilty of with an eye of scorn, and with that sort of ill-will which men entertain against each other for different opinions. Thus a crazy constitution and an uneasy mind is fretted with vexatious passions for young men's doing foolishly what it is folly to do at all. Dear Sir, this is my present state of mind; I hate those I should laugh at, and envy those I contemn. The time of youth and vigorous manhood, passed the way in which I have disposed of it, is attended with these consequences; but to those who live and pass away life as they ought, all parts of it are equally pleasant; only the memory of good and worthy actions is a feast which must give a quicker relish to the soul than ever it could possibly taste in the highest enjoyments or jollities of youth. As for me, if I sit down in my great chair and begin to ponder, the vagaries of a child are not more ridiculous than the circumstances which are heaped

up in my memory; fine gowns, country dances, ends of tunes, interrupted conversations, and midnight quarrels, are what must necessarily compose my soliloquy. I beg of you to print this, that some ladies of my acquaintance, and my years, may be persuaded to wear warm night-caps this cold season; and that my old friend Jack Tawdry may buy him a cane, and not creep with the air of a strut. I must add to all this, that if it were not for one pleasure, which I thought a very mean one until of very late years, I should have no one great satisfaction left; but if I live to the tenth of March, 1714, and all my securities are good, I shall be worth fifty thousand pounds.

'I am, Sir,

'Your most humble Servant,

'JACK AFTERDAY.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'You will infinitely oblige a distressed lover, if you will insert in your very next paper the following letter to my mistress. You must know, I am not a person apt to despair, but she has got an odd humour of stopping short unaccountably, and as she herself told a confidante of hers, she has cold fits. These fits shall last her a month or six weeks together; and as she falls into them without provocation, so it is to be hoped she will return from them without the merit of new services. But life and love will not admit of such intervals, therefore pray let her be admonished as follows:

'MADAM,

'I love you and I honour you: therefore pray do not tell me of waiting until decencies, until forms, until humours, are consulted and gratified. If you have that happy constitution as to be indolent for ten weeks together, you should consider that all that while I burn in impatiences and fevers; but still you say it will be time enough, though I and you too grow older while we are yet talking[n]. Which do you think the most reasonable, that you should alter a state of indifference for happiness, and that to oblige me: or I live in torment, and that to lay no manner of obligation on you? While I indulge your insensibility I am doing nothing; if you favour my passion, you are bestowing

bright desires, gay hopes, generous cares, noble resolutions, and transporting raptures upon,

'Madam,

'Your most devoted humble Servant.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'Here is a gentlewoman lodges in the same house with me, that I never did any injury to in my whole life; and she is always railing at me to those that she knows will tell me of it. Do not you think she is in love with me? or would you have me break my mind yet, or not?

'Your Servant,

'T. B.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I am a footman in a great family, and am in love with the house-maid. We were all at hot-cockles [n] last night in the hall these holidays; when I lay down and was blinded, she pulled off her shoe, and hit me with the heel such a rap, as almost broke my head to pieces. Pray, Sir, was this love or spite?'—T.

Spectator, No. 260.] [December 28, 1711.

No. 64. *On Levity; Letters of Lydia and Mary Home.*

Σεμνὸς ἔρως ἀρετῆς, ὁ δὲ κυπρίδος ἄχος ὀφέλλει.

When I consider the false impressions which are received by the generality of the world, I am troubled at none more than a certain levity of thought, which many young women of quality have entertained, to the hazard of their characters, and the certain misfortune of their lives. The first of the following letters may best represent the faults I would now point at; and the answer to it, the temper of mind in a contrary character.

'MY DEAR HARRIOT,

'If thou art she, but oh how fallen, how changed, what an apostate! how lost to all that is gay and agreeable! To be married I find is to be buried alive; I cannot conceive it more

dismal to be shut up in a vault to converse with the shades of my ancestors, than to be carried down to an old manor-house in the country, and confined to the conversation of a sober husband, and an awkward chamber-maid. For variety I suppose you may entertain yourself with madam in her grogram gown[n], the spouse of your parish vicar, who has by this time, I am sure, well furnished you with receipts for making salves and possets, distilling cordial waters, making syrups, and applying poultices.

'Blest solitude! I wish thee joy, my dear, of thy loved retirement, which indeed you would persuade me is very agreeable, and different enough from what I have here described; but, child, I am afraid thy brains are a little disordered with romances and novels. After six months' marriage to hear thee talk of love, and paint the country scenes so softly, is a little extravagant; one would think you lived the lives of sylvan deities, or roved among the walks of paradise, like the first happy pair. But pray thee leave these whimsies, and come to town in order to live and talk like other mortals. However, as I am extremely interested in your reputation, I would willingly give you a little good advice at your first appearance under the character of a married woman. It is a little insolent in me, perhaps, to advise a matron; but I am so afraid you will make so silly a figure as a fond wife, that I cannot help warning you not to appear in any public places with your husband, and never to saunter about St. James's-park together: if you presume to enter the Ring at Hyde-park[n] together, you are ruined for ever: nor must you take the least notice of one another, at the play-house, or opera, unless you would be laughed at for a very loving couple, most happily paired in the yoke of wedlock. I would recommend the example of an acquaintance of ours to your imitation; she is the most negligent and fashionable wife in the world; she is hardly ever seen in the same place with her husband, and if they happen to meet, you would think them perfect strangers; she never was heard to name him in his absence, and takes care he shall never be the subject of any discourse that she has a share in. I hope you will propose this lady as a pattern, though I am very much afraid you will be so silly as to think Portia, etc. Sabine and Roman wives, much brighter examples. I wish it may never come into your head to

imitate those antiquated creatures so far as to come into public in the habit, as well as air, of a Roman matron. You make already the entertainment at Mrs. Modish's tea-table: she says, she always thought you a discreet person, and qualified to manage a family with admirable prudence; she dies to see what demure and serious airs wedlock has given you, but she says, she shall never forgive your choice of so gallant a man as Bellamour, to transform him into a mere sober husband; it was unpardonable. You see, my dear, we all envy your happiness, and no person more than

'Your humble Servant,

'LYDIA.'

'Be not in pain, good madam, for my appearance in town; I shall frequent no public places, or make any visits where the character of a modest wife is ridiculous. As for your wild raillery on matrimony, it is all hypocrisy; you, and all the handsome young women of your acquaintance, show yourselves to no other purpose, than to gain a conquest over some man of worth, in order to bestow your charms and fortune on him. There is no indecency in the confession; the design is modest and honourable, and all your affectation cannot disguise it.

'I am married, and have no other concern but to please the man I love; he is the end of every care I have; if I dress, it is for him; if I read a poem, or a play, it is to qualify myself for a conversation agreeable to his taste; he is almost the end of my devotions; half my prayers are for his happiness. I love to talk of him, and never hear him named but with pleasure and emotion. I am your friend, and wish you happiness, but am sorry to see, by the air of your letter, that there are a set of women who are got into the common-place raillery of every thing that is sober, decent, and proper: matrimony and the clergy are the topics of people of little wit and no understanding. I own to you, I have learned of the vicar's wife all you tax me with. She is a discreet, ingenious, pleasant, pious woman; I wish she had the handling of you and Mrs. Modish; you would find, if you were too free with her, she would soon make you as charming as ever you were; she would make you blush as much as if you never had been fine ladies. The vicar, madam, is so kind as to visit my husband, and his agreeable

conversation has brought him to enjoy many sober happy hours when even I am shut out, and my dear master is entertained only with his own thoughts. These things, dear madam, will be lasting satisfactions, when the fine ladies, and the coxcombs, by whom they form themselves, are irreparably ridiculous, ridiculous in old age.

'I am Madam,

'Your most humble Servant,

'MARY HOME.'

'DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

'You have no goodness in the world, and are not in earnest in any thing you say that is serious, if you do not send me a plain answer to this. I happened some days past to be at the play, where, during the time of the performance, I could not keep my eyes off from a beautiful young creature who sat just before me, and who, I have been since informed, has no fortune. It would utterly ruin my reputation for discretion to marry such a one, and by what I can learn she has a character of great modesty. . . . My mind has ever since been so wholly bent on her, that I am much in danger of doing something very extravagant, without your speedy advice to,

'Sir,

'Your most humble Servant.'

I am sorry I cannot answer this impatient gentleman, but by another question.

'DEAR CORRESPONDENT,

'Would you marry to please other people, or yourself?'

Spectator, No. 254.] [December 21, 1711.

No. 65. *On Scandal and Detraction.*

Invidiam placare paras, virtute relicta?—HOR. Sat. ii. 3. 13.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I have not seen you lately at any of the places where I visit, so that I am afraid you are wholly unacquainted with what

passes among my part of the world, who are, though I say it, without controversy, the most accomplished and best bred of the town. Give me leave to tell you, that I am extremely discomposed when I hear scandal, and am an utter enemy to all manner of detraction, and think it the greatest meanness that people of distinction can be guilty of. However, it is hardly possible to come into company where you do not find them pulling one another to pieces, and that from no other provocation but that of hearing any one commended. Merit, both as to wit and beauty, is become no other than the possession of a few trifling people's favour, which you cannot possibly arrive at, if you have really any thing in you that is deserving. What they would bring to pass is, to make all good and evil consist in report, and with whispers, calumnies, and impertinencies, to have the conduct of those reports. By this means, innocents are blasted upon their first appearance in town; and there is nothing more required to make a young woman the object of envy and hatred, than to deserve love and admiration. This abominable endeavour to suppress or lessen every thing that is praiseworthy is as frequent among the men as the women. If I can remember what passed at a visit last night, it will serve as an instance that the sexes are equally inclined to defamation, with equal malice, with equal impotence. Jack Triplett came into my Lady Airy's about eight of the clock. You know the manner we sit at a visit, and I need not describe the circle; but Mr. Triplett came in, introduced by two tapers supported by a spruce servant, whose hair is under a cap till my lady's candles are all lighted up, and the hour of ceremony begins; I say Jack Triplett came in, and singing (for he is really good company) "Every feature, charming creature"——he went on, "It is a most unreasonable thing, that people cannot go peaceably to see their friends, but these murderers are let loose. Such a shape! such an air! what a glance was that as her chariot passed by mine!"—My lady herself interrupted him; "Pray, who is this fine thing?"—"I warrant," says another, "'tis the creature I was telling your ladyship of just now."—"You were telling of?" says Jack; "I wish I had been so happy as to have come in and heard you; for I have not words to say what she is; but if an agreeable height, a modest air, a virgin shame, and impatience of being beheld amidst a blaze of ten thousand

charms"———The whole room flew out———"Oh, Mr. Triplett!"——When Mrs. Lofty, a known prude, said she knew whom the gentleman meant; but she was indeed, as he civilly represented her, impatient of being beheld——Then turning to the lady next to her——"The most unbred creature you ever saw!" Another pursued the discourse: "As unbred, madam, as you may think her, she is extremely belied if she is the novice she appears; she was last week at a ball till two in the morning; Mr. Triplett knows whether he was the happy man that took care of her home; but"——This was followed by some particular exception that each woman in the room made to some peculiar grace or advantage; so that Mr. Triplett was beaten from one limb and feature to another, till he was forced to resign the whole woman. In the end, I took notice Triplett recorded all this malice in his heart; and saw in his countenance, and a certain waggish shrug, that he designed to repeat the conversation: I therefore let the discourse die, and soon after took an occasion to recommend a certain gentleman of my acquaintance for a person of singular modesty, courage, integrity, and withal as a man of an entertaining conversation, to which advantages he had a shape and manner peculiarly graceful. Mr. Triplett, who is a woman's man, seemed to hear me with patience enough commend the qualities of his mind. He never heard indeed but that he was a very honest man, and no fool; but for a fine gentleman, he must ask pardon. Upon no other foundation than this, Mr. Triplett took occasion to give the gentleman's pedigree, by what methods some part of the estate was acquired, how much it was beholden to a marriage for the present circumstances of it: after all, he could see nothing but a common man in his person, his breeding, or understanding.

'Thus, Mr. Spectator, this impertinent humour of diminishing every one who is produced in conversation to their advantage, runs through the world; and I am, I confess, so fearful of the force of ill tongues, that I have begged of all those who are my well-wishers never to commend me, for it will but bring my frailties into examination; and I had rather be unobserved, than conspicuous for disputed perfections. I am confident a thousand young people, who would have been ornaments to society, have, from fear of scandal, never dared to exert

themselves in the polite arts of life. Their lives have passed away in an odious rusticity, in spite of great advantages of person, genius, and fortune. There is a vicious terror of being blamed in some well-inclined people, and a wicked pleasure in suppressing them in others; both which I recommend to your spectatorial wisdom, to animadvert upon; and if you can be successful in it, I need not say how much you will deserve of the town; but new toasts will owe to you their beauty, and new wits their fame.

'I am, Sir,

'Your most obedient humble Servant,

'MARY.'

Spectator, No. 348.] [April 9, 1712.

No. 66. *On Defamation.*

Quantum a rerum turpitudine abes, tantum te a verborum libertate sejungas.—TULL.

It is a certain sign of an ill heart to be inclined to defamation. They who are harmless and innocent can have no gratification that way; but it ever arises from a neglect of what is laudable in a man's self, and an impatience of seeing it in another. Else why should virtue provoke? Why should beauty displease in such a degree, that a man given to scandal never lets the mention of either pass by him, without offering something to the diminution of it? A lady the other day at a visit, being attacked somewhat rudely by one whose own character has been very roughly treated, answered a great deal of heat and intemperance very calmly, 'Good madam, spare me, who am none of your match; I speak ill of nobody, and it is a new thing to me to be spoken ill of.' Little minds think fame consists in the number of votes they have on their side among the multitude, whereas it is really the inseparable follower of good and worthy actions. Fame is as natural a follower of merit, as a shadow is of a body. It is true, when crowds press upon you, this shadow cannot be seen; but when they separate from around you, it will again

appear. The lazy, the idle, and the froward, are the persons who are most pleased with the little tales which pass about the town to the disadvantage of the rest of the world. Were it not for the pleasure of speaking ill, there are numbers of people who are too lazy to go out of their own houses, and too ill-natured to open their lips in conversation. It was not a little diverting the other day to observe a lady reading a post letter, and at these words, 'After all her airs, he has heard some story or other, and the match is broke off;' give orders in the midst of her reading 'Put to the horses.' That a young woman of merit has missed an advantageous settlement was news not to be delayed, lest somebody else should have given her malicious acquaintance that satisfaction before her. The unwillingness to receive good tidings is a quality as inseparable from a scandal-bearer, as the readiness to divulge bad. But alas! how wretchedly low and contemptible is that state of mind, that cannot be pleased but by what is the subject of lamentation. This temper has ever been, in the highest degree, odious to gallant spirits. The Persian soldier, who was heard reviling Alexander the Great, was well admonished by his officer, 'Sir, you are paid to fight against Alexander, and not to rail at him.'

Cicero, in one of his pleadings [n], defending his client from general scandal, says very handsomely, and with much reason, 'There are many who have particular engagements to the prosecutor; there are many who are known to have ill-will to him for whom I appear; there are many who are naturally addicted to defamation, and envious of any good to any man who may have contributed to spread reports of this kind: for nothing is so swift as scandal, nothing is more easily sent abroad, nothing received with more welcome, nothing diffuses itself so universally. I shall not desire that if any report to our disadvantage has any ground for it, you would overlook or extenuate it: but if there be any thing advanced, without a person who can say whence he had it, or which is attested by one who forgot who told him it, or who had it from one of so little consideration that he did not then think it worth his notice, all such testimonies as these, I know, you will think too slight to have any credit against the innocence and honour of your fellow-citizen.' When an ill report is traced, it very often vanishes among such as the orator has here recited. And how despicable a creature

must that be who is in pain for what passes among so frivolous a people! There is a town in Warwickshire, of good note, and formerly pretty famous for much animosity and dissension, the chief families of which have now turned all their whispers, backbitings, envies, and private malices, into mirth and entertainment, by means of a peevish old gentlewoman, known by the title of the Lady Bluemantle. This heroine had, for many years together, outdone the whole sisterhood of gossips in invention, quick utterance, and unprovoked malice. This good body is of a lasting constitution, though extremely decayed in her eyes, and decrepit in her feet. The two circumstances of being always at home from her lameness, and very attentive from her blindness, make her lodgings the receptacle of all that passes in town, good or bad; but for the latter she seems to have the better memory. There is another thing to be noted of her, which is, that, as it is usual with old people, she has a livelier memory of things which passed when she was very young than of late years. Add to all this, that she does not only not love anybody, but she hates every body. The statue in Rome[n] does not serve to vent malice half so well as this old lady does to disappoint it. She does not know the author of any thing that is told her, but can readily repeat the matter itself; therefore, though she exposes all the whole town, she offends no one body in it. She is so exquisitely restless and peevish, that she quarrels with all about her, and sometimes in a freak will instantly change her habitation. To indulge this humour, she is led about the grounds belonging to the same house she is in; and the persons to whom she is to remove, being in the plot, are ready to receive her at her own chamber again. At stated times the gentlewoman at whose house she supposes she is at the time, is sent for to quarrel with, according to her common custom. When they have a mind to drive the jest, she is immediately urged to that degree, that she will board in a family with which she has never yet been; and away she will go this instant, and tell them all that the rest have been saying of them. By this means, she has been an inhabitant of every house in the place, without stirring from the same habitation: and the many stories which every body furnishes her with, to favour that deceit, make her the general intelligencer of the town of all that can be said by one woman against another. Thus groundless stories die

away, and sometimes truths are smothered under the general word, when they have a mind to discountenance a thing, 'Oh! this is in my Lady Bluemantle's Memoirs.'

Whoever receives impressions to the disadvantage of others, without examination, is to be had in no other credit for intelligence than this good Lady Bluemantle, who is subjected to have her ears imposed upon for want of other helps to better information. Add to this, that other scandal-bearers suspend the use of these faculties which she has lost, rather than apply them to do justice to their neighbours: and I think, for the service of my fair readers, to acquaint them, that there is a voluntary Lady Bluemantle at every visit in town.

Spectator, No. 427.] [July 10, 1712.

No. 67. *On Eloquence; Talents for Conversation; Urbanus and Umbratilis; Pedantry.*

Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,
Quam sapere, et fari possit quæ sentiat?
HOR. Ep. i. 4. 8.

It is no easy matter, when people are advancing in any thing, to prevent their going too fast for want of patience. This happens in nothing more frequently than in the prosecution of studies. Hence it is, that we meet crowds who attempt to be eloquent before they can speak. They affect the flowers of rhetoric before they understand the parts of speech. In the ordinary conversation of this town, there are so many who can, as they call it, talk well, that there is not one in twenty that talks to be understood. This proceeds from an ambition to excel, or, as the term is, to shine in company. The matter is not to make themselves understood, but admired. They come together with a certain emulation, rather than benevolence. When you fall among such companions, the safe way is to give yourself up, and let the orators declaim for your esteem, and trouble yourself no further. It is said, that a poet must be born so; but I think it may be much better said of an orator, especially when we talk of our town poets and orators: but the

town poets are full of rules and laws; the town orators go through thick and thin, and are, forsooth, persons of such eminent natural parts, and knowledge of the world, that they despise all men as unexperienced scholastics, who wait for an occasion before they speak, or who speak no more than is necessary. They had half persuaded me to go to the tavern the other night, but that a gentleman whispered me, 'Pr'ythee, Isaac, go with us; there is Tom Varnish will be there, and he is a fellow that talks as well as any man in England.'

I must confess, when a man expresses himself well upon any occasion, and his falling into an account of any subject arises from a desire to oblige the company, or from fulness of the circumstance itself, so that his speaking of it at large is occasioned only by the openness of a companion; I say, in such a case as this, it is not only pardonable, but agreeable, when a man takes the discourse to himself; but when you see a fellow watch for opportunities for being copious, it is excessively troublesome. A man that stammers, if he has understanding, is to be attended to with patience and good-nature; but he that speaks more than he needs, has no right to such an indulgence. The man who has a defect in his speech takes pains to come to you, while a man of weak capacity, with fluency of speech, triumphs in outrunning you. The stammerer strives to be fit for your company; the loquacious man endeavours to show you, you are not fit for his.

With thoughts of this kind do I always enter into that man's company who is recommended as a person that talks well; but if I were to choose the people with whom I would spend my hours of conversation, they should be certainly such as laboured no farther than to make themselves readily and clearly apprehended, and would have patience and curiosity to understand me. To have good sense, and ability to express it, are the most essential and necessary qualities in companions. When thoughts rise in us fit to utter, among familiar friends there needs but very little care in clothing them.

Urbanus is, I take it, a man one might live with whole years, and enjoy all the freedom and improvement imaginable, and yet be insensible of a contradiction to you in all the mistakes you can be guilty of. His great goodwill to his friends, has produced in him such a general deference in his discourse, that

if he differs from you in his sense of any thing, he introduces his own thoughts by some agreeable circumlocution; or, 'he has often observed such and such a circumstance that made him of another opinion.' Again, where another would be apt to say, 'this I am confident of, I may pretend to judge of this matter as well as any body;' Urbanus says, 'I am verily persuaded; I believe one may conclude.' In a word, there is no man more clear in his thoughts and expressions than he is, or speaks with greater diffidence. You shall hardly find one man of any consideration, but you shall observe one of less consequence form himself after him. This happens to Urbanus; but the man who steals from him almost every sentiment he utters in a whole week, disguises the theft by carrying it with a quite different air. Umbratilis knows Urbanus's doubtful way of speaking proceeds from good-nature and good-breeding, and not from uncertainty in his opinions. Umbratilis, therefore, has no more to do but repeat the thoughts of Urbanus in a positive manner, and appear to the undiscerning a wiser man than the person from whom he borrows: but those who know him, can see the servant in his master's habit; and the more he struts, the less do his clothes appear his own.

In conversation, the medium is neither to affect silence or eloquence; not to value our approbation, and to endeavour to excel us who are of your company, are equal injuries. The great enemies therefore to good company, and those who transgress most against the laws of equality, which is the life of it, are, the clown, the wit, and the pedant. A clown, when he has sense, is conscious of his want of education, and with an awkward bluntness, hopes to keep himself in countenance by overthrowing the use of all polite behaviour. He takes advantage of the restraint good-breeding lays upon others not to offend him, to trespass against them, and is under the man's own shelter while he intrudes upon him. The fellows of this class are very frequent in the repetition of the words *rough* and *manly*. When these people happen to be by their fortunes of the rank of gentlemen, they defend their other absurdities by an impertinent courage; and, to help out the defect of their behaviour, add their being dangerous to their being disagreeable. This gentleman (though he displeases, professes to do so; and knowing that, dares still go on to do so) is not so painful

a companion, as he who will please you against your will, and resolves to be a wit.

This man, upon all occasions, and whoever he falls in company with, talks in the same circle, and in the same round of chat which he has learned at one of the tables of this coffee-house. As poetry is in itself an elevation above ordinary and common sentiments; so there is no fop so very near a madman in indifferent company as a poetical one. He is not apprehensive that the generality of the world are intent upon the business of their own fortune and profession, and have as little capacity as curiosity to enter into matters of ornament or speculation. I remember at a full table in the city, one of these ubiquitary[n] wits was entertaining the company with a soliloquy, for so I call it when a man talks to those who do not understand him, concerning wit and humour. An honest gentleman who sat next to me, and was worth half a plumb[n], stared at him, and observing there was some sense, as he thought, mixed with his impertinence, whispered me, 'Take my word for it, this fellow is more knave than fool.' This was all my good friend's applause of the wittiest man of talk that I was ever present at, which wanted nothing to make it excellent, but that there was no occasion for it.

The pedant is so obvious to ridicule, that it would be to be one to offer to explain him. He is a gentleman so well known, that there is none but those of his own class who do not laugh at and avoid him. Pedantry proceeds from much reading and little understanding. A pedant among men of learning and sense, is like an ignorant servant giving an account of a polite conversation. You may find he has brought with him more than could have entered into his head without being there, but still that he is not a bit wiser than if he had not been there at all.

Tatler, No. 244.] [October 31, 1710.

No. 68. *On Prolixity.*

Favete linguis.—HOR. Od. iii. 2. 2.

Boccalini[n], in his 'Parnassus,' indicts a laconic writer for speaking that in three words which he might have said in two,

and sentences him for his punishment to read over all the works of Guicciardini[n]. This Guicciardini is so very prolix and circumstantial in his writings, that I remember our countryman, doctor Donne[n], speaking of that majestic and concise manner in which Moses has described the creation of the world, adds, 'that if such an author as Guicciardini were to have written on such a subject, the world itself would not have been able to have contained the books that gave the history of its creation.'

I look upon a tedious talker, or what is generally known by the name of a story-teller, to be much more insufferable than even a prolix writer. An author may be tossed out of your hand, and thrown aside when he grows dull and tiresome; but such liberties are so far from being allowed towards your orators in common conversation, that I have known a challenge sent a person for going out of the room abruptly, and leaving a man of honour in the midst of a dissertation. This evil is at present so very common and epidemical, that there is scarce a coffee-house in town that has not some speakers belonging to it, who utter their political essays, and draw parallels out of Baker's 'Chronicle[n]' to almost every part of her majesty's reign. It was said of two ancient authors, who had very different beauties in their style, 'that if you took a word from one of them, you only spoiled his eloquence; but if you took a word from the other, you spoiled his sense.' I have often applied the first part of this criticism to several of these coffee-house speakers whom I have at present in my thoughts, though the character that is given to the last of those authors, is what I would recommend to the imitation of my loving countrymen. But it is not only public places of resort, but private clubs and conversations over a bottle, that are infested with this loquacious kind of animal, especially with that species which I comprehend under the name of a story-teller. I would earnestly desire these gentlemen to consider, that no point of wit or mirth at the end of a story can atone for the half hour that has been lost before they come at it. I would likewise lay it home to their serious consideration, whether they think that every man in the company has not a right to speak as well as themselves? and whether they do not think they are invading another man's property, when they engross the time which should be divided equally among the company to their own private use?

What makes this evil the much greater in conversation is, that these humdrum companions seldom endeavour to wind up their narrations into a point of mirth or instruction, which might make some amends for the tediousness of them; but think they have a right to tell any thing that has happened within their memory. They look upon matter of fact to be a sufficient foundation for a story, and give us a long account of things, not because they are entertaining or surprising, but because they are true.

My ingenious kinsman, Mr. Humphry Wagstaff[n], used to say, 'the life of man is too short for a story-teller.'

Methusalem might be half an hour in telling what o'clock it was; but as for us postdiluvians, we ought to do every thing in haste; and in our speeches, as well as actions, remember that our time is short. A man that talks for a quarter of an hour together in company, if I meet him frequently, takes up a great part of my span. A quarter of an hour may be reckoned the eight-and-fortieth part of a day, a day the three hundred and sixtieth part of a year, and a year the threescore and tenth part of life. By this moral arithmetic, supposing a man to be in the talking world one third part of the day, whoever gives another a quarter of an hour's hearing, makes him a sacrifice of more than the four hundred thousandth part of his conversable life.

I would establish but one great general rule to be observed in all conversation, which is this, 'that men should not talk to please themselves, but those that hear them.' This would make them consider, whether what they speak be worth hearing; whether there be either wit or sense in what they are about to say; and, whether it be adapted to the time when, the place where, and the person to whom, it is spoken.

For the utter extirpation of these orators and story-tellers, which I look upon as very great pests of society, I have invented a watch which divides the minute into twelve parts, after the same manner that the ordinary watches are divided into hours: and will endeavour to get a patent, which shall oblige every club or company to provide themselves with one of these watches, that shall lie upon the table, as an hour-glass is often placed near the pulpit[n], to measure out the length of a discourse.

I shall be willing to allow a man one round of my watch, that is, a whole minute, to speak in; but if he exceeds that time, it

shall be lawful for any of the company to look upon the watch, or to call him down to order.

Provided, however, that if any one can make it appear he is turned of threescore, he may take two, or, if he pleases, three rounds of the watch without giving offence. Provided, also, that this rule be not construed to extend to the fair sex, who shall still be at liberty to talk by the ordinary watch that is now in use. I would likewise earnestly recommend this little automaton, which may be easily carried in the pocket without any incumbrance, to all such as are troubled with this infirmity of speech, that upon pulling out their watches, they may have frequent occasion to consider what they are doing, and by that means cut the thread of the story short, and hurry to a conclusion. I shall only add, that this watch, with a paper of directions how to use it, is sold at Charles Lillie's.

I am afraid a Tatler will be thought a very improper paper to censure this humour of being talkative; but I would have my readers know that there is a great difference between *tattle* and *loquacity*, as I shall show at large in a following lucubration; it being my design to throw away a candle upon that subject, in order to explain the whole art of tattling in all its branches and subdivisions.

Tatler, No. 264.] [December 16, 1710.

No. 69. *On Story Telling.*

Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris, hirudo.
HOR. Ars Poet. v. ult.

Tom Lizard told us a story the other day, of some persons which our family know very well, with so much humour and life, that it caused a great deal of mirth at the tea-table. His brother Will, the Templar, was highly delighted with it, and the next day being with some of his inns-of-court acquaintance, resolved (whether out of the benevolence, or the pride of his heart, I will not determine) to entertain them with what he called 'a pleasant humour enough.' I was in great pain for him when I heard him begin, and was not at all surprised to find the

company very little moved by it. Will blushed, looked round the room, and with a forced laugh, 'Faith, gentlemen,' said he, 'I do not know what makes you look so grave, it was an admirable story when I heard it.'

When I came home I fell into a profound contemplation upon story-telling, and as I have nothing so much at heart as the good of my country, I resolved to lay down some precautions upon this subject.

I have often thought that a story-teller is born, as well as a poet. It is, I think, certain, that some men have such a peculiar cast of mind, that they see things in another light, than men of grave dispositions. Men of a lively imagination, and a mirthful temper, will represent things to their hearers in the same manner as they themselves were affected with them; and whereas serious spirits might perhaps have been disgusted at the sight of some odd occurrences in life; yet the very same occurrences shall please them in a well-told story, where the disagreeable parts of the images are concealed, and those only which are pleasing exhibited to the fancy. Story-telling is therefore not an art, but what we call a 'knack,' it doth not so much subsist upon wit as upon humour; and I will add, that it is not perfect without proper gesticulations of the body, which naturally attend such merry emotions of the mind. I know very well, that a certain gravity of countenance sets some stories off to advantage, where the hearer is to be surprised in the end; but this is by no means a general rule; for it is frequently convenient to aid and assist by cheerful looks, and whimsical agitations. I will go yet further, and affirm that the success of a story very often depends upon the make of the body, and formation of the features, of him who relates it. I have been of this opinion ever since I criticised upon the chin of Dick Dewlap. I very often had the weakness to repine at the prosperity of his conceits, which made him pass for a wit with the widow at the coffee-house, and the ordinary mechanics that frequent it; nor could I myself forbear laughing at them most heartily, though upon examination I thought most of them very flat and insipid. I found after some time, that the merit of his wit was founded upon the shaking of a fat paunch and the tossing up of a pair of rosy jowls. Poor Dick had a fit of sickness, which robbed him of his fat and his fame at once; and it

was full three months before he regained his reputation, which rose in proportion to his floridity. He is now very jolly and ingenious, and hath a good constitution for wit.

Those, who are thus adorned with the gifts of nature, are apt to shew their parts with too much ostentation: I would therefore advise all the professors of this art never to tell stories but as they seem to grow out of the subject-matter of the conversation, or as they serve to illustrate, or enliven it. Stories, that are very common, are generally irksome; but may be aptly introduced, provided they be only hinted at, and mentioned by way of allusion. Those, that are altogether new, should never be ushered in, without a short and pertinent character of the chief persons concerned; because, by that means, you make the company acquainted with them; and it is a certain rule, that slight and trivial accounts of those who are familiar to us administer more mirth, than the brightest points of wit in unknown characters. A little circumstance, in the complexion or dress of the man you are talking of, sets his image before the hearer, if it be chosen aptly for the story. Thus, I remember Tom Lizard, after having made his sisters merry with an account of a formal old man's way of complimenting, owned very frankly, that his story would not have been worth one farthing, if he had made the hat of him whom he represented one inch narrower. Besides the marking distinct characters, and selecting pertinent circumstances, it is likewise necessary to leave off in time, and end smartly. So that there is a kind of drama in the forming of a story, and the manner of conducting and pointing it, is the same as in an epigram. It is a miserable thing, after one hath raised the expectation of the company by humourous characters, and a pretty conceit, to pursue the matter too far. There is no retreating, and how poor is it for a story teller to end his relation by saying, 'that's all!'

As the choosing of pertinent circumstances is the life of a story, and that wherein humour principally consists; so the collectors of impertinent particulars are the very bane and opiates of conversation. Old men are great transgressors this way. Poor Ned Poppy,—he's gone—was a very honest man, but was so excessively tedious over his pipe, that he was not to be endured. He knew so exactly what they had for dinner,

when such a thing happened; in what ditch his bay stone-horse had his sprain at that time, and how his man John,—no! it was William, started a hare in the common-field; that he never got to the end of his tale. Then he was extremely particular in marriages and inter-marriages, and cousins twice or thrice removed; and whether such a thing happened at the latter end of July, or the beginning of August. He had a marvellous tendency likewise to digressions; insomuch that if a considerable person was mentioned in his story, he would straightway launch out into an episode on him; and again, if in that person's story he had occasion to remember a third man, he broke off, and gave us his history, and so on. He always put me in mind of what Sir William Temple informs us of the tale-tellers in the north of Ireland, who are hired to tell stories of giants and enchanters to lull people asleep[n]. These historians are obliged, by their bargain, to go on without stopping; so that after the patient hath by this benefit enjoyed a long nap, he is sure to find the operator proceeding in his work. Ned procured the like effect in me the last time I was with him. As he was in the third hour of his story, and very thankful that his memory did not fail him, I fairly nodded in the elbow chair. He was much affronted at this, till I told him, 'Old friend, you have your infirmity, and I have mine.'

But of all evils in story-telling, the humour of telling tales one after another, in great numbers, is the least supportable. Sir Harry Pandolf and his son gave my lady Lizard great offence in this particular. Sir Harry hath what they call a string of stories, which he tells over every Christmas. When our family visits there, we are constantly, after supper, entertained with the Glastonbury Thorn[n]. When we have wondered at that a little, 'Ay, but, father,' saith the son, 'let us have the spirit in the wood.' After that hath been laughed at, 'Ay, but, father,' cries the booby again, 'tell us how you served the robber.' 'Alack-a-day,' said Sir Harry, with a smile, and rubbing his forehead, 'I have almost forgot that: but it is a pleasant conceit, to be sure.' Accordingly he tells that and twenty more in the same independent order; and without the least variation, at this day, as he hath done, to my knowledge, ever since the revolution. I must not forget a very odd compliment that Sir Harry always makes my lady when he dines

here. After dinner he strokes his belly, and says with a feigned concern in his countenance, 'Madam, I have lost by you to-day.' 'How so, Sir Harry,' replies my lady. 'Madam,' says he, 'I have lost an excellent stomach.' At this, his son and heir laughs immoderately, and winks upon Mrs. Annabella. This is the thirty-third time that Sir Harry hath been thus arch, and I can bear it no longer.

As the telling of stories is a great help and life to conversation, I always encourage them, if they are pertinent and innocent; in opposition to those gloomy mortals, who disdain every thing but matter of fact. Those grave fellows are my aversion, who sift every thing with the utmost nicety, and find the malignity of a lie in a piece of humour, pushed a little beyond exact truth. I likewise have a poor opinion of those, who have got a trick of keeping a steady countenance, that cock their hats, and look glum when a pleasant thing is said, and ask, 'Well! and what then?' Men of wit and parts should treat one another with benevolence: and I will lay it down as a maxim, that if you seem to have a good opinion of another man's wit, he will allow you to have judgment.

Guardian, No. 42.] [April 29, 1713.

No. 70. *On Button Holding and other Arts of Oratory.*

Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris, hirudo.
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. ult.

'*To the Honoured Nestor Ironside, Esq.*

'Middle Temple, June 12.

'SIR,

'Presuming you may sometimes condescend to take cognizance of small enormities, I here lay one before you, which I proceed to without farther apology, as well knowing the best compliment to a man of business is to come to the point.

'There is a silly habit among many of our minor orators, who display their eloquence in the several coffee-houses of this fair city, to the no small annoyance of considerable numbers of her

majesty's spruce and loving subjects, and that is a humour they have got of twisting off your buttons. These ingenious gentlemen are not able to advance three words until they have got fast hold of one of your buttons; but as soon as they have procured such an excellent handle for discourse, they will indeed proceed with great elocution. I know not how well some may have escaped, but for my part I have often met with them to my cost; having I believe within these three years last past been argued out of several dozens; insomuch that I have for some time ordered my tailor to bring me home with every suit a dozen at least of spare ones, to supply the place of such as from time to time are detached as a help to discourse, by the vehement gentlemen before-mentioned. This way of holding a man in discourse is much practised in the coffee-houses within the city, and does not indeed so much prevail at the politer end of the town. It is likewise more frequently made use of among the small politicians, than any other body of men; I am therefore something cautious of entering into a controversy with this species of statesmen, especially the younger fry; for if you offer in the least to dissent from any thing that one of these advances, he immediately steps up to you, takes hold of one of your buttons, and indeed will soon convince you of the strength of his argumentation. I remember, upon the news of Dunkirk's being delivered into our hands, a brisk little fellow, a politician and an able engineer, had got into the middle of Batson's coffee-house[n], and was fortifying Graveling for the service of the most Christian king, with all imaginable expedition. The work was carried on with such success, that in less than a quarter of an hour's time, he had made it almost impregnable, and in the opinion of several worthy citizens who had gathered round him, full as strong both by sea and land as Dunkirk ever could pretend to be. I happened, however, unadvisedly to attack some of his outworks; upon which, to show his great skill likewise in the offensive part, he immediately made an assault upon one of my buttons, and carried it in less than two minutes, notwithstanding I made as handsome a defence as was possible. He had likewise invested a second, and would certainly have been master of that too in a very little time, had not he been diverted from this enterprise by the arrival of a courier, who brought advice that his presence was absolutely

necessary in the disposal of a beaver[n], upon which he raised the siege, and indeed retired with some precipitation. In the coffee-houses here about the Temple, you may harangue even among our dabblers in politics for about two buttons a day, and many times for less. I had yesterday the good fortune to receive very considerable additions to my knowledge in state affairs, and I find this morning, that it has not stood me in above a button. In most of the eminent coffee-houses at the other end of the town, for example, to go no farther than Will's in Covent-garden[n], the company is so refined, that you may hear and be heard, and not be a button the worse for it. Besides the gentlemen before-mentioned, there are others who are no less active in their harangues, but with gentle services rather than robberies. These, while they are improving your understanding, are at the same time setting off your person; they will new-plait and adjust your neckcloth.

'But though I can bear with this kind of orator, who is so humble as to aim at the good-will of his hearer by being his valet de chambre, I must rebel against another sort of them. There are some, sir, that do not stick to take a man by the collar when they have a mind to persuade him. It is your business, I humbly presume, Mr. Ironside, to interpose that a man is not brought over to his opponent by force of arms. It were requisite therefore that you should name a certain interval, which ought to be preserved between the speaker and him to whom he speaks. For sure no man has a right, because I am not of his opinion, to take any of my clothes from me, or dress me according to his own liking. I assure you the most becoming thing to me in the world is, in a campaign periwig[n], to wear one side before and the other cast upon the collateral shoulder. But there is a friend of mine who never talks to me but he throws that which I wear forward, upon my shoulder, so that in restoring it to its place I lose two or three hairs out of the lock upon my buttons; though I never touched him in my whole life, and have been acquainted with him these ten years. I have seen my eager friend in danger sometimes of a quarrel by this ill custom, for there are more young gentlemen who can feel, than can understand. It would be therefore a good office to my good friend if you advised him not to collar any man but one who knows what he means, and give it him as a standing

precaution in conversation, that none but a very good friend will give him the liberty of being seen, felt, heard, and understood all at once.

'I am Sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'JOHANNES MISOCHIROSOPHUS.

'P.S. I have a sister who saves herself from being handled by one of these manual rhetoricians by giving him her fan to play with; but I appeal to you in the behalf of us poor helpless men.'

'June 15, 1713.

'I am of opinion, that no orator or speaker in public or private has any right to meddle with any body's clothes but his own. I indulge men in the liberty of playing with their own hats, fumbling in their own pockets, settling their own periwigs, tossing or twisting their heads, and all other gesticulations which may contribute to their elocution; but pronounce it an infringement of the English liberty, for a man to keep his neighbour's person in custody in order to force a hearing; and farther declare, that all assent given by an auditor under such constraint, is of itself void and of no effect.

'NESTOR IRONSIDE.'

Guardian, No. 84.] [June 17, 1713.

No. 71. *On Inquisitive Men.*

Percunctatorem fugito, nam garrulus idem est.
HOR. Ep. i. 18. 69.

There is a creature who has all the organs of speech, a tolerably good capacity for conceiving what is said to it, together with a pretty proper behaviour in all the occurrences of common life; but naturally very vacant of thought in itself, and therefore forced to apply itself to foreign assistances. Of this make is that man who is very inquisitive. You may often observe, that though he speaks as good sense as any man upon any thing with which he is well acquainted, he cannot trust to the

range of his own fancy to entertain himself upon that foundation, but goes on still to new inquiries. Thus, though you know he is fit for the most polite conversation, you shall see him very well contented to sit by a jockey, giving an account of the many revolutions in his horse's health, what potion he made him take, how that agreed with him, how afterwards he came to his stomach and his exercise, or any the like impertinence; and be as well pleased as if you talked to him on the most important truths. This humour is far from making a man unhappy, though it may subject him to raillery; for he generally falls in with a person who seems to be born for him, which is your talkative fellow. It is so ordered, that there is a secret bent, as natural as the meeting of different sexes, in these two characters, to supply each other's wants. I had the honour the other day to sit in a public room, and saw an inquisitive man look with an air of satisfaction upon the approach of one of these talkers. The man of ready utterance sat down by him, and rubbing his head, leaning on his arm, and making an uneasy countenance, he began: 'There is no manner of news to-day. I cannot tell what is the matter with me, but I slept very ill last night; whether I caught cold or no, I know not, but I fancy I do not wear shoes thick enough for the weather, and I have coughed all this week. It must be so, for the custom of washing my head winter and summer with cold water, prevents any injury from the season entering that way; so it must come in at my feet; but I take no notice of it: as it comes so it goes. Most of our evils proceed from too much tenderness; and our faces are naturally as little able to resist the cold as other parts. The Indian answered very well to an European, who asked him how he could go naked; "I am all face."'

I observed this discourse was as welcome to my general inquirer as any other of more consequence could have been; but somebody calling our talker to another part of the room, the inquirer told the next man who sat by him, that Mr. Such-a-one, who was just gone from him, used to wash his head in cold water every morning; and so repeated almost verbatim all that had been said to him. The truth is, the inquisitive are the funnels of conversation; they do not take in any thing for their own use, but merely to pass it to another. They are the channels through which all the good and evil that is spoken in

town are conveyed. Such as are offended at them, or think they suffer by their behaviour, may themselves mend that inconvenience; for they are not a malicious people, and if you will supply them, you may contradict any thing they have said before by their own mouths. A further account of a thing is one of the gratefullest goods that can arrive to them; and it is seldom that they are more particular than to say, 'The town will have it, or I have it from a good hand;' so that there is room for the town to know the matter more particularly, and for a better hand to contradict what was said by a good one.

I have not known this humour more ridiculous than in a father, who has been earnestly solicitous to have an account how his son has passed his leisure hours; if it be in a way thoroughly insignificant, there cannot be a greater joy than an inquirer discovers in seeing him follow so hopefully his own steps. But this humour among men is most pleasant when they are saying something which is not wholly proper for a third person to hear, and yet is in itself indifferent. The other day there came in a well-dressed young fellow, and two gentlemen of this species immediately fell a whispering his pedigree. I could overhear by breaks, 'She was his aunt;' then an answer, 'Aye, she was, of the mother's side;' then again, in a little lower voice, 'His father wore generally a darker wig;' answer, 'Not much, but this gentleman wears higher heels to his shoes.'

As the inquisitive, in my opinion, are such merely from a vacancy in their own imaginations, there is nothing, methinks, so dangerous as to communicate secrets to them; for the same temper of inquiry makes them as impertinently communicative; but no man, though he converses with them, need put himself in their power, for they will be contented with matters of less moment as well. When there is fuel enough, no matter what it is.——Thus the ends of sentences in the newspapers, as 'This wants confirmation,'—'This occasions many speculations,' and 'Time will discover the event,' are read by them, and considered not as mere expletives.

One may see now and then this humour accompanied with an insatiable desire of knowing what passes without turning it to any use in the world but merely their own entertainment. A mind which is gratified this way is adapted to humour and

pleasantry, and formed for an unconcerned character in the world; and, like myself, to be a mere Spectator. This curiosity, without malice or self-interest, lays up in the imagination a magazine of circumstances which cannot but entertain when they are produced in conversation. If one were to know, from the man of the first quality to the meanest servant, the different intrigues, sentiments, pleasures, and interests of mankind, would it not be the most pleasing entertainment imaginable to enjoy so constant a farce, as the observing mankind much more different from themselves in their secret thoughts and public actions, than in their nightcaps and long periwigs?

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'Plutarch[n] tells us, that Caius Gracchus, the Roman, was frequently hurried by his passions into so loud and tumultuous a way of speaking, and so strained his voice, as not to be able to proceed. To remedy this excess, he had an ingenious servant, by name Licinius, always attending him with a pitch-pipe, or instrument to regulate the voice; who, whenever he heard his master begin to be high, immediately touched a soft note, at which, 'tis said, Caius would presently abate and grow calm.

'Upon recollecting this story, I have frequently wondered that this useful instrument should have been so long discontinued; especially since we find that this good office of Licinius has preserved his memory for many hundred years, which, methinks, should have encouraged some one to have revived it, if not for the public good, yet for his own credit. It may be objected, that our loud talkers are so fond of their own noise, that they would not take it well to be checked by their servants. But granting this to be true, surely any of their hearers have a very good title to play a soft note in their own defence. To be short, no Licinius appearing, and the noise increasing, I was resolved to give this late long vacation to the good of my country; and I have at length, by the assistance of an ingenious artist (who works for the Royal Society), almost completed my design, and shall be ready in a short time to furnish the public with what number of these instruments they please, either to lodge at coffee-houses, or carry for their own private use. In the mean time I shall pay that respect to several gentlemen,

who I know will be in danger of offending against this instrument, to give them notice of it by private letters, in which I shall only write, 'get a Licinius.'

'I should now trouble you no longer, but that I must not conclude without desiring you to accept one of these pipes, which shall be left for you with Buckley[n]; and which I hope will be serviceable to you, since as you are silent yourself, you are most open to the insults of the noisy.

'I am, Sir, &c.,

'W. B.'

'I had almost forgot to inform you, that as an improvement in this instrument, there will be a particular note, which I shall call a hush-note; and this is to be made use of against a long story, swearing, obsceneness, and the like.'

Spectator, No. 228.] [November 21, 1711.

No. 72. *On a Scene of Bodily Wit.*

I am got hither safe[n], but never spent time with so little satisfaction as this evening; for you must know, I was five hours with three Merry, and two Honest, Fellows. The former sang catches; and the latter even died with laughing at the noise they made. 'Well,' says Tom Bellfrey, 'you scholars, Mr. Bickerstaff, are the worst company in the world.'—'Ay,' says his opposite, 'you are dull to-night; pr'ythee be merry.' With that I huzzaed, and took a jump cross the table, then came clever upon my legs, and fell a-laughing. 'Let Mr. Bickerstaff alone,' says one of the Honest Fellows; 'when he is in a good humour, he is as good company as any man in England.' He had no sooner spoke, but I snatched his hat off his head, and clapped it upon my own, and burst out a-laughing again; upon which we all fell a-laughing for half an hour. One of the honest fellows got behind me in the interim, and hit me a sound slap on the back; upon which he got the laugh out of my hands; and it was such a twang on my shoulders, that I confess he was much merrier than I. I was half angry; but resolved to keep up the good humour of the company; and

after hollowing as loud as I could possibly, I drank off a bumper of claret, that made me stare again. 'Nay,' says one of the honest fellows, 'Mr. Isaac is in the right, there is no conversation in this; what signifies jumping, or hitting one another on the back? let us drink about.' We did so from seven of the clock until eleven; and now I am come hither, and, after the manner of the wise Pythagoras, begin to reflect upon the passages of the day. I remember nothing but that I am bruised to death; and as it is my way to write down all the good things I have heard in the last conversation, to furnish my paper, I can from this only tell you my sufferings and my bangs.

I named Pythagoras just now; and I protest to you, as he believed men after death entered into other species, I am now and then tempted to think other animals enter into men, and could name several on two legs, that never discover any sentiments above what is common with the species of a lower kind; as we see in these bodily wits with whom I was to night, whose parts consist in strength and activity; but their boisterous mirth gives me great impatience for the return of such happiness as I enjoyed in a conversation last week. Among others in that company we had Florio, who never interrupted any man living when he was speaking; or ever ceased to speak, but others lamented that he had done. His discourse ever arises from the fulness of the matter before him, and not from ostentation or triumph of his understanding; for though he seldom delivers what he need fear being repeated, he speaks without having that end in view; and his forbearance of calumny or bitterness is owing rather to his good-nature than his discretion; for which reason he is esteemed a gentleman perfectly qualified for conversation, in whom a general goodwill to mankind takes off the necessity of caution and circumspection.

We had at the same time that evening the best sort of companion that can be, a good-natured old man. This person, in the company of young men, meets with veneration for his benevolence; and is not only valued for the good qualities of which he is master, but reaps an acceptance from the pardon he gives to other men's faults: and the ingenuous sort of men with whom he converses, have so just a regard for him, that he

rather is an example, than a check, to their behaviour. For this reason, as Senecio never pretends to be a man of pleasure before youth, so young men never set up for wisdom before Senecio; so that you never meet, where he is, those monsters of conversation, who are grave or gay above their years. He never converses but with followers of nature and good sense, where all that is uttered is only the effect of a communicable temper, and not of emulation to excel their companions; all desire of superiority being a contradiction to that spirit which makes a just conversation, the very essence of which is mutual good-will. Hence it is, that I take it for a rule, that the natural, and not the acquired man, is the companion. Learning, wit, gallantry, and good breeding, are all but subordinate qualities in society, and are of no value, but as they are subservient to benevolence, and tend to a certain manner of being or appearing equal to the rest of the company; for conversation is composed of an assembly of men, as they are men, and not as they are distinguished by fortune: therefore he who brings his quality with him into conversation, should always pay the reckoning; for he came to receive homage, and not to meet his friends. But the din about my ears from the clamour of the people I was with this evening, has carried me beyond my intended purpose, which was to explain upon the order of merry fellows; but I think I may pronounce of them, as I heard good Senecio, with a spice of the wit of the last age, say, viz. 'That a merry fellow is the saddest fellow in the world.'

Tatler, No. 45.] [July 22, 1709.

No. 73. *On the Affectation of Faults and Imperfections; Exploit of the Nickers.*

As bad as the world is, I find by very strict observation upon virtue and vice, that if men appeared no worse than they really are, I should have less work than at present I am obliged to undertake for their reformation. They have generally taken up a kind of inverted ambition, and affect even faults and imperfections of which they are innocent. The other day in a

coffee-house I stood by a young heir, with a fresh, sanguine, and healthy look, who entertained us with an account of his diet-drink; though, to my knowledge, he is as sound as any of his tenants.

This worthy youth put me into reflections upon that subject; and I observed the fantastical humour to be so general, that there is hardly a man who is not more or less tainted with it. The first of this order of men are the valetudinarians, who are never in health; but complain of want of stomach or rest every day until noon, and then devour all which comes before them. Lady Dainty[n] is convinced, that it is necessary for a gentlewoman to be out of order; and, to preserve that character, she dines every day in her closet at twelve, that she may become her table at two, and be unable to eat in public. About five years ago, I remember, it was the fashion to be short-sighted. A man would not own an acquaintance until he had first examined him with his glass. At a lady's entrance into the play-house, you might see tubes immediately levelled at her from every quarter of the pit and side-boxes[n]. However, that mode of infirmity is out, and the age has recovered its sight: but the blind seemed to be succeeded by the lame, and a jaunty limp is the present beauty. I think I have formerly observed, a cane is part of the dress of a prig, and always worn upon a button, for fear he should be thought to have an occasion for it, or be esteemed really, and not genteelly a cripple. I have considered, but could never find out the bottom of this vanity. I indeed have heard of a Gascon general, who, by the lucky grazing of a bullet on the roll of his stocking, took occasion to halt all his life after. But as for our peaceable cripples, I know no foundation for their behaviour, without it may be supposed that, in this warlike age, some think a cane the next honour to a wooden leg. This sort of affectation I have known run from one limb or member to another. Before the limpers came in, I remember a race of lispers, fine persons, who took an aversion to particular letters in our language. Some never uttered the letter H; and others had as mortal an aversion to S. Others have had their fashionable defect in their ears, and would make you repeat all you said twice over. I know an ancient friend of mine, whose table is every day surrounded with flatterers, that makes use of this, sometimes as a piece of

grandeur, and at others as an art, to make them repeat their commendations. Such affectations have been indeed in the world in ancient times; but they fell into them out of politic ends. Alexander the Great had a wry neck, which made it the fashion in his court to carry their heads on one side when they came into the presence. One who thought to outshine the whole court, carried his head so over complaisantly, that this martial prince gave him so great a box on the ear, as set all the heads of the court upright.

This humour takes place in our minds as well as bodies. I know at this time a young gentleman, who talks atheistically all day in coffee-houses, and in his degrees of understanding sets up for a free-thinker; though it can be proved upon him, he says his prayers every morning and evening. But this class of modern wits I shall reserve for a chapter by itself.

Of the like turn are all your marriage-haters, who rail at the noose, at the words, 'for ever and aye,' and at the same time are secretly pining for some young thing or other that makes their hearts ache by her refusal. The next to these are such as pretend to govern their wives, and boast how ill they use them, when, at the same time, go to their houses and you shall see them step as if they feared making a noise, and are as fond as an alderman. I do not know but sometimes these pretences may arise from a desire to conceal a contrary defect than that they set up for. I remember, when I was a young fellow, we had a companion of a very fearful complexion, who, when we sat in to drink, would desire us to take his sword from him when he grew fuddled, for it was his misfortune to be quarrelsome.

There are many, many of these evils, which demand my observation; but because I have of late been thought somewhat too satirical, I shall give them warning, and declare to the whole world, that they are not true, but false hypocrites; and make it out that they are good men in their hearts. The motive of this monstrous affectation, in the above-mentioned and the like particulars, I take to proceed from that noble thirst of fame and reputation which is planted in the hearts of all men. As this produces elegant writings and gallant actions in men of great abilities, it also brings forth spurious productions in men who are not capable of distinguishing themselves by things which are really praise-worthy. As the desire of fame in men

of true wit and gallantry shows itself in proper instances, the same desire in men who have the ambition without proper faculties, runs wild and discovers itself in a thousand extravagancies, by which they would signalize themselves from others, and gain a set of admirers. When I was a middle-aged man, there were many societies of ambitious young men in England, who, in their pursuits after fame, were every night employed in roasting porters, smoking cobblers, knocking down watchmen, overturning constables, breaking windows, blackening sign-posts, and the like immortal enterprises, that dispersed their reputation throughout the whole kingdom. One could hardly find a knocker at a door in a whole street after a midnight expedition of these beaux esprits. I was lately very much surprised by an account of my maid, who entered my bed-chamber this morning in a very great fright, and told me, she was afraid my parlour was haunted; for that she had found several panes of my windows broken, and the floor strewed with half-pence[n]. I have not yet a full light into this new way, but am apt to think, that it is a generous piece of wit that some of my contemporaries make use of, to break windows, and leave money to pay for them.

Tatler, No. 77.] [October 5, 1709.

No. 74. *On Frolics, with a Digression upon Estcourt.*

Desipere in loco.—HOR. Od. iv. 12. 1 ult.

Charles Lillie attended me the other day, and made me a present of a large sheet of paper[n], on which is delineated a pavement in Mosaic work, lately discovered at Stunsfield near Woodstock. A person who has so much the gift of speech as Mr. Lillie, and can carry on a discourse without a reply, had great opportunity on that occasion to expatiate upon so fine a piece of antiquity. Among other things, I remember he gave me his opinion, which he drew from the ornaments of the work, that this was the floor of a room dedicated to Mirth and Concord. Viewing this work, made my fancy run over the many

gay expressions I had read in ancient authors, which contained invitations to lay aside care and anxiety, and give a loose to that pleasing forgetfulness wherein men put off their characters of business, and enjoy their very selves. These hours were usually passed in rooms adorned for that purpose, and set out in such a manner, as the objects all around the company gladdened their hearts; which, joined in the cheerful looks of well-chosen and agreeable friends, gave new vigour to the airy, produced the latent fire of the modest, and gave grace to the slow humour of the reserved. A judicious mixture of such company, crowned with chaplets of flowers, and the whole apartment glittering with gay lights, cheered with a profusion of roses, artificial falls of water, and intervals of soft notes to songs of love and wine, suspended the cares of human life, and made a festival of mutual kindness. Such parties of pleasure as these, and the reports of the agreeable passages in their jollities, have in all ages awakened the dull part of mankind to pretend to mirth and good humour, without capacity for such entertainments; for, if I may be allowed to say so, there are a hundred men fit for any employment, to one who is capable of passing a night in company of the first taste, without shocking any member of the society, overrating his own part of the conversation, but equally receiving and contributing to the pleasure of the whole company. When one considers such collections of companions in past times, and such as one might name in the present age, with how much spleen must a man needs reflect upon the awkward gaiety of those who affect the frolic with an ill grace! I have a letter from a correspondent of mine, who desires me to admonish all loud, mischievous, airy, dull companions, that they are mistaken in what they call a frolic. Irregularity in itself is not what creates pleasure and mirth; but to see a man, who knows what rule and decency are, descend from them agreeably in our company, is what denominates him a pleasant companion. Instead of that, you find many whose mirth consists only in doing things which do not become them, with a secret consciousness that all the world knows they know better: to this is always added something mischievous to themselves or others. I have heard of some very merry fellows among whom the frolic was started, and passed by a great majority, that every man should immediately

draw a tooth; after which they have gone in a body and smoked a cobbler. The same company, at another night, has each man burned his cravat; and one perhaps, whose estate would bear it, has thrown a long wig and laced hat into the same fire[n]. Thus they have jested themselves stark-naked, and run into the streets and frightened women very successfully. There is no inhabitant of any standing in Covent-garden, but can tell you a hundred good humours, where people have come off with a little bloodshed, and yet scoured all the witty hours of the night. I know a gentleman that has several wounds in the head by watch-poles, and has been thrice run through the body to carry on a good jest. He is very old for a man of so much good humour; but to this day he is seldom merry but he has occasion to be valiant at the same time. But, by the favour of these gentlemen, I am humbly of opinion, that a man may be a very witty man, and never offend one statute of this kingdom, not excepting even that of stabbing.

The writers of plays have what they call unity of time and place, to give a justness to their representation; and it would not be amiss if all who pretend to be companions would confine their actions to the place of meeting; for a frolic carried further may be better performed by other animals than men. It is not to rid much ground, or do much mischief, that should denominate a pleasant fellow, but that is truly frolic which is the play of the mind, and consists of various and unforced sallies of imagination. Festivity of spirit is a very uncommon talent, and must proceed from an assemblage of agreeable qualities in the same person. There are some few whom I think peculiarly happy in it; but it is a talent one cannot name in a man, especially when one considers, that it is never very graceful but where it is regarded by him who possesses it in the second place. The best man that I know of for heightening the revel gaiety of a company is Estcourt, whose jovial humour diffuses itself from the highest person at an entertainment to the meanest waiter. Merry tales, accompanied with apt gestures and lively representations of circumstances and persons, beguile the gravest mind into a consent to be as humourous as himself. Add to this, that when a man is in his good graces, he has a mimicry that does not debase the person he represents; but which, taking from the gravity of the character, adds to the

agreeableness of it. This pleasant fellow gives one some idea of the ancient pantomime[n], who is said to have given the audience in dumb-show, an exact idea of any character or passion, or an intelligible relation of any public occurrence, with no other expression than that of his looks and gestures. If all who have been obliged to these talents in Estcourt[n] will be at *Love for Love* to-morrow night, they will but pay him what they owe him, at so easy a rate as being present at a play which nobody would omit seeing, that had, or had not, ever seen it before.

Spectator, No. 358.] [April 21, 1712.

No. 75. *On Duelling.*

Quicquid agunt homines—
nostri est farrago libelli.—Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

A letter from a young lady, written in the most passionate terms, wherein she laments the misfortune of a gentleman, her lover, who was lately wounded in a duel[n], has turned my thoughts to that subject, and inclined me to examine into the causes which precipitate men into so fatal a folly. And as it has been proposed to treat of subjects of gallantry in the article from hence, and no one point in nature is more proper to be considered by the company who frequent this place than that of duels, it is worth our consideration to examine into this chimerical groundless humour, and to lay every other thought aside, until we have stripped it of all its false pretences to credit and reputation amongst men.

But I must confess, when I consider what I am going about, and run over in my imagination all the endless crowd of men of honour who will be offended at such a discourse; I am undertaking, methinks, a work worthy an invulnerable hero in romance, rather than a private gentleman with a single rapier: but as I am pretty well acquainted by great opportunities with the nature of man, and know of a truth that all men fight against their will, the danger vanishes, and resolution rises upon this subject. For this reason, I shall talk very freely on a custom which all men wish exploded, though no man has courage enough to resist it.

But there is one unintelligible word, which I fear will extremely perplex my dissertation, and I confess to you I find very hard to explain, which is the term 'satisfaction.' An honest country gentleman had the misfortune to fall into company with two or three modern men of honour, where he happened to be very ill treated; and one of the company, being conscious of his offence, sends a note to him in the morning, and tells him, he was ready to give him *satisfaction*. 'This is fine doing,' says the plain fellow; 'last night he sent me away cursedly out of humour, and this morning he fancies it would be a *satisfaction* to be run through the body!'

As the matter at present stands, it is not to do handsome actions denominates a man of honour; it is enough if he dares to defend ill ones. Thus you often see a common sharper in competition with a gentleman of the first rank; though all mankind is convinced, that a fighting gamester is only a pick-pocket with the courage of a highwayman. One cannot with any patience reflect on the unaccountable jumble of persons and things in this town and nation, which occasions very frequently, that a brave man falls by a hand below that of a common hangman, and yet his executioner escapes the clutches of the hangman for doing it. I shall therefore hereafter consider, how the bravest men in other ages and nations have behaved themselves upon such incidents as we decide by combat; and show, from their practice, that this resentment neither has its foundation from true reason or solid fame; but is an imposture, made of cowardice, falsehood, and want of understanding. For this work, a good history of quarrels would be very edifying to the public, and I apply myself to the town for particulars and circumstances within their knowledge, which may serve to embellish the dissertation with proper cuts. Most of the quarrels I have ever known, have proceeded from some valiant coxcomb's persisting in the wrong, to defend some prevailing folly, and preserve himself from the ingenuousness of owning a mistake.

By this means it is called 'giving a man satisfaction,' to urge your offence against him with your sword ... If the contradiction in the very terms of one of our challenges were as well explained and turned into downright English, would it not run after this manner?

'SIR,

'Your extraordinary behaviour last night, and the liberty you were pleased to take with me, makes me this morning give you this, to tell you, because you are an ill-bred puppy, I will meet you in Hyde-park an hour hence; and because you want both breeding and humanity, I desire you would come with a pistol in your hand, on horseback, and endeavour to shoot me through the head, to teach you more manners. If you fail of doing me this pleasure, I shall say, you are a rascal, on every post in town: and so, sir, if you will not injure me more, I shall never forgive what you have done already. Pray, sir, do not fail of getting every thing ready; and you will infinitely oblige, sir, your most obedient humble servant, &c.'

Tatler, No. 25]. [June 6, 1709.

No. 76. *On Fashionable Hours.*

Minimâ contentos nocte Britannos.—JUV. Sat. ii. 161.

An old friend of mine being lately come to town, I went to see him on Tuesday last about eight o'clock in the evening, with a design to sit with him an hour or two, and talk over old stories; but, upon enquiry after him, I found he was gone to bed. The next morning, as soon as I was up and dressed, and had despatched a little business, I came again to my friend's house about eleven o'clock, with a design to renew my visit; but, upon asking for him, his servant told me he was just sat down to dinner. In short, I found that my old-fashioned friend religiously adhered to the example of his forefathers, and observed the same hours that had been kept in the family ever since the Conquest.

It is very plain, that the night was much longer formerly in this island than it is at present. By the night, I mean that portion of time which nature has thrown into darkness, and which the wisdom of mankind had formerly dedicated to rest and silence. This used to begin at eight o'clock in the evening, and conclude at six in the morning. The curfew, or eight

o'clock bell, was the signal throughout the nation for putting out their candles and going to-bed.

Our grandmothers, though they were wont to sit up the last in the family, were all of them fast asleep at the same hours that their daughters are busy at crimp and basset[n]. Modern statesmen are concerting schemes, and engaged in the depth of politics, at the time when their forefathers were laid down quietly to rest, and had nothing in their heads but dreams. As we have thus thrown business and pleasure into the hours of rest, and by that means made the natural night but half as long as it should be, we are forced to piece it out with a great part of the morning; so that near two thirds of the nation lie fast asleep for several hours in broad day light. This irregularity is grown so very fashionable at present, that there is scarce a lady of quality in Great Britain that ever saw the sun rise. And, if the humour increases in proportion to what it has done of late years, it is not impossible but our children may hear the bellman[n] going about the streets at nine o'clock in the morning, and the watch making their rounds until eleven. This unaccountable disposition in mankind to continue awake in the night, and sleep in the sunshine, has made me enquire, whether the same change of inclination has happened to any other animals? For this reason, I desired a friend of mine in the country to let me know, whether the lark rises as early as he did formerly; and whether the cock begins to crow at his usual hour. My friend answered me, 'that his poultry are as regular as ever, and that all the birds and beasts of his neighbourhood keep the same hours that they have observed in the memory of man; and the same which, in all probability, they have kept for these five thousand years.'

If you would see the innovations that have been made among us in this particular, you may only look into the hours of colleges, where they still dine at eleven, and sup at six, which were doubtless the hours of the whole nation at the time when those places were founded. But at present, the courts of justice are scarce opened in Westminster-hall at the time when William Rufus used to go to dinner in it. All business is driven forward. The land-marks of our fathers, if I may so call them, are removed, and planted further up into the day; insomuch, that I am afraid our clergy will be obliged, if they expect full con-

gregations, not to look any more upon ten o'clock in the morning as a canonical hour. In my own memory [n], the dinner has crept by degrees from twelve o'clock to three, and where it will fix nobody knows.

I have sometimes thought to draw up a memorial in the behalf of Supper against Dinner, setting forth, that the said Dinner has made several encroachments upon the said Supper, and entered very far upon his frontiers; that he has banished him out of several families, and in all has driven him from his head quarters, and forced him to make his retreat into the hours of midnight; and, in short, that he is now in danger of being entirely confounded and lost in a breakfast. Those who have read Lucian, and seen the complaints of the letter *T* against *S*, upon account of many injuries and usurpations of the same nature, will not, I believe, think such a memorial forced and unnatural. If dinner has been thus postponed, or, if you please, kept back from time to time, you may be sure that it has been in compliance with the other business of the day, and that supper has still observed a proportionable distance. There is a venerable proverb, which we have all of us heard in our infancy, of 'putting the children to-bed, and laying the goose to the fire.' This was one of the jocular sayings of our forefathers, but may be properly used in the literal sense at present. Who would not wonder at this perverted relish of those who are reckoned the most polite part of mankind, that prefer sea-coals and candles to the sun, and exchange so many cheerful morning hours, for the pleasures of midnight revels and debauches? If a man was only to consult his health, he would choose to live his whole time, if possible, in daylight; and to retire out of the world into silence and sleep, while the raw damps and unwholesome vapours fly abroad, without a sun to disperse, moderate, or control them. For my own part, I value an hour in the morning as much as common libertines do an hour at midnight. When I find myself awakened into being, and perceive my life renewed within me, and at the same time see the whole face of nature recovered out of the dark uncomfortable state in which it lay for several hours, my heart overflows with such secret sentiments of joy and gratitude, as are a kind of implicit praise to the great Author of Nature. The mind, in these early seasons of the day, is so refreshed in all its faculties, and borne up

with such new supplies of animal spirits, that she finds herself in a state of youth, especially when she is entertained with the breath of flowers, the melody of birds, the dews that hang upon the plants, and all those other sweets of nature that are peculiar to the morning.

It is impossible for a man to have this relish of being, this exquisite taste of life, who does not come into the world before it is in all its noise and hurry; who loses the rising of the sun, the still hours of the day, and, immediately upon his first getting up, plunges himself into the ordinary cares or follies of the world.

I shall conclude this paper with Milton's inimitable description[n] of Adam's awakening his Eve in Paradise, which indeed would have been a place as little delightful as a barren heath or desert to those who slept in it. The fondness of the posture in which Adam is represented, and the softness of his whisper, are passages in this divine poem that are above all commendation, and rather to be admired than praised.

Now Morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd, so custom'd; for his sleep
Was airy light from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapours bland, which th' only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough; so much the more
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve,
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet rest. He on his side
Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial love,
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces. Then with voice
Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: Awake
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heaven's last best gift, my ever-new delight,
Awake; the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How Nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.
Such whispering wak'd her, but with startled eye
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake.

O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glory, my perfection, glad I see
Thy face, and morn return'd ———

Tatler, No. 263.] [December 14, 1710.

No. 77. *On the Effects of Public Mourning; Plainness in Dress.*

Ni vis boni
In ipsa inesset forma, hæc formam extinguerent.—TER.

When artists would expose their diamonds to an advantage, they usually set them to show in little cases of black velvet. By this means the jewels appear in their true and genuine lustre, while there is no colour that can infect their brightness, or give a false cast to the water. When I was at the opera the other night, the assembly of ladies in mourning [n] made me consider them in the same kind of view. A dress wherein there is so little variety shows the face in all its natural charms, and makes one differ from another only as it is more or less beautiful. Painters are ever careful of offending against a rule which is so essential in all just representations. The chief figure must have the strongest point of light, and not be injured by any gay colourings that may draw away the attention to any less considerable part of the picture. The present fashion obliges every body to be dressed with propriety, and makes the ladies' faces the principal objects of sight. Every beautiful person shines out in all the excellence with which nature has adorned her; gaudy ribbons and glaring colours being now out of use, the sex has no opportunity given them to disfigure themselves, which they seldom fail to do whenever it lies in their power. When a woman comes to her glass, she does not employ her time in making herself look more advantageously what she really is; but endeavours to be as much another creature as she possibly can. Whether this happens because they stay so long, and attend their work so diligently, that they forget the faces and persons which they first sat down with, or, whatever it is, they seldom rise from the toilet the same women they appeared when

they began to dress. What jewel can the charming Cleora place in her ears that can please her beholders so much as her eyes? The cluster of diamonds upon the breast can add no beauty to the fair chest of ivory which supports it. It may indeed tempt a man to steal a woman, but never to love her. Let Thalestris change herself into a motley party-coloured animal: the pearl necklace, the flowered stomacher, the artificial nosegay, and shaded furbelow, may be of use to attract the eye of the beholder, and turn it from the imperfections of her features and shape. But if ladies will take my word for it (and as they dress to please men, they ought to consult our fancy rather than their own in this particular,) I can assure them, there is nothing touches our imagination so much as a beautiful woman in a plain dress. There might be more agreeable ornaments found in our own manufacture, than any that rise out of the looms of Persia.

This, I know, is a very harsh doctrine to womankind, who are carried away with every thing that is showy, and with what delights the eye, more than any other species of living creatures whatsoever. Were the minds of the sex laid open, we should find the chief idea in one to be a tippet, in another a muff, in a third a fan, and in a fourth a farthingale. The memory of an old visiting lady is so filled with gloves, silks, and ribbons, that I can look upon it as nothing else but a toy-shop. A matron of my acquaintance, complaining of her daughter's vanity, was observing, that she had all of a sudden held up her head higher than ordinary, and taken an air that showed a secret satisfaction in herself, mixed with a scorn of others. 'I did not know,' says my friend, 'what to make of the carriage of this fantastical girl, until I was informed by her eldest sister, that she had a pair of striped garters on.' This odd turn of mind often makes the sex unhappy, and disposes them to be struck with every thing that makes a show, however trifling and superficial.

Many a lady has fetched a sigh at the toss of a wig, and been ruined by the tapping of a snuff-box. It is impossible to describe all the execution that was done by the shoulder-knot[n], while that fashion prevailed, or to reckon up all the virgins that have fallen a sacrifice to a pair of fringed gloves[n]. A sincere heart has not made half so many conquests as an open

waistcoat[n]; and I should be glad to see an able head make so good a figure in a woman's company as a pair of red heels. A Grecian hero, when he was asked whether he could play upon the lute, thought he had made a very good reply, when he answered, 'No; but I can make a great city of a little one.' Notwithstanding his boasted wisdom, I appeal to the heart of any toast in town, whether she would not think the lutenist preferable to the statesman? I do not speak this out of any aversion that I have to the sex; on the contrary, I have always had a tenderness for them; but, I must confess, it troubles me very much, to see the generality of them place their affections on improper objects, and give up all the pleasures of life for gewgaws and trifles.

Mrs. Margery Bickerstaff, my great aunt, had a thousand pounds to her portion, which our family was desirous of keeping among themselves, and therefore used all possible means to turn off her thoughts from marriage. The method they took was, in any time of danger, to throw a new gown or petticoat in her way. When she was about twenty-five years of age, she fell in love with a man of an agreeable temper and equal fortune, and would certainly have married him, had not my grandfather, sir Jacob, dressed her up in a suit of flowered satin; upon which she set so immoderate a value upon herself, that the lover was contemned and discarded. In the fortieth year of her age, she was again smitten; but very luckily transferred her passion to a tippet, which was presented to her by another relation who was in the plot. This, with a white sarsenet hood, kept her safe in the family until fifty. About sixty, which generally produces a kind of latter spring in amorous constitutions, my aunt Margery had again a colt's tooth[n] in her head; and would certainly have eloped from the mansion-house, had not her brother Simon, who was a wise man and a scholar, advised to dress her in cherry-coloured ribbons, which was the only expedient that could have been found out by the wit of man to preserve the thousand pounds in our family, part of which I enjoy at this time.

This discourse puts me in mind of a humourist mentioned by Horace, called Eutrapelus[n], who, when he designed to do a man a mischief, made him a present of a gay suit; and brings to my memory another passage of the same author, when he describes

the most ornamental dress that a woman can appear in, with two words, *simplex munditiis*, which I have quoted for the benefit of my female readers.

Tatler, No. 151.] [March 28, 1710.

No. 78. *On Exercise.*

Mediâ sese tulit obvia silvâ
Virginis os habitumque gerens.—VIRG. Æn. i. 314.

It may perhaps appear ridiculous, but I must confess, this last summer, as I was riding in Enfield-chase[n], I met a young lady whom I could hardly get out of my head, and for ought I know, my heart, ever since. She was mounted on a pad, with a very well-fancied furniture. She *set* her horse with a very graceful air; and, when I saluted her with my hat, she bowed to me so obligingly that whether it was her civility or beauty that touched me so much, I know not; but I am sure I shall never forget her. She dwells in my imagination in a figure so much to her advantage, that if I were to draw a picture of youth, health, beauty, or modesty, I should represent any, or all of them, in the person of that young woman.

I do not find that there are any descriptions in the ancient poets so beautiful as those they draw of nymphs in their pastoral dresses and exercises. Virgil gives Venus the habit of a Spartan huntress when she is to put Æneas in his way, and relieve his cares with the most agreeable object imaginable. Diana and her train are always described as inhabitants of the woods, and followers of the chase. To be well diverted, is the safest guard to innocence; and, methinks, it should be one of the first things to be regarded among people of condition, to find out proper amusements for young ladies. I cannot but think this of riding might easily be revived among them, when they consider how much it must contribute to their beauty. This would lay up the best portion they could bring into a family, a good stock of health, to transmit to their posterity. Such a charming bloom as this gives the countenance, is very much

preferable to the real or affected feebleness or softness, which appear in the faces of our modern beauties.

The comedy, called, *The Ladies Cure*[n], represents the affectation of wan looks and languid glances to a very entertaining extravagance. There is, as the lady in the play complains, something so robust in perfect health, that it is with her a point of breeding and delicacy to appear in public with a sickly air. But the natural gaiety and spirit which shine in the complexion of such as form to themselves a sort of diverting industry, by choosing recreations that are exercises, surpass all the false ornaments and graces that can be put on by applying the whole dispensary of a toilet. A healthy body, and a cheerful mind, give charms as irresistible as inimitable. The beauteous Dyctinna, who came to town last week, has, from the constant prospect in a delicious country, and the moderate exercise and journeys in the visits she made round it, contracted a certain life in her countenance, which will in vain employ both the painters and the poets to represent. The becoming negligence in her dress, the severe sweetness of her looks, and a certain innocent boldness in all her behaviour, are the effect of the active recreations I am talking of.

But instead of such, or any other as innocent and pleasing method of passing away their time with alacrity, we have many in town who spend their hours in an indolent state of body and mind, without either recreations or reflections. I am apt to believe there are some parents imagine their daughters will be accomplished enough, if nothing interrupts their growth, or their shape. According to this method of education, I could name you twenty families, where all the girls hear of, in this life, is, that it is time to rise and come to dinner, as if they were so insignificant as to be wholly provided for when they are fed and clothed.

It is with great indignation that I see such crowds of the female world lost to human society, and condemned to a laziness, which makes life pass away with less relish than in the hardest labour. Palestris, in her drawing-room, is supported by spirits to keep off the returns of spleen and melancholy, before she can get over half of the day for want of something to do, while the wench in the kitchen sings and scours from morning to night.

The next disagreeable thing to a lazy lady, is a very busy one. A man of business in good company, who gives an account of his abilities and despatches, is hardly more insupportable than her they call a notable woman, and a manager. Lady Good-day, where I visited the other day, at a very polite circle, entertained a great lady with a recipe for a poultice, and gave us to understand, that she had done extraordinary cures since she was last in town. It seems a countryman had wounded himself with his scythe as he was mowing; and we were obliged to hear of her charity, her medicine, and her humility, in the harshest tone and coarsest language imaginable.

What I would request in all this prattle is, that our females would either let us have their persons, or their minds, in such perfection as nature designed them.

The way to this is, that those who are in the quality of gentlewomen, should propose to themselves some suitable method of passing away their time. This would furnish them with reflections and sentiments proper for the companions of reasonable men, and prevent the unnatural marriages which happen every day between the most accomplished women and the veriest oafs, the worthiest men and the most insignificant females. Were the general turn of women's education of another kind than it is at present, we should want one another for more reasons than we do as the world now goes. The common design of parents, is to get their girls off as well as they can; and they make no conscience of putting into our hands a bargain for our whole life, which will make our hearts ache every day of it. I shall, therefore, take this matter into serious consideration, and will propose, for the better improvement of the fair sex, a Female Library[n]. This collection of books shall consist of such authors as do not corrupt while they divert, but shall tend more immediately to improve them as they are women. They shall be such as shall not hurt a feature by the austerity of their reflections, nor cause one impertinent glance by the wantonness of them. They shall all tend to advance the value of their innocence as virgins, improve their understanding as wives, and regulate their tenderness as parents. It has been very often said in these lucubrations, 'that the ideas which most frequently pass through our imaginations, leave traces of

themselves in our countenances.' There shall be a strict regard had to this in my Female Library, which shall be furnished with nothing that shall give supplies to ostentation or impertinence; but the whole shall be so digested for the use of my students, that they shall not go out of character in their enquiries, but their knowledge appear only a cultivated innocence.

Tatler, No. 248.] [November 9, 1710.

No. 79. *On Scolds, and a Passage in 'Paradise Lost.'*

Atque deos atque astra vocat crudelia mater.
VIRG. Ecl. v. 23.

As I was passing by a neighbour's house this morning, I overheard the wife of the family speaking things to her husband which gave me much disturbance, and put me in mind of a character which I wonder I have so long omitted, and that is, an outrageous species of the fair sex which is distinguished by the term Scolds. The generality of women are by nature loquacious; therefore mere volubility of speech is not to be imputed to them, but should be considered with pleasure when it is used to express such passions as tend to sweeten or adorn conversation: but when through rage, females are vehement in their eloquence, nothing in the world has so ill an effect upon the features; for, by the force of it, I have seen the most amiable become the most deformed; and she that appeared one of the graces, immediately turned into one of the furies. I humbly conceive, the great cause of this evil may proceed from a false notion the ladies have of, what we call, a modest woman. They have too narrow a conception of this lovely character; and believe they have not at all forfeited their pretentions to it, provided they have no imputations on their chastity. But, alas! the young fellows know they pick out better women in the side-boxes [n], than many of those who pass upon the world and themselves for modest.

Modesty never rages, never murmurs, never pouts; when it is ill-treated, it pines, it beseeches, it languishes. The neigh-

bour I mention is one of your common modest women, that is to say, those who are ordinarily reckoned such. Her husband knows every pain in life with her but jealousy. Now, because she is clear in this particular, the man cannot say his soul is his own, but she cries: 'No modest woman is respected now-a-days.' What adds to the comedy in this case is, that it is very ordinary with this sort of women to talk in the language of distress; they will complain of the forlorn wretchedness of their condition, and then the poor helpless creatures shall throw the next thing they can lay their hands on at the person who offends them. Our neighbour was only saying to his wife, 'she went a little too fine,' when she immediately pulled his periwig off, and stamping it under her feet, wrung her hands and said: 'Never modest woman was so used.' These ladies of irresistible modesty are those who make virtue unamiable; not that they can be said to be virtuous, but as they live without scandal; and being under the common denomination of being such, men fear to meet their faults in those who are as agreeable as they are innocent.

I take the Bully among men, and the Scold among women, to draw the foundation of their actions from the same defect in the mind. A Bully thinks honour consists wholly in being brave; and therefore has regard to no one rule of life if he preserves himself from the accusation of cowardice. The froward woman knows chastity to be the first merit in a woman; and therefore, since no one can call her one ugly name, she calls all mankind all the rest.

These ladies, where their companions are so imprudent as to take their speeches for any other than exercises of their own lungs and their husbands' patience, gain by the force of being resisted, and flame with open fury, which is no way to be opposed but by being neglected; though at the same time human frailty makes it very hard, to relish the philosophy of contemning even frivolous reproach. There is a very pretty instance of this infirmity in the man of the best sense that ever was, no less a person than Adam himself. According to Milton's description of the first couple, as soon as they had fallen, and the turbulent passions of anger, hatred, and jealousy, first entered their breasts; Adam grew moody, and talked to his wife, as you may find it in the three hundred and fifty-ninth page, and

ninth book of Paradise Lost, in the octavo edition, which, out of heroics, and put into domestic style, would run thus:

'Madam, if my advices had been of any authority with you, when that strange desire of gadding possessed you this morning, we had still been happy; but your cursed vanity and opinion of your own conduct, which is certainly very wavering when it seeks occasions of being proved, has ruined both yourself and me, who trusted you.'

Eve had no fan in her hand to ruffle, or tucker[n] to pull down; but with a reproachful air she answered:

'Sir, do you impute that to my desire of gadding, which might have happened to yourself, with all your wisdom and gravity? The serpent spoke so excellently, and with so good a grace, that——Besides, what harm had I ever done him, that he should design me any? Was I to have been always at your side, I might as well have continued there, and been but your rib still: but if I was so weak a creature as you thought me, why did you not interpose your sage authority more absolutely? You denied me going as faintly, as you say I resisted the serpent. Had not you been too easy, neither you nor I had now transgressed.' Adam replied, 'Why, Eve, hast thou the impudence to upbraid me as the cause of thy transgression for my indulgence to thee? Thus will it ever be with him who trusts too much to woman. At the same time that she refuses to be governed, if she suffers by her obstinacy, she will accuse the man that shall leave her to herself.'

> Thus they in mutual accusation spent
> The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning;
> And of their vain contest appear'd no end.

This, to the modern, will appear but a very faint piece of conjugal enmity: but you are to consider, that they were but just begun to be angry, and they wanted new words for expressing their new passions. . . . The passionate and familiar terms, with which the same case repeated daily for so many thousand years has furnished the present generation, were not then in use; but the foundation of debate has ever been the same, a contention about their merit and wisdom. Our general mother was a beauty; and hearing there was another now in the world, could not forbear, as Adam tells her, showing herself, though to the

devil, by whom the same vanity made her liable to be betrayed.

I cannot, with all the help of science and astrology, find any other remedy for this evil, but what was the medicine in this first quarrel, which was, as appears in the next book, that they were convinced of their being both weak, but the one weaker than the other.

If it were possible that the beauteous could but rage a little before a glass, and see their pretty countenances grow wild, it is not to be doubted but it would have a very good effect: but that would require temper; for lady Firebrand, upon observing her features swell when her maid vexed her the other day, stamped her dressing-glass under her feet. In this case, when one of this temper is moved, she is like a witch in an operation[n], and makes all things turn round with her. The very fabric is in a vertigo when she begins to charm. In an instant, whatever was the occasion that moved her blood, she has such intolerable servants, Betty is so awkward, Tom cannot carry a message, and her husband has so little respect for her, that she, poor woman, is weary of this life, and was born to be unhappy.

Desunt multa.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The season now coming on in which the town will begin to fill, Mr. Bickerstaff gives notice, That from the first of October next he will be much wittier than he has hitherto been.

Tatler, No. 217.] [August 29, 1710.

No. 80. *On the Loss of Beauty; Case of Parthenissa; Letters of Corinna and Amilcar.*

Quæ forma, ut se tibi semper
Imputet? JUV. Sat. vi. 177.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I write this to communicate to you a misfortune which frequently happens, and therefore deserves a consolatory discourse on the subject. I was within this half-year in the possession of

as much beauty and as many lovers as any young lady in England. But my admirers have left me, and I cannot complain of their behaviour. I have within that time had the small-pox[n]: and this face, which (according to many amorous epistles which I have by me) was the seat of all that is beautiful in woman, is now disfigured with scars. It goes to the very soul of me to speak what I really think of my face; and though I think I did not over-rate my beauty while I had it, it has extremely advanced in its value with me, now it is lost. There is one circumstance which makes my case very particular; the ugliest fellow that ever pretended to me, was and is most in my favour, and he treats me at present the most unreasonably. If you could make him return an obligation which he owes me, in liking a person that is not amiable;—But there is, I fear, no possibility of making passion move by the rules of reason and gratitude. But say what you can to one who has survived herself, and knows not how to act in a new being. My lovers are at the feet of my rivals, my rivals are every day bewailing me, and I cannot enjoy what I am, by reason of the distracting reflection upon what I was. Consider the woman I was did not die of old age, but I was taken off in the prime of youth, and according to the course of nature may have forty years after-life to come. I have nothing of myself left which I like, but that

'I am, Sir, your most humble Servant,

'PARTHENISSA.'

When Lewis of France had lost the battle of Ramillies, the addresses to him at that time were full of his fortitude, and they turned his misfortune to his glory; in that, during his prosperity, he could never have manifested his heroic constancy under distresses, and so the world had lost the most eminent part of his character. Parthenissa's condition gives her the same opportunity: and to resign conquests is a task as difficult in a beauty as a hero. In the very entrance upon this work she must burn all her love-letters; or since she is so candid as not to call her lovers, who follow her no longer, unfaithful, it would be a very good beginning of a new life from that of a beauty, to send them back to those who writ them, with this honest inscription, 'Articles of a Marriage Treaty broken off by the Small-Pox.' I have known but one instance where a matter of this kind went

on after a like misfortune, where the lady, who was a woman of spirit, writ this billet to her lover:—

'SIR,

'If you flattered me before I had this terrible malady, pray come and see me now: but if you sincerely liked me, stay away, for I am not the same

'CORINNA.'

The lover thought there was something so sprightly in her behaviour, that he answered:

'MADAM,

'I am not obliged, since you are not the same woman, to let you know whether I flattered you or not; but I assure you I do not, when I tell you I now like you above all your sex, and hope you will bear what may befal me when we are both one, as well as you do what happens to yourself now you are single; therefore I am ready to take such a spirit for my companion as soon as you please.

'AMILCAR.'

If Parthenissa can now possess her own mind and think as little of her beauty as she ought to have done when she had it, there will be no great diminution of her charms; and if she was formerly affected too much with them, an easy behaviour will more than make up for the loss of them. Take the whole sex together, and you find those who have the strongest possession of men's hearts are not eminent for their beauty. You see it often happen that those who engage men to the greatest violence, are such as those who are strangers to them would take to be remarkably defective for that end. The fondest lover I know, said to me one day in a crowd of women at an entertainment of music, 'You have often heard me talk of my beloved; that woman there,' continued he, smiling, when he had fixed my eye, 'is her very picture.' The lady he showed me was by much the least remarkable for beauty of any in the whole assembly; but having my curiosity extremely raised, I could not keep my eyes off her. Her eyes at last met mine, and with a sudden surprise she looked round her to see who near her was remarkably handsome that I was gazing at. This little act explained the secret. She did not understand herself for

the object of love, and therefore she was so. The lover is a very honest plain man; and what charmed him was a person that goes along with him in the cares and joys of life, not taken up with herself, but sincerely attentive, with a ready and cheerful mind, to accompany him in either.

I can tell Parthenissa for her comfort, that the beauties, generally speaking, are the most impertinent and disagreeable of women. An apparent desire of admiration, a reflection upon their own merit, and a precise behaviour in their general conduct, are almost inseparable accidents in beauties. All you obtain of them, is granted to importunity and solicitation for what did not deserve so much of your time, and you recover from the possession of it as out of a dream.

You are ashamed of the vagaries of fancy which so strangely misled you, and your admiration of a beauty, merely as such, is inconsistent with a tolerable reflection upon yourself. The cheerful good-humoured creatures, into whose heads it never entered that they could make any man unhappy, are the persons formed for making men happy. There is Miss Liddy can dance a jig, raise paste, write a good hand, keep an account, give a reasonable answer, and do as she is bid; while her eldest sister, Madam Martha, is out of humour, has the spleen, learns by reports of people of higher quality new ways of being uneasy and displeased; and this happens for no reason in the world, but that poor Liddy knows she has no such thing as a certain negligence 'that is so becoming'; that there is not I know not what in her air; and that if she talks like a fool, there is no one will say, 'Well! I know not what it is, but every thing pleases when she speaks it.'

Ask any of the husbands of your great beauties, and they will tell you that they hate their wives nine hours of every day they pass together. There is such a particularity for ever affected by them that they are encumbered with their charms in all they say or do. They pray at public devotions as they are beauties. They converse on ordinary occasions as they are beauties. Ask Belinda what it is o'clock, and she is at a stand whether so great a beauty should answer you. In a word, I think, instead of offering to administer consolation to Parthenissa, I should congratulate her metamorphosis; and however she thinks she was not the least insolent in the prosperity of her charms, she

was enough so to find she may make herself a much more agreeable creature in her present adversity. The endeavour to please is highly promoted by a consciousness that the approbation of the person you would be agreeable to, is a favour you do not deserve; for in this case assurance of success is the most certain way to disappointment. Good-nature will always supply the absence of beauty, but beauty cannot long supply the absence of good-nature[n]. . .

Spectator, No. 306.] [February 20, 1712.

No. 81. *On Great Expectations; Letter from Jenny Simper.*

Spes incerta futuri.—VIRG. Æn. viii. 580.

It is a lamentable thing that every man is full of complaints, and constantly uttering sentences against the fickleness of fortune, when people generally bring upon themselves all the calamities they fall into, and are constantly heaping up matter for their own sorrow and disappointment. That which produces the greatest part of the delusions of mankind, is a false hope which people indulge with so sanguine a flattery to themselves, that their hearts are bent upon fantastical advantages which they have no reason to believe should ever have arrived to them. By this unjust measure of calculating their happiness, they often mourn with real affliction for imaginary losses. When I am talking of this unhappy way of accounting for ourselves, I cannot but reflect upon a particular set of people, who in their own favour, resolve every thing that is possible into what is probable, and then reckon on that probability as on what must certainly happen. Will Honeycomb, upon my observing his looking on a lady with some particular attention, gave me an account of the great distresses which had laid waste that her very fine face, and had given an air of melancholy to a very agreeable person. That lady and a couple of sisters of hers, were, said Will, fourteen years ago, the greatest fortunes about town; but without having any loss, by bad tenants, by

bad securities, or any damage by sea or land, are reduced to very narrow circumstances. They were at that time the most inaccessible haughty beauties in town; and their pretensions to take upon them at that unmerciful rate, were raised upon the following scheme, according to which all their lovers were answered.

'Our father is a youngish man, but then our mother is somewhat older, and not likely to have any children: his estate being 800*l. per annum*, at twenty years' purchase, is worth 16,000*l.* Our uncle, who is above fifty, has 400*l. per annum*, which, at the aforesaid rate, is 8,000*l.* There is a widow aunt, who has 10,000*l.* at her own disposal, left by her husband, and an old maiden aunt, who has 6,000*l.* Then our father's mother has 900*l. per annum*, which is worth 18,000*l.* and 1,000*l.* each of us has of her own, which cannot be taken from us. These summed up together stand thus:—

		£
'Father's	800.....	16,000
Uncle's.....	400.....	8,000
Aunt's	10,000 / 6,000	16,000
Grandmother's	900.....	18,000
Own 1,000 each		3,000
	Total ...	61,000

This equally divided between us three amounts to 20,000*l.* each: an allowance being given for an enlargement upon common fame, we may lawfully pass for 30,000*l.* fortunes.'

In prospect of this, and the knowledge of their own personal merit, every one was contemptible in their eyes, and they refused those offers which had been frequently made them. But mark the end. The mother dies, the father is married again and has a son; on him was entailed the father's, uncle's, and grandmother's estate. This cut off 42,000*l.* The maiden aunt married a tall Irishman, and with her went the 6,000*l.* The widow died, and left but enough to pay her debts and bury her; so that there remained for these three girls but their own 1,000*l.* They had by this time passed their prime, and got on the wrong side of thirty; and must pass the remainder of their days, upbraiding mankind that they mind nothing but money,

and bewailing that virtue, sense, and modesty, are had at present in no manner of estimation.

I mention this case of ladies before any other, because it is the most irreparable; for though youth is the time less capable of reflection, it is in that sex the only season in which they can advance their fortunes. But if we turn our thoughts to the men, we see such crowds of unhappy from no other reason than an ill-grounded hope, that it is hard to say which they rather deserve, our pity or contempt. It is not unpleasant to see a fellow, after having grown old in attendance, and after having passed half a life in servitude, call himself the unhappiest of all men, and pretend to be disappointed, because a courtier broke his word. He that promises himself any thing but what may naturally arise from his own property or labour, and goes beyond the desire of possessing above two parts in three even of that, lays up for himself an increasing heap of afflictions and disappointments. There are but two means in the world of gaining by other men, and these are by being either agreeable, or considerable. The generality of mankind do all things for their own sakes; and when you hope any thing from persons above you, if you cannot say, 'I can be thus agreeable, or thus serviceable,' it is ridiculous to pretend to the dignity of being unfortunate when they leave you; you were injudicious in hoping for any other than to be neglected for such as can come within these descriptions of being capable to please or serve your patron, when his humour or interests call for their capacity either way.

It would not methinks be a useless comparison between the condition of a man who shuns all the pleasures of life, and of one who makes it his business to pursue them. Hope in the recluse makes his austerities comfortable, while the luxurious man gains nothing but uneasiness from his enjoyments. What is the difference in happiness of him who is macerated by abstinence, and his who is surfeited with excess? He who resigns the world has no temptation to envy, hatred, malice, anger, but is in constant possession of a serene mind; he who follows the pleasures of it, which are in their very nature disappointing, is in constant search of care, solicitude, remorse, and confusion.

Jan. the 14th, 1712.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I am a young woman, and have my fortune to make, for which reason I come constantly to church to hear divine service, and make conquests: but one great hindrance in this my design is, that our clerk who was once a gardener, has this Christmas so overdecked the church with greens, that he has quite spoiled my prospect; insomuch that I have scarce seen the young baronet I dress at these three weeks, though we have both been very constant at our devotions, and do not sit above three pews off. The church, as it is now equipped, looks more like a green-house than a place of worship. The middle aisle is a very pretty shady walk, and the pews look like so many arbours on each side of it. The pulpit itself has such clusters of ivy, holly, and rosemary, about it, that a light fellow in our pew took occasion to say, that the congregation heard the word out of a bush, like Moses. Sir Anthony Love's pew in particular is so well hedged, that all my batteries have no effect. I am obliged to shoot at random among the boughs, without taking any manner of aim. Mr. Spectator, unless you will give orders for removing these greens, I shall grow a very awkward creature at church, and soon have little else to do there but to say my prayers. I am in haste, dear Sir, your most obedient Servant,

'JENNY SIMPER.'

Spectator, No. 282.] [January 23, 1712.

No. 82. *On the Art of Growing Old.*

Rideat, et pulset lasciva decentius ætas.
HOR. Ep. ii. 2. ult.

It would be a good appendix to 'The Art of Living and Dying,' if any one would write 'The Art of Growing Old,' and teach men to resign their pretensions to the pleasures and gallantries of youth, in proportion to the alteration they find in themselves by the approach of age and infirmities. The infirmities of this stage of life would be much fewer, if we did not affect those

which attend the more vigorous and active part of our days; but instead of studying to be wiser, or being contented with our present follies, the ambition of many of us is also to be the same sort of fools we formerly have been. I have often argued, as I am a professed lover of women, that our sex grows old with a much worse grace than the other does; and have ever been of opinion, that there are more well-pleased old women, than old men. I thought it a good reason for this, that the ambition of the fair sex being confined to advantageous marriages, or shining in the eyes of men, their parts were over sooner, and consequently the errors in the performances of them. The conversation of this evening has not convinced me of the contrary; for one or two fop-women shall not make a balance for the crowds of coxcombs among ourselves, diversified according to the different pursuits of pleasure and business.

Returning home this evening a little before my usual hour, I scarce had seated myself in my easy chair, stirred the fire, and stroked my cat, but I heard somebody come rumbling up stairs. I saw my door opened, and a human figure advancing towards me, so fantastically put together, that it was some minutes before I discovered it to be my old and intimate friend, Sam Trusty[n]. Immediately I rose up, and placed him in my own seat; a compliment I pay to few. The first thing he uttered was, 'Isaac, fetch me a cup of your cherry-brandy before you offer to ask any question.' He drank a lusty draught, sat silent for some time, and at last broke out; 'I am come,' quoth he, 'to insult thee for an old fantastic dotard, as thou art, in ever defending the women. I have this evening visited two widows, who are now in that state I have often heard you call an "after-life"[n]; I suppose you mean by it, an existence which grows out of past entertainments, and is an untimely delight in the satisfactions which they once set their hearts upon too much to be ever able to relinquish. Have but patience,' continued he, 'until I give you a succinct account of my ladies, and of this night's adventure. They are much of an age, but very different in their characters. The one of them, with all the advances which years have made upon her, goes on in a certain romantic road of love and friendship which she fell into in her teens; the other has transferred the amorous passions of her first years to the love of cronies, pets, and

favourites, with which she is always surrounded; but the genius of each of them will best appear by the account of what happened to me at their houses. About five this afternoon, being tired with study, the weather inviting, and time lying a little upon my hands, I resolved, at the instigation of my evil genius, to visit them; their husbands having been our contemporaries. This I thought I could do without much trouble; for both live in the very next street. I went first to my lady Camomile; and the butler, who had lived long in the family, and seen me often in his master's time, ushered me very civilly into the parlour, and told me though my lady had given strict orders to be denied, he was sure I might be admitted, and bid the black boy[n] acquaint his lady that I was come to wait upon her. In the window lay two letters, one broke open, the other fresh sealed with a wafer: the first directed to the divine Cosmelia, the second to the charming Lucinda; but both, by the indented characters, appeared to have been writ by very unsteady hands. Such uncommon addresses increased my curiosity, and put me upon asking my old friend the butler, if he knew who those persons were? "Very well," says he, "that is from Mrs. Furbish to my lady, an old school-fellow and great crony of her ladyship's; and this the answer." I enquired in what county she lived. 'Oh dear!" says he, "but just by, in the neighbourhood. Why, she was here all this morning[n], and that letter came and was answered within these two hours. They have taken an odd fancy, you must know, to call one another hard names; but, for all that, they love one another hugely." By this time the boy returned with his lady's humble service to me, desiring I would excuse her; for she could not possibly see me, nor any body else, for it was opera-night.

'Methinks,' says I, 'such innocent folly as two old women's courtship to each other, should rather make you merry than put you out of humour.' 'Peace, good Isaac,' says he, 'no interruption, I beseech you. I got soon to Mrs. Feeble's; she that was formerly Betty Frisk; you must needs remember her; Tom Feeble of Brazen Nose fell in love with her for her fine dancing. Well, Mrs. Ursula, without further ceremony, carries me directly up to her mistress's chamber, where I found her environed by four of the most mischievous animals that can ever infest a family; an old shock dog with one eye, a monkey

chained to one side of the chimney, a great grey squirrel to the other, and a parrot waddling in the middle of the room. However, for a while, all was in a profound tranquillity. Upon the mantle-tree, for I am a pretty curious observer, stood a pot of lambetive electuary[n], with a stick of liquorice, and near it a phial of rose-water, and powder of tutty. Upon the table lay a pipe filled with betony and colt's-foot[n], a roll of wax-candle, a silver spitting-pot, and a Seville orange. The lady was placed in a large wicker chair, and her feet wrapped up in flannel, supported by cushions; and in this attitude, would you believe it, Isaac, she was reading a romance with spectacles on. The first compliments over, as she was industriously endeavouring to enter upon conversation, a violent fit of coughing seized her. This awaked Shock, and in a trice the whole room was in an uproar; for the dog barked, the squirrel squealed, the monkey chattered, the parrot screamed, and Ursula, to appease them, was more clamorous than all the rest. You, Isaac, who know how any harsh noise affects my head, may guess what I suffered from the hideous din of these discordant sounds. At length all was appeased, and quiet restored: a chair was drawn for me, where I was no sooner seated, but the parrot fixed his horny beak, as sharp as a pair of sheers, in one of my heels, just above the shoe. I sprung from the place with an unusual agility, and so, being within the monkey's reach, he snatches off my new bob-wig, and throws it upon two apples that were roasting by a sullen sea-coal fire.[n] I was nimble enough to save it from any further damage than singeing the fore-top. I put it on; and composing myself as well as I could, I drew my chair towards the other side of the chimney. The good lady, as soon as she had recovered breath, employed it in making a thousand apologies, and, with great eloquence, and a numerous train of words, lamented my misfortune. In the middle of her harangue, I felt something scratching near my knee, and feeling what it should be, found the squirrel had got into my coat pocket. As I endeavoured to remove him from his burrow, he made his teeth meet through the fleshy part of my fore finger. This gave me an inexpressible pain. The Hungary water[n] was immediately brought to bathe it, and gold-beaters' skin applied to stop the blood. The lady renewed her excuses; but being now out of all patience, I abruptly took my leave, and hobbling down stairs

with heedless haste, I set my foot full in a pail of water, and down we came to the bottom together.' Here my friend concluded his narrative, and, with a composed countenance, I began to make him compliments of condolence; but he started from his chair, and said, 'Isaac, you may spare your speeches, I expect no reply. When I told you this, I knew you would laugh at me; but the next woman that makes me ridiculous shall be a young one.'

Tatler, No. 266.] [December 21, 1710.

No. 83. *On Indiscretions in Education; Character of Horace.*

Sapientia prima
Stultitia caruisse. HOR. Ep. i. 1. 41.

When I first began to learn to push[n], this last winter, my master had a great deal of work upon his hands to make me unlearn the postures and motions which I had got, by having in my younger years practised back-sword, with a little eye to the single falchion. Knock down, was the word in the civil wars; and we generally added to this skill the knowledge of the Cornish hug, as well as the grapple, to play with hand and foot. By this means, I was for defending my head when the French gentleman was making a full pass at my bosom; insomuch, that he told me I was fairly killed seven times in one morning, without having done my master any other mischief than one knock on the pate. This was a great misfortune to me; and I believe I may say, without vanity, I am the first who ever pushed so erroneously, and yet conquered the prejudice of education so well, as to make my passes so clear, and recover hand and foot with that agility as I do at this day. The truth of it is, the first rudiments of education are given very indiscreetly by most parents, as much with relation to the more important concerns of the mind, as in the gestures of the body. Whatever children are designed for, and whatever prospects the fortune or interest of their parents may give them in their future lives, they are all promiscuously instructed the same way; and Horace and Virgil

must be thumbed by a boy, as well before he goes to an apprenticeship, as to the university. This ridiculous way of treating the under-aged of this island has very often raised both my spleen and mirth, but I think never both at once so much as to-day. A good mother of our neighbourhood made me a visit with her son and heir; a lad somewhat above five feet, and wants but little of the height and strength of a good musketeer in any regiment in the service. Her business was to desire I would examine him; for he was far gone in a book, the first letters of which she often saw in my papers. The youth produced it, and I found it was my friend Horace. It was very easy to turn to the place the boy was learning in, which was the fifth ode of the first book, to Pyrrha. I read it over aloud, as well because I am always delighted when I turn to the beautiful parts of that author, as also to gain time for considering a little how to keep up the mother's pleasure in her child, which I thought barbarity to interrupt. In the first place I asked him, 'Who this same Pyrrha was?' He answered very readily, 'She was the wife of Pyrrhus, one of Alexander's captains.' I lifted up my hands. The mother curtsies—'Nay,' says she, 'I knew you would stand in admiration—I assure you,' continued she, 'for all he looks so tall, he is but very young. Pray ask him some more; never spare him.' With that I took the liberty to ask him, 'what was the character of this gentlewoman?' He read the three first verses;

> Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
> Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
> Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?

And very gravely told me, she lived at the sign of *The Rose*, in a cellar. I took care to be very much astonished at the lad's improvements; but withal advised her, as soon as possible, to take him from school, for he could learn no more there. This very silly dialogue was a lively image of the impertinent method used in breeding boys without genius or spirit to the reading things for which their heads were never framed. But this is the natural effect of a certain vanity in the minds of parents; who are wonderfully delighted with the thought of breeding their children to accomplishments, which they believe nothing, but want of the same care in their own fathers, prevented them from being masters of. Thus it is, that the part of

life most fit for improvement is generally employed in a method against the bent of nature; and a lad of such parts as are fit for an occupation, where there can be no calls out of the beaten path, is two or three years of his time wholly taken up in knowing, how well Ovid's mistress became such a dress; how such a nymph for her cruelty was changed into such an animal; and how it is made generous in Æneas to put Turnus to death: gallantries that can no more come within the occurrences of the lives of ordinary men, than they can be relished by their imaginations. However, still the humour goes on from one generation to another; and the pastry-cook here in the lane, the other night, told me, 'he would not yet take away his son from his learning; but has resolved, as soon as he had a little smattering in the Greek, to put him apprentice to a soap-boiler.' These wrong beginnings determine our success in the world: and when our thoughts are originally falsely biassed, their agility and force do but carry us the further out of our way, in proportion to our speed. But we are half way our journey, when we have got into the right road. If all our days were usefully employed, and we did not set out impertinently, we should not have so many grotesque professors in all the arts of life; but every man would be in a proper and becoming method of distinguishing or entertaining himself, suitably to what nature designed him. As they go on now, our parents do not only force us upon what is against our talents, but our teachers are also as injudicious in what they put us to learn. I have hardly ever since suffered so much by the charms of any beauty, as I did before I had a sense of passion, for not apprehending that the smile of Lalage was what pleased Horace; and I verily believe, the stripes I suffered about *Digito malè pertinaci* has given me that irreconcileable aversion, which I shall carry to my grave, against coquettes.

As for the elegant writer of whom I am talking, his excellences are to be observed as they relate to the different concerns of his life; and he is always to be looked upon as a lover, a courtier, or a man of wit. His admirable Odes have numberless instances of his merit in each of these characters. His Epistles and Satires are full of proper notices for the conduct of life in a court; and what we call good-breeding, is most agreeably intermixed with his morality. His addresses to the persons who

favoured him, are so inimitably engaging, that Augustus complained of him for so seldom writing to him, and asked him, 'whether he was afraid posterity should read their names together?' Now, for the generality of men to spend much time in such writings is as pleasant a folly as any he ridicules. Whatever the crowd of scholars may pretend, if their way of life, or their own imaginations, do not lead them to a taste of him, they may read, nay write, fifty volumes upon him, and be just as they were when they began. I remember to have heard a great painter say, 'There are certain faces for certain painters, as well as certain subjects for certain poets.' This is as true in the choice of studies; and no one will ever relish an author thoroughly well, who would not have been fit company for that author, had they lived at the same time. All others are mechanics in learning, and take the sentiments of writers like waiting-servants, who report what passed at their master's table; but debase every thought and expression, for want of the air with which they were uttered.

Tatler, No. 173.] [May 18, 1710.

No. 84. *A Stage Coach Journey; Dialogue of the Captain and Ephraim the Quaker.*

Qui aut tempus quid postulet non videt, aut plura loquitur, aut se ostentat, aut eorum quibuscum est rationem non habet, is ineptus esse dicitur.—TULL.

Having notified to my good friend Sir Roger that I should set out for London the next day, his horses were ready at the appointed hour in the evening; and, attended by one of his grooms, I arrived at the county-town at twilight, in order to be ready for the stage-coach the day following. As soon as we arrived at the inn, the servant who waited upon me inquired of the chamberlain in my hearing what company he had for the coach? The fellow answered, 'Mrs. Betty Arable, the great fortune, and the widow her mother; a recruiting officer (who took a place because they were to go); young 'Squire Quickset, her cousin (that her mother wished her to be married to); Ephraim the Quaker, her guardian; and a gentleman that had

studied himself dumb from Sir Roger de Coverley's.' I observed by what he said of myself, that according to his office he dealt much in intelligence; and doubted not but there was some foundation for his reports of the rest of the company, as well as for the whimsical account he gave of me. The next morning at day-break we were all called; and I, who know my own natural shyness, and endeavour to be as little liable to be disputed with as possible, dressed immediately, that I might make no one wait. The first preparation for our setting out was, that the captain's half-pike was placed near the coachman, and a drum behind the coach. In the mean time the drummer, the captain's equipage[n], was very loud, 'that none of the captain's things should be placed so as to be spoiled'; upon which his cloak-bag was fixed in the seat of the coach; and the captain himself, according to a frequent, though invidious behaviour of military men, ordered his man to look sharp, that none but one of the ladies should have the place he had taken fronting the coach-box.

We were in some little time fixed in our seats, and sat with that dislike which people not too good-natured usually conceive of each other at first sight. The coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of familiarity: and we had not moved above two miles, when the widow asked the captain what success he had in his recruiting? The officer, with a frankness he believed very graceful, told her 'that indeed he had but very little luck, and had suffered much by desertion, therefore should be glad to end his warfare in the service of her or her fair daughter. In a word,' continued he, 'I am a soldier, and to be plain is my character: you see me, Madam, young, sound, and impudent; take me yourself, widow, or give me to her, I will be wholly at your disposal. I am a soldier of fortune, ha!'—This was followed by a vain laugh of his own, and a deep silence of all the rest of the company. I had nothing left for it but to fall fast asleep, which I did with all speed. 'Come,' said he, 'resolve upon it, we will make a wedding at the next town: we will awake this pleasant companion who is fallen asleep, to be the brideman; and,' giving the Quaker a clap on the knee, he concluded, 'this sly saint, who, I'll warrant, understands what's what as well as you or I, widow, shall give the bride as father.' The Quaker, who happened to be a man

of smartness, answered, 'Friend, I take it in good part that thou hast given me the authority of a father over this comely and virtuous child; and I must assure thee, that if I have the giving her, I shall not bestow her on thee. Thy mirth, friend, savoureth of folly; thou art a person of a light mind; thy drum is a type of thee—it soundeth because it is empty. Verily, it is not from thy fulness, but thy emptiness, that thou hast spoken this day. Friend, friend, we have hired this coach in partnership with thee, to carry us to the great city; we cannot go any other way. This worthy mother must hear thee if thou wilt needs utter thy follies; we cannot help it, friend, I say: if thou wilt, we must hear thee; but if thou wert a man of understanding, thou wouldst not take advantage of thy courageous countenance to abash us children of peace.—Thou art, thou sayest, a soldier; give quarter to us, who cannot resist thee. Why didst thou fleer at our friend, who feigned himself asleep? He said nothing; but how dost thou know what he containeth? If thou speakest improper things in the hearing of this virtuous young virgin, consider it as an outrage against a distressed person that cannot get from thee; to speak indiscreetly what we are obliged to hear, by being hasped up with thee in this public vehicle, is in some degree assaulting on the high road.'

Here Ephraim paused, and the captain with a happy and uncommon impudence (which can be convicted and support itself at the same time) cries, 'Faith, friend, I thank thee, I should have been a little impertinent if thou hadst not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I see, a smoky old fellow, and I will be very orderly the ensuing part of my journey. I was going to give myself airs, but, ladies, I beg pardon.'

The captain was so little out of humour, and our company was so far from being soured by this little ruffle, that Ephraim and he took a particular delight in being agreeable to each other for the future; and assumed their different provinces in the conduct of the company. Our reckonings, apartments, and accommodation fell under Ephraim; and the captain looked to all disputes on the road, as the good behaviour of our coachman, and the right we had of taking place, as going to London, of all vehicles coming from thence. The occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happened which could entertain by the relation of them: but when I

considered the company we were in, I took it for no small good-fortune, that the whole journey was not spent in impertinences, which to one part of us might be an entertainment, to the other a suffering. What therefore Ephraim said when we were almost arrived at London, had to me an air not only of good understanding, but good breeding. Upon the young lady's expressing her satisfaction in the journey, and declaring how delightful it had been to her, Ephraim declared himself as follows : 'There is no ordinary part of human life which expresseth so much a good mind, and a right inward man, as his behaviour upon meeting with strangers, especially such as may seem the most unsuitable companions to him : such a man when he falleth in the way with persons of simplicity and innocence, however knowing he may be in the ways of men, will not vaunt himself thereof, but will the rather hide his superiority to them, that he may not be painful unto them. My good friend,' continued he, turning to the officer, 'thee and I are to part by and by, and peradventure we may never meet again; but be advised by a plain man : modes and apparel are but trifles to the real man, therefore do not think such a man as thyself terrible for thy garb, nor such a one as me contemptible for mine. When two such as thee and I meet, with affections as we ought to have towards each other, thou shouldst rejoice to see my peaceable demeanour, and I should be glad to see thy strength and ability to protect me in it.'

Spectator, No. 132.] [August 1, 1711.

No. 85. *On the Battle of Eyes.*

Habet et sua castra Cupido.—OVID.

It has been always my opinion, that a man in love should address himself to his mistress with passion and sincerity; and that if this method fails, it is in vain for him to have recourse to artifice or dissimulation, in which he will always find himself worsted, unless he be a much better proficient in the art than any man I have yet been acquainted with.

The following letter is a very natural exemplification of what I have here advanced. I have called it the battle of Eyes, as it brought to my mind several combats of the same nature, which I have formerly had with Mrs. Ann Page.

'SWEET MR. MYRTLE,

'I have for some time been sorely smitten by Mrs. Lucy[n], who is a maiden lady in the twenty-eighth year of her age. She has so much of the coquette in her, that it supplies the place of youth, and still keeps up the girl in her aspect and behaviour. She has found out the art of making me believe that I have the first place in her affection, and yet so puzzles me by a double tongue, and an ambiguous look, that about once a fortnight I fancy I have quite lost her. I was the other night at the opera, where seeing a place in the second row of the Queen's box kept by Mrs. Lucy's livery[n], I placed my self in the pit directly over-against her footman, being determined to ogle her most passionately all that evening. I had not taken my stand there above a quarter of an hour, when enter Mrs. Lucy. At her first coming in I expected she would have cast her eye upon her humble servant; but, instead of that, after having dropped curtsy after curtsy to her friends in the boxes, she began to deal her salutes about the pit in the same liberal manner. Although I stood in the full point of view, and, as I thought, made a better figure than any body about me, she slid her eye over me, curtsied to the right and to the left, and would not see me for the space of three minutes. I fretted inwardly to find myself thus openly affronted on every side, and was resolved to let her know my resentments by the first opportunity. This happened soon after; for Mrs. Lucy looking upon me, as tho' she had but just discovered me, she begun to sink in the first offer to a curtsy; upon which, instead of making her any return, I cocked my nose, and stared at the Upper Gallery; and immediately after raising myself on tiptoe, stretched out my neck, and bowed to a lady who sate just behind her. I found, by my coquette's behaviour, that she was not a little nettled at this my civility, which passed over her head. She looked as pale as ashes, fell a talking with one that sat next her, and broke out into several forced smiles and fits of laughter, which I dare say there was no manner of occasion

for. Being resolved to push my success, I cast my eye through the whole circle of beauties, and made my bow to every one that I knew, and to several whom I never saw before in my life. Things were thus come to an open rupture, when the curtain rising, I was forced to face about. I had not sat down long, but my heart relented, and gave me several girds and twitches for the barbarous treatment which I had shewn to Mrs. Lucy. I longed to see the Act ended, and to make reparation for what I had done. At the first rising of the audience, between the Acts, our eyes met; but as mine begun to offer a parley, the hard-hearted slut conveyed her self behind an old lady in such a manner, that she was concealed from me for several moments. This gave me new matter of indignation, and I begun to fancy I had lost her for ever. While I was in this perplexity of thought, Mrs. Lucy lifted herself up from behind the lady who shadowed her, and peeped at me over her right shoulder: nay, madam, thinks I to myself, if those are your tricks, I will give you as good as you bring; upon which I withdrew, in a great passion, behind a tall broad shouldered fellow, who was very luckily placed before me. I here lay *Incog.* for at least three seconds; snug was the word[n]; but being very uneasy in that situation, I again emerged into open candle-light, when looking for Mrs. Lucy, I could see nothing but the old woman, who screened her for the remaining part of the interlude. I was then forced to sit down to the second Act, being very much agitated and tormented in mind. I was terribly afraid that she had discovered my uneasiness, as well knowing, that if she caught me at such an advantage, she would use me like a dog[n]. For this reason I was resolved to play the indifferent upon her at my next standing up. The second Act, therefore, was no sooner finished, but I fastened my eye upon a young woman who sat at the further end of the boxes, whispering at the same time, to one who was near me, with an air of pleasure and admiration. I gazed upon her a long time, when stealing a glance at Mrs. Lucy, with a design to see how she took it, I found her face was turned another way, and that she was examining, from head to foot, a young well-dressed rascal who stood behind her. This cut me to the quick, and notwithstanding I tossed back my wig, rapped my snuff box, displayed my handkerchief, and at last cracked a jest with an

orange wench[n] to attract her eye, she persisted in her confounded ogle, till Mrs. Robinson came upon the stage to my relief. I now sat down sufficiently mortified, and determined, at the end of the Opera, to make my submission in the most humble manner. Accordingly, rising up, I put on a sneaking penitential look, but, to my unspeakable confusion, found her back turned upon me.

'I had now nothing left for it but to make amends for all by handing her to her chair. I bustled through the crowd, and got to her box-door as soon as possible, when, to my utter confusion, the young puppy, I have been telling you of before, bolted out upon me with Mrs. Lucy in his hand. I could not have started back with greater precipitation if I had met a ghost. The malicious gipsy took no notice of me, but turning aside her head said something to her dog of a gentleman usher, with a smile that went to my heart. I could not sleep all night for it, and the next morning wrote the following letter to her.

'"MADAM,

'"I protest I meant nothing by what passed last night, and beg you will put the most candid interpretation upon my looks and actions; for however my eyes may wander, there is none but Mrs. Lucy who has the entire possession of my heart.

'"I am, Madam,

'"With a passion that is not to be expressed either by looks, words or actions,

'"Your most unalienable,

and most humble servant,

'"TOM WHIFFLE."

'And now, Sir, what do you think was her answer? Why, to give you a true notion of her, and that you may guess at all her cursed tricks by this one—Here it is.

'"MR. WHIFFLE,

'"I am very much surprised to hear you talk of anything that passed between us last night, when to the best of my remembrance I have not seen you these three days.

'"Your servant,

'"L. T."'

[March 11, 1714.

Lover, No. 7.]

No. 86. *On a Fine Lady at Church.*

Deleo omnes dehinc ex animo mulieres.
TER. Eun. Act ii. Sc. 3, 4.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'You have often mentioned with great vehemence and indignation the misbehaviour of people at church[n]; but I am at present to talk to you on that subject, and complain to you of one, whom at the same time I know not what to accuse of, except it be looking too well there, and diverting the eyes of the congregation to that one object. However, I have this to say, that she might have stayed at her own parish, and not come to perplex those who are otherwise intent upon their duty.

'Last Sunday was sevennight I went into a church not far from London-bridge; but I wish I had been contented to go to my own parish, I am sure it had been better for me; I say I went to church thither, and got into a pew very near the pulpit. I had hardly been accommodated with a seat, before there entered into the aisle a young lady in the very bloom of youth and beauty, and dressed in the most elegant manner imaginable. Her form was such that it engaged the eyes of the whole congregation in an instant, and mine among the rest. Though we were all thus fixed upon her, she was not in the least out of countenance, or under the least disorder, though unattended by any one, and not seeming to know particularly where to place herself. However, she had not in the least a confident aspect, but moved on with the most graceful modesty, every one making way until she came to a seat just over against that in which I was placed. The deputy of the ward sat in that pew, and she stood opposite to him, and at a glance into the seat, though she did not appear the least acquainted with the gentleman, was let in, with a confusion that spoke much admiration at the novelty of the thing. The service immediately began, and she composed herself for it with an air of so much goodness and sweetness, that the confession which she uttered, so as to be heard where I sat, appeared an act of humiliation more than she had occasion for. The truth is, her beauty had something so

innocent, and yet so sublime, that we all gazed upon her like a phantom. None of the pictures which we behold of the best Italian painters have anything like the spirit which appeared in her countenance, at the different sentiments expressed in the several parts of Divine service. That gratitude and joy at a thanksgiving, that lowliness and sorrow at the prayers for the sick and distressed, that triumph at the passages which gave instances of the Divine mercy, which appeared respectively in her aspect, will be in my memory to my last hour. I protest to you, Sir, she suspended the devotion of every one around her; and the ease she did everything with soon dispersed the churlish dislike and hesitation in approving what is excellent, too frequent among us, to a general attention and entertainment in observing her behaviour. All the while that we were gazing at her, she took notice of no object about her, but had an art of seeming awkwardly attentive, whatever else her eyes were accidentally thrown upon. One thing indeed was particular, she stood the whole service, and never kneeled or sat: I do not question but that was to show herself with the greater advantage, and set forth to better grace her hands and arms, lifted up with the most ardent devotion; and her bosom, the fairest that ever was seen, bare to observation; while she, you must think, knew nothing of the concern she gave others, any other than as an example of devotion, that threw herself out, without regard to dress or garment, all contrition, and loose of all worldly regards, in ecstasy of devotion. Well; now the organ was to play a voluntary, and she was so skilful in music, and so touched with it, that she kept time not only with some motion of her head, but, also with a different air in her countenance. When the music was strong and bold, she looked exalted, but serious; when lively and airy, she was smiling and gracious; when the notes were more soft and languishing, she was kind and full of pity. When she had now made it visible to the whole congregation, by her motion and ear, that she could dance, and she wanted now only to inform us that she could sing too; when the psalm was given out, her voice was distinguished above all the rest, or rather people did not exert their own, in order to hear her. Never was any heard so sweet and so strong. The organist observed it, and he thought fit to play to her only, and she swelled every note, when she found she

had thrown us all out, and had the last verse to herself in such a manner as the whole congregation was intent upon her, in the same manner as we see in the cathedrals they are on the person who sings alone the anthem. Well; it came at last to the sermon, and our young lady would not lose her part in that neither; for she fixed her eye upon the preacher, and as he said anything she approved, with one of Charles Mather's fine tablets[n] she set down the sentence, at once showing her fine hand, the gold pen, her readiness in writing, and her judgment in choosing what to write. To sum up what I intend by this long and particular account, I mean to appeal to you, whether it is reasonable that such a creature as this shall come from a jaunty part of the town, and give herself such violent airs, to the disturbance of an innocent and inoffensive congregation, with her sublimities. The fact, I assure you, was as I have related: but I had like to have forgot another very considerable particular. As soon as church was done, she immediately stepped out of her pew, and fell into the finest pitty-pat air, forsooth, wonderfully out of countenance, tossing her head up and down, as she swam along the body of the church. I, with several others of the inhabitants, followed her out, and saw her hold up her fan to a hackney-coach at a distance, who immediately came up to her, and she whipped into it with great nimbleness, pulled the door with a bowing mien, as if she had been used to a better glass. She said aloud, 'You know where to go,' and drove off. By this time the best of the congregation was at the church-door, and I could hear some say, "A very fine lady;" others, "I'll warrant you, she is no better than she should be;" and one very wise old lady said, "she ought to have been taken up." Mr. Spectator, I think this matter lies wholly before you: for the offence does not come under any law, though it is apparent this creature came among us only to give herself airs, and enjoy her full swing in being admired. I desire you will print this, that she may be confined to her own parish; for I can assure you there is no attending anything else in a place where she is a novelty. She has been talked of among us ever since under the name of the 'Phantom:' but I would advise her to come no more; for there is so strong a party made by the women against her, that she must expect they will not be excelled a second time in so outrageous a

manner, without doing her some insult. Young women, who assume after this rate, and affect exposing themselves to view in congregations at the other end of the town, are not so mischievous, because they are rivalled by more of the same ambition, who will not let the rest of the company be particular; but in the name of the whole congregation where I was, I desire you to keep these agreeable disturbances out of the city, where sobriety of manners is still preserved, and all glaring and ostentatious behaviour, even in things laudable, discountenanced. I wish you may never see the Phantom, and am,

'Sir, your most humble Servant,

'RALPH WONDER.

Spectator, No. 503.] [October 7, 1712.

No. 87. *On Fashionable Visiting.*

Perditur hæc inter misero lux.—HOR. Sat. ii. 6. 59.

There has not some years been such a tumult in our neighbourhood as this evening about six. At the lower end of the lane the word was given, that there was a great funeral coming by. The next moment came forward, and in a very hasty, instead of a solemn manner, a long train of lights, when at last a footman, in very high youth and health, with all his force, ran through the whole art of beating the door of the house next to me, and ended his rattle with the true finishing rap. This did not only bring one to the door at which he knocked, but to that of every one in the lane in an instant. Among the rest, my country maid took the alarm, and immediately running to me, told me, 'there was a fine, fine lady, who had three men with burial torches making way before her, carried by two men upon poles, with looking-glasses on each side of her, and one glass also before, she herself appearing the prettiest that ever was.' The girl was going on in her story, when the lady was come to my door in her chair, having mistaken the house. As soon as she entered I saw she was Mr. Isaac's scholar[n], by her speak-

ing air, and the becoming stop she made when she began her apology. 'You will be surprised, sir,' said she, 'that I take this liberty, who am utterly a stranger to you; besides that it may be thought an indecorum that I visit a man.' She made here a pretty hesitation, and held her fan to her face; then, as if recovering her resolution, she proceeded—'But I think you have said, that men of your age are of no sex; therefore, I may be as free with you as one of my own.' The lady did me the honour to consult me on some particular matters, which I am not at liberty to report. But, before she took her leave, she produced a long list of names, which she looked upon, to know whither she was to go next. I must confess, I could hardly forbear discovering to her, immediately, that I secretly laughed at the fantastical regularity she observed in throwing away her time; but I seemed to indulge her in it, out of a curiosity to hear her own sense of her way of life. 'Mr. Bickerstaff,' said she, 'you cannot imagine how much you are obliged to me, in staying thus long with you, having so many visits to make; and, indeed, if I had not hopes that a third part of those I am going to will be abroad, I should be unable to despatch them this evening.'—'Madam,' said I, 'are you in all this haste and perplexity, and only going to such as you have not a mind to see?'—'Yes, sir,' said she, 'I have several now with whom I keep a constant correspondence, and return visit for visit punctually every week, and yet we have not seen each other since last November was twelvemonth.'

She went on with a very good air, and fixing her eyes on her list, told me, 'she was obliged to ride about three miles and a half before she arrived at her own house.' I asked 'after what manner this list was taken, whether the persons writ their names to her, and desired that favour, or how she knew she was not cheated in her muster-roll?'—'The method we take,' says she, 'is, that the porter or servant who comes to the door, writes down all the names who come to see us, and all such are entitled to a return of their visit.'—'But,' said I, 'madam, I presume those who are searching for each other, and know one another by messages, may be understood as candidates only for each other's favour; and that, after so many how-dees[11], you proceed to visit or not, as you like the run of each other's reputation or fortune.'—'You understand it aright,' said she; 'and

we become friends, as soon as we are convinced that our dislike to each other may be of any consequence: for, to tell you truly,' said she, 'for it is in vain to hide any thing from a man of your penetration, general visits are not made out of good-will, but for fear of ill-will. Punctuality in this case is often a suspicious circumstance; and there is nothing so common as to have a lady say, "I hope she has heard nothing of what I said of her, that she grows so great with me!" But, indeed, my porter is so dull and negligent, that I fear he has not put down half the people I owe visits to.'—'Madam,' said I, 'methinks it would be very proper if your gentleman-usher or groom of the chamber were always to keep an account, by way of debtor and creditor. I know a city lady who uses that method, which I think very laudable; for though you may possibly, at the court end of the town, receive at the door, and light up better than within Temple-bar, yet I must do that justice to my friends, the ladies within the walls, to own, that they are much more exact in their correspondence. The lady I was going to mention as an example has always the second apprentice out of the counting-house for her own use on her visiting-day, and he sets down very methodically all the visits which are made her. I remember very well, that on the first of January last, when she made up her account for the year 1708, it stood thus:

'Mrs. Courtwood—Debtor.		*Per Contra*—Creditor.	
To seventeen hundred and four visits received.	1704	By eleven hundred and nine paid.	1109
		Due to balance	595
			1704

'This gentlewoman is a woman of great economy, and was not afraid to go to the bottom of her affairs; and, therefore, ordered her apprentice to give her credit for my lady Easy's impertinent visits upon wrong days, and deduct only twelve per cent. He had orders also to subtract one and a half from the whole of such as she had denied herself to before she kept a day; and after taking those proper articles of credit on her side, she was in arrear but five hundred. She ordered her husband to buy in a couple of fresh coach-horses; and with no other loss than the death of two footmen, and a church-yard cough brought upon her coachman, she was clear in the world

on the tenth of February last, and keeps so before-hand, that she pays every body their own, and yet makes daily new acquaintances.'

I know not whether this agreeable visitant was fired with the example of the lady I told her of, but she immediately vanished out of my sight, it being, it seems, as necessary a point of good-breeding, to go off as if you stole something out of the house, as it is to enter as if you came to fire it. I do not know one thing that contributes so much to the lessening the esteem men of sense have to the fair sex, as this article of visits. A young lady cannot be married, but all impertinents in town must be beating the tattoo from one quarter of the town to the other, to show they know what passes. If a man of honour should once in an age marry a woman of merit for her intrinsic value, the envious things are all in motion in an instant to make it known to the sisterhood as an indiscretion, and publish to the town how many pounds he might have had to have been troubled with one of them. After they are tired with that, the next thing is, to make their compliments to the married couple and their relations. They are equally busy at a funeral, and the death of a person of quality is always attended with the murder of several sets of coach-horses and chairmen. In both cases, the visitants are wholly unaffected, either with joy or sorrow; for which reason, their congratulations and condolences are equally words of course; and one would be thought wonderfully ill-bred, that should build upon such expressions as encouragements to expect from them any instance of friendship.

Thus are the true causes of living, and the solid pleasures in life, lost in show, imposture, and impertinence. As for my part, I think most of the misfortunes in families arise from the trifling way the women have in spending their time, and gratifying only their eyes and ears, instead of their reason and understanding.

A fine young woman, bred under a visiting mother, knows all that is possible for her to be acquainted with by report, and sees the virtuous and the vicious used so indifferently, that the fears she is born with are abated, and desires indulged, in proportion to her love of that light and trifling conversation. I know I talk like an old man; but I must go on to say, that I think the general reception of mixed company, and the pretty fellows that

are admitted at those assemblies, give a young woman so false an idea of life, that she is generally bred up with a scorn of that sort of merit in a man, which only can make her happy in marriage; and the wretch, to whose lot she falls, very often receives in his arms a coquette, with the refuse of a heart long before given away to a coxcomb. .

Tatler, No. 109.] [December 20, 1709.

No. 88. *On Political Anxiety, and a Puff of a Fashionable Toyman.*

All persons who employ themselves in public, are still interrupted in the course of their affairs; and, it seems, the admired cavalier Nicolini[n] himself is commanded by the ladies, who at present employ their time with great assiduity in the care of the nation, to put off his day until he shall receive their commands, and notice that they are at leisure for diversions. In the mean time it is not to be expressed, how many cold chickens the fair-ones have eaten since this day sevennight for the good of their country. This great occasion[n] has given birth to many discoveries of high moment for the conduct of life. There is a toast of my acquaintance who told me, 'she had now found out, that it was day before nine[n] in the morning;' and I am very confident, if the affair hold many days longer, the ancient hours of eating will be revived among us, many having by it been made acquainted with the luxury of hunger and thirst.

There appears, methinks, something very venerable in all assemblies: and I must confess, I envied all who had youth and health enough to make their appearance there, that they had the happiness of being a whole day in the best company in the world. During the adjournments of that awful court, a neighbour of mine was telling me, that it gave him a notion of the ancient grandeur of the English hospitality, to see Westminster-Hall a dining-room[n]. There is a cheerfulness in such repasts, which is very delightful to tempers which are so happy as to be clear of spleen and vapour; for, to the jovial, to see others pleased is the greatest of all pleasures.

But, since age and infirmities forbid my appearance at such public places, the next happiness is to make the best use of privacy, and acquit myself of the demands of my correspondents. The following letter is what has given me no small inquietude, it being an accusation of partiality, and disregard to merit, in the person of a virtuoso, who is the most eloquent of all men upon small occasions, and is the more to be admired for his prodigious fertility of invention, which never appears but upon subjects which others would have thought barren. But in consideration of his uncommon talents, I am contented to let him be the hero of my next two days, by inserting his friend's recommendation of him at large.

'Nando's[n], Feb. 28, 1709.

'DEAR COUSIN,

'I am just come out of the country, and upon perusing your late lucubrations, I find Charles Lillie to be the darling of your affections; that you have given him a place, and taken no small pains to establish him in the world; and, at the same time, have passed by his name-sake[n] at this end of the town, as if he was a citizen defunct, and one of no use in a commonwealth. I must own, his circumstances are so good, and so well known, that he does not stand in need of having his fame published to the world; but, being of an ambitious spirit, and an aspiring soul, he would be rather proud of the honour, than desirous of the profit, which might result from your recommendation. He is a person of a particular genius, the first that brought toys in fashion, and baubles to perfection. He is admirably well versed in screws, springs, and hinges, and deeply read in knives, combs, or scissors, buttons, or buckles. He is a perfect master of words, which, uttered with a smooth voluble tongue, flow into a most persuasive eloquence; insomuch, that I have known a gentleman of distinction find several ingenious faults with a toy of his, and show his utmost dislike to it, as being either useless or ill-contrived; but when the orator, behind the counter, had harangued upon it for an hour and a half, displayed its hidden beauties, and revealed its secret perfections, he has wondered how he had been able to spend so great a part of his life without so important a utensil. I will not pretend to furnish out an inventory of all the valuable commodities that are to be found at his shop.

'I shall content myself with giving an account of what I think most curious. Imprimis, his pocket-books are very neat and well contrived, not for keeping bank-bills, or goldsmiths notes, I confess; but they are admirable for registering the lodgings of Madonas, and for preserving letters from ladies of quality. His whips and spurs are so nice, that they will make one that buys them ride a fox-hunting, though before he hated noise and early rising, and was afraid of breaking his neck. His seals are curiously fancied, and exquisitely well cut, and of great use to encourage young gentlemen to write a good hand. Ned Puzzle-post has been ill used by his writing-master, and writ a sort of a Chinese, or downright Scrawlian; however, upon his buying a seal of my friend, he is so much improved by continual writing, that it is believed in a short time one may be able to read his letters, and find out his meaning, without guessing. His pistols and fusees are so very good, that they are fit to be laid up among the finest china. Then his tweezer-cases are incomparable: you shall have one not much bigger than your finger, with seventeen several instruments in it, all necessary every hour of the day, during the whole course of a man's life. But if this virtuoso excels in one thing more than another, it is in canes. He has spent his most select hours in the knowledge of them; and is arrived at that perfection, that he is able to hold forth upon canes longer than upon any one subject in the world. Indeed, his canes are so finely clouded, and so well made up, either with gold or amber heads, that I am of the opinion it is impossible for a gentleman to walk, talk, sit, or stand, as he should do, without one of them. He knows the value of a cane, by knowing the value of the buyer's estate. Sir Timothy Shallow has two thousand pounds per annum, and Tom Empty, one. They both at several times bought a cane of Charles: sir Timothy's cost ten guineas, and Tom Empty's five. Upon comparing them, they were perfectly alike. Sir Timothy, surprised there should be no difference in the canes, and so much in the price, comes to Charles: "Charles," says he, "you have sold me a cane here for ten pieces, and the very same to Tom Empty for five." "Sir Timothy," says Charles, "I am concerned that you, whom I took to understand canes better than any baronet in town, should be so

overseen[n]!" "Why, sir Timothy, your's is a true Jambee, and esquire Empty's only a plain Dragon[n]."

'This virtuoso has a parcel of Jambees now growing in the East-Indies, where he keeps a man on purpose to look after them, which will be the finest that ever landed in Great-Britain, and will be fit to cut about two years hence. Any gentleman may subscribe for as many as he pleases. Subscriptions will be taken in at his shop at ten guineas each joint. They that subscribe for six shall have a Dragon gratis. This is all I have to say at present concerning Charles's curiosities; and hope it may be sufficient to prevail with you to take him into your consideration, which if you comply with, you will oblige

'Your humble servant.'

N.B. Whereas there came out, last term, several gold snuff-boxes, and others: this is to give notice, that Charles will put out a new edition on Saturday next, which will be the only one in fashion until after Easter. The gentleman that gave fifty pounds for the box set with diamonds, may show it until Sunday night, provided he goes to church; but not after that time, there being one to be published on Monday, which will cost fourscore guineas.

Tatler, No. 142.] [March 7, 1709.

No. 89. *A Fine Lady's Advertisement; Letter from Pompey.*

The lady hereafter-mentioned, having come to me in very great haste, and paid me much above the usual fee, as a cunning-man[n], to find her stolen goods, and also having approved my late discourse of advertisements, obliged me to draw up this, and insert it in the body of my paper.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas Bridget Howd'ee[n], late servant to the Lady Fardingale, a short, thick, lively, hard-favoured wench of about twenty-nine years of age, her eyes small and bleared, and nose very broad at bottom, and turning up at the end, her mouth wide, and lips of an unusual thickness, two teeth out before, the rest black and uneven, the tip of her left ear being of a mouse

colour, her voice loud and shrill, quick of speech, and something of a Welsh accent, withdrew herself on Wednesday last from her ladyship's dwelling-house, and, with the help of her consorts, carried off the following goods of her said lady; viz. a thick wadded callico wrapper, a musk-coloured velvet mantle lined with squirrel skins, eight night-shifts, four pair of silk stockings curiously darned, six pair of laced shoes, new and old, with the heels of half two inches higher than their fellows; a quilted petticoat of the largest size, and one of canvas with whale-bone hoops; three pair of stays, bolstered below the left shoulder, two pair of hips of the newest fashion, six round-about aprons with pockets, and four striped muslin night-rails very little frayed; a silver pot for coffee or chocolate, the lid much bruised; a broad brimmed flat silver plate for sugar with Rhenish wine; a silver ladle for plumb-porridge; a silver cheese-toaster with three tongues, an ebony handle, and silvering at the end; a silver posnet to butter eggs; one caudle and two cordial-water cups, two cocoa-cups, and an ostrich's egg, with rims and feet of silver, a marrow-spoon with a scoop at the other end, a silver orange-strainer, eight sweet-meat spoons made with forks at the end, an agate-handle knife and fork in a sheath, a silver tongue-scraper, a silver tobacco-box, with a tulip graved on the top; and a bible bound in shagreen, with gilt leaves and clasps, never opened but once. Also a small cabinet, with six drawers inlaid with red tortoise-shell, and brass gilt ornaments at the four corners, in which were two leather forehead-cloths [n], three pair of oiled dog-skin gloves, seven cakes of superfine Spanish wool, half-a-dozen of Portugal dishes, and a quire of paper from thence; two pair of bran-new plumpers, four black-lead combs, three pair of fashionable eye-brows, two sets of ivory teeth, little the worse for wearing, and one pair of box for common use; Adam and Eve in bugle work, without fig leaves, upon canvas, curiously wrought with her ladyship's own hand; several filligrane curiosities; a crotchet of one hundred and twenty-two diamonds, set strong and deep in silver, with a rump-jewel after the same fashion; bracelets of braided hair, pomander and seed-pearl; a large old purple velvet purse, embroidered, and shutting with a spring, containing two pictures in miniature, the features visible; a broad thick gold ring with a hand-in-hand engraved upon it, and

within this poesy[n], 'While life does last, I'll hold thee fast;' another set round with small rubies and sparks, six wanting; another of Turkey stone, cracked through the middle; an Elizabeth and four Jacobus's, one guinea, the first of the coin, an angel with a hole bored through, a broken half of a Spanish piece of gold, a crown-piece with the breeches[n], an old nine-pence bent both ways by Lilly the almanack maker, for luck at langteraloo[n], and twelve of the shells called blackmoor's teeth; one small amber box with apoplectic balsam, and one silver gilt of a larger size for cashu and carraway comfits, to be taken at long sermons, the lid enamelled, representing a cupid fishing for hearts, with a piece of gold on his hook; over his head this rhyme[n], 'Only with gold, you me shall hold.' In the lower drawer was a large new gold repeating watch made by a Frenchman; a gold chain, and all the proper appurtenances hung upon steel swivels, to wit, lockets with the hair of dead and living lovers, seals with arms, emblems, and devices cut in cornelian, agate, and onyx, with cupids, hearts, darts, altars, flames, rocks, pickaxes, roses, thorns, and sunflowers; as also variety of ingenious French mottos; together with gold etuys for quills, scissors, needles, thimbles, and a sponge dipped in Hungary water, left but the night before by a young lady going upon a frolic incog. There was also a bundle of letters, dated between the years one thousand six hundred and seventy, and one thousand six hundred and eighty-two, most of them signed Philander, the rest Strephon, Amyntas, Corydon, and Adonis; together with a collection of receipts to make pastes for the hands, pomatums, lip-salves, white-pots, beautifying creams, water of talc, frog spawn water, and decoctions for clearing the complexion.

Whoever can discover the aforesaid goods, so that they may be had again, shall have fifty guineas for the whole, or proportionably for any part.

N. B. Her ladyship is pleased to promise ten pounds for the pacquet of letters over and above, or five for Philander's only, being her first love. 'My lady bestows those of Strephon to the finder, being so written, that they may serve to any woman who reads them.'

P. S. As I am a patron of persons who have no other friend to apply to, I cannot suppress the following complaint:

'SIR,

'I am a blackmoor boy[n], and have, by my lady's order, been christened by the chaplain. The good man has gone further with me, and told me a great deal of good news; as, that I am as good as my lady herself; as I am a Christian, and many other things: but for all this, the parrot, who came over with me from our country, is as much esteemed by her as I am. Besides this, the shock-dog has a collar that cost almost as much as mine. I desire also to know, whether now I am a Christian, I am obliged to dress like a Turk, and wear a turban.

'I am, Sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'POMPEY.'

Tatler, No. 245.] [November 2, 1710.

No. 90. *On trivial Pastimes, capping Verses, Punning, Biting.*

Lepus tute es, et pulpamentum quæris.
TER. Eun. act. iii. sc. 1.

It is a great convenience to those who want wit to furnish out a conversation, that there is something or other in all companies where it is wanted substituted in its stead, which, according to their taste, does the business as well. Of this nature is the agreeable pastime in country halls of cross-purposes, questions and commands[n], and the like. A little superior to these are those who can play at crambo, or cap verses. Then above them are such as can make verses, that is, rhyme; and among those who have the Latin tongue, such as used to make what they call golden verses. Commend me also to those who have not brains enough for any of these exercises, and yet do not give up their pretensions to mirth. These can slap you on the back unawares, laugh loud, ask you how you do with a twang on your shoulders, say you are dull to-day, and laugh a voluntary to put you in humour; not to mention the laborious way among

the minor poets, of making things come into such and such a shape[n], as that of an egg, a hand, an axe, or anything that nobody had ever thought on before, for that purpose, or which would have cost a great deal of pains to accomplish, if they did. But all these methods, though they are mechanical, and may be arrived at with the smallest capacity, do not serve an honest gentleman who wants wit for his ordinary occasions; therefore it is absolutely necessary that the poor in imagination should have something which may be serviceable to them at all hours upon all common occurrences. That which we call punning is therefore greatly affected by men of small intellects. These men need not be concerned with you for the whole sentence; but if they can say a quaint thing, or bring in a word which sounds like any one word you have spoken to them, they can turn the discourse, or distract you so that you cannot go on, and by consequence, if they cannot be as witty as you are, they can hinder your being any wittier than they are. Thus, if you talk of a candle, he 'can deal' with you; and if you ask him to help you to some bread, a punster should think himself very 'ill-bred' if he did not; and if he is not as 'well-bred' as yourself, he hopes for 'grains' of allowance. If you do not understand that last fancy, you must recollect that bread is made of grain; and so they go on for ever, without possibility of being exhausted.

There are another kind of people of small faculties, who supply want of wit with want of breeding; and because women are both by nature and education more offended at any thing which is immodest than we men are, these are ever harping upon things they ought not allude to, and deal mightily in double meanings. Every one's own observation will suggest instances enough of this kind without my mentioning any; for your double meaners are dispersed up and down through all parts of the town or city where there are any to offend, in order to set off themselves. These men are mighty loud laughers, and held very pretty gentlemen with the sillier and unbred part of womankind. But, above all already mentioned, or any who ever were, or ever can be in the world, the happiest and surest to be pleasant, are a sort of people whom we have not indeed lately heard much of, and those are your 'biters.'

A biter[n] is one who tells you a thing you have no reason to disbelieve in itself, and perhaps has given you, before he bit

you, no reason to disbelieve it for his saying it; and, if you give him credit, laughs in your face, and triumphs that he has deceived you. In a word, a biter is one who thinks you a fool, because you do not think him a knave. This description of him one may insist upon to be a just one; for what else but a degree of knavery is it, to depend upon deceit for what you gain of another, be it in point of wit, or interest, or any thing else?

This way of wit is called 'biting,' by a metaphor taken from beasts of prey, which devour harmless and unarmed animals, and look upon them as their food wherever they meet them. The sharpers about town very ingeniously understood themselves to be to the undesigning part of mankind what foxes are to lambs, and therefore used the word biting, to express any exploit wherein they had over-reached any innocent and inadvertent man of his purse. These rascals of late years have been the gallants of the town, and carried it with a fashionable haughty air, to the discouragement of modesty, and all honest arts. Shallow fops, who are governed by the eye, and admire every thing that struts in vogue, took up from the sharpers the phrase of biting, and used it upon all occasions, either to disown any nonsensical stuff they should talk themselves, or evade the force of what was reasonably said by others. Thus, when one of these cunning creatures was entered into a debate with you, whether it was practicable in the present state of affairs to accomplish such a proposition, and you thought he had let fall what destroyed his side of the question, as soon as you looked with an earnestness ready to lay hold of it, he immediately cried, 'Bite,' and you were immediately to acknowledge all that part was in jest. They carry this to all the extravagance imaginable; and if one of these witlings knows any particulars which may give authority to what he says, he is still the more ingenious if he imposes upon your credulity. I remember a remarkable instance of this kind. There came up a shrewd young fellow to a plain young man, his countryman, and taking him aside with a grave concerned countenance, goes on at this rate: 'I see you here, and have you heard nothing out of Yorkshire?—You look so surprised you could not have heard of it—and yet the particulars are such that it cannot be false: I am sorry I am got into it so far that I now must tell you; but I

know not but it may be for your service to know. On Tuesday last, just after dinner—you know his manner is to smoke—opening his box, your father fell down dead in an apoplexy.' The youth showed the filial sorrow which he ought—Upon which the witty man cried, 'Bite; there was nothing in all this.'

To put an end to this silly, pernicious, frivolous way at once, I will give the reader one late instance of a bite, which no biter for the future will ever be able to equal, though I heartily wish him the same occasion. It is a superstition with some surgeons who beg the bodies of condemned malefactors, to go to the gaol, and bargain for the carcase with the criminal himself. A good honest fellow did so last sessions, and was admitted to the condemned men on the morning wherein they died. The surgeon communicated his business, and fell into discourse with a little fellow, who refused twelve shillings, and insisted upon fifteen for his body. The fellow who killed the officer of Newgate, very forwardly, and like a man who was willing to deal, told him, 'Look you, Mr. Surgeon, that little dry fellow, who has been half starved all his life, and is now half dead with fear, cannot answer your purpose. I have ever lived high and freely, my veins are full, I have not pined in imprisonment; you see my crest swells to your knife; and after Jack Catch[n] has done, upon my honour you will find me as sound as ever a bullock in any of the markets. Come, for twenty shillings I am your man.' Says the surgeon, 'Done, there is a guinea.' This witty rogue took the money, and as soon as he had it in his fist, cries, 'Bite; I am to be hanged in chains.'

Spectator, No. 504.] [October 8, 1712.

§ 4. CHARACTER SKETCHES.

No. 91. *On Giving Advice; Characters of Paulo and Avaro.*

Among the many employments I am necessarily put upon by my friends, that of giving advice is the most unwelcome to me; and, indeed I am forced to use a little art in the manner; for some people will ask counsel of you, when they have already

acted what they tell you is still under deliberation. I had almost lost a very good friend the other day, who came to know 'how I liked his design to marry such a lady?' I answered, 'By no means; and I must be positive against it, for very solid reasons, which are not proper to communicate.' 'Not proper to communicate!' said he, with a grave air, 'I will know the bottom of this.' I saw him moved, and knew from thence he was already determined; therefore evaded it by saying, 'To tell you the truth, dear Frank, of all the women living I would have her myself.' 'Isaac,' said he, 'thou art too late, for we have been both one these two months.'

I learned this caution by a gentleman's consulting me formerly about his son. He railed at his extravagance, and told me, 'in a very little time he would beggar him by the exorbitant bills which came from Oxford every quarter.' 'Make the rogue bite upon the bridle[n],' said I; 'pay none of his bills, it will but encourage him to further trespasses.' He looked plaguy sour at me. His son soon after sent up a paper of verses, forsooth, in print on the last public occasion; upon which, he is convinced the boy has parts, and a lad of spirit is not to be too much cramped in his maintenance, lest he take ill courses. Neither father nor son can ever since endure the sight of me.

These sort of people ask opinions only out of the fullness of their heart on the subject of their perplexity, and not from a desire of information.

There is nothing so easy as to find out which opinion the man in doubt has a mind to; therefore the sure way is, to tell him that is certainly to be chosen. Then you are to be very clear and positive; leave no handle for scruple. 'Bless me! sir, there is no room for a question!' This rivets you into his heart; for you at once applaud his wisdom, and gratify his inclination. However, I had too much bowels to be insincere to a man who came yesterday to know of me, with which of two eminent men in the city he should place his son? their names are Paulo and Avaro. This gave me much debate with myself, because not only the fortune of the youth, but his virtue also dependeth upon this choice. The men are equally wealthy; but they differ in the use and application of their riches, which you immediately see upon entering their doors.

The habitation of Paulo has at once the air of a nobleman and a merchant. You see the servants act with affection to their master, and satisfaction in themselves: the master meets you with an open countenance, full of benevolence and integrity: your business is despatched with that confidence and welcome which always accompany honest minds: his table is the image of plenty and generosity, supported by justice and frugality. After we had dined here, our affair was to visit Avaro: out comes an awkward fellow, with a careful countenance; 'Sir, would you speak with my master? may I crave your name?' After the first preamble, he leads us into a noble solitude, a great house that seemed uninhabited; but from the end of the spacious hall moves towards us Avaro, with a suspicious aspect, as if he had believed us thieves; and, as for my part, I approached him as if I knew him a cut-purse. We fell into discourse of his noble dwelling, and the great estate all the world knew he had to enjoy in it: and I, to plague him, began to commend Paulo's way of living. 'Paulo,' answered Avaro, 'is a very good man; but we, who have smaller estates, must cut our coat according to our cloth.' 'Nay,' says I, 'every man knows his own circumstances best; you are in the right, if you have not wherewithal.' He looked very sour; for it is, you must know, the utmost vanity of a mean-spirited rich man to be contradicted when he calls himself poor. But I resolved to vex him, by consenting to all he said; the main design of which was, that he would have us find out, he was one of the wealthiest men in London, and lived like a beggar. We left him, and took a turn on the Exchange. My friend was ravished with Avaro: 'this,' said he, 'is certainly a sure man.' I contradicted him with much warmth, and summed up their different characters as well as I could. 'This Paulo,' said I, 'grows wealthy by being a common good; Avaro, by being a general evil: Paulo has the art, Avaro the craft of trade. When Paulo gains, all men he deals with are the better: whenever Avaro profits, another certainly loses. In a word, Paulo is a citizen, and Avaro a cit.' I convinced my friend, and carried the young gentleman the next day to Paulo, where he will learn the way both to gain and enjoy a good fortune. And though I cannot say I have, by keeping him from Avaro, saved him from the gallows, I have

prevented his deserving it every day he lives: for with Paulo he will be an honest man, without being so for fear of the law; as with Avaro he would have been a villain within the protection of it.

Tatler, No. 25.] [June 6, 1709.

No. 92. *The Characters of a Rake and a Coquette.*

Pacolet being gone a-strolling among the men of the sword, in order to find out the secret causes of the frequent disputes we meet with, and furnish me with materials for my treatise on duelling: I have room left to go on in my information to my country readers, whereby they may understand the bright people whose memoirs I have taken upon me to write. But in my discourse of the twenty-eighth of the last month, I omitted to mention the most agreeable of all bad characters, and that is, a Rake[n].

A Rake is a man always to be pitied; and if he lives, is one day certainly reclaimed; for his faults proceed not from choice or inclination, but from strong passions and appetites, which are in youth too violent for the curb of reason, good sense, good manners, and good-nature: all which he must have by nature and education, before he can be allowed to be, or to have been of this order. He is a poor unwieldy wretch that commits faults out of the redundance of his good qualities. His pity and compassion make him sometimes a bubble[n] to all his fellows, let them be never so much below him in understanding. His desires run away with him through the strength and force of a lively imagination, which hurries him on to unlawful pleasures, before reason has power to come in to his rescue. Thus, with all the good intentions in the world to amendment, this creature sins on against heaven, himself, his friends, and his country, who all call for a better use of his talents. There is not a being under the sun so miserable as this: he goes on in a pursuit he himself disapproves, and has no enjoyment but what is followed by remorse; no relief from remorse, but the repetition of his crime. It is possible I may talk of this person with too much

indulgence; but I must repeat it, that I think this a character which is the most the object of pity of any in the world. The man in the pangs of the stone, gout, or any acute distemper, is not in so deplorable a condition, in the eye of right sense, as he that errs and repents, and repents and errs on. The fellow with broken limbs justly deserves your alms for his impotent condition; but he that cannot use his own reason is in a much worse state; for you see him in miserable circumstances, with his remedy at the same time in his own possession, if he would, or could use it. This is the cause that, of all ill characters, the Rake has the best quarter in the world; for when he is himself, and unruffled with intemperance, you see his natural faculties exert themselves, and attract an eye of favour towards his infirmities.

But if we look round us here, how many dull rogues are there, that would fain be what this poor man hates himself for? All the noise towards six in the evening is caused by his mimics and imitators. How ought men of sense to be careful of their actions, if it were merely from the indignation of seeing themselves ill-drawn by such little pretenders! Not to say he that leads is guilty of all the actions of his followers; and a Rake has imitators whom you would never expect should prove so. Second-hand vice, sure, of all is the most nauseous. There is hardly a folly more absurd, or which seems less to be accounted for (though it is what we see every day,) than that grave and honest natures give into this way, and at the same time have good sense, if they thought fit to use it; but the fatality (under which most men labour) of desiring to be what they are not, makes them go out of a method in which they might be received with applause, and would certainly excel, into one, wherein they will all their lives have the air of strangers to what they aim at.

For this reason, I have not lamented the metamorphosis of any one I know so much as of Nobilis, who was born with sweetness of temper, just apprehension, and every thing else that might make him a man fit for his order. But instead of the pursuit of sober studies and applications, in which he would certainly be capable of making a considerable figure in the noblest assembly of men in the world; I say, in spite of that good nature, which is his proper bent, he will say ill-natured

things aloud, put such as he was, and still should be, out of countenance, and drown all the natural good in him, to receive an artificial ill character, in which he will never succeed; for Nobilis is no Rake. He may guzzle as much wine as he pleases; ... but he may as well drink water-gruel, and go twice a-day to church, for it will never do. I pronounce it again, Nobilis is no Rake. To be of that order, he must be vicious against his will, and not so by study or application. All 'Pretty Fellows' are also excluded to a man, as well as all inamoratoes, or persons of the epicene gender, who gaze at one another in the presence of ladies. This class, of which I am giving you an account, is pretended to also by men of strong abilities in drinking; though they are such whom the liquor, not the conversation, keeps together. But blockheads may roar, fight, and stab, and be never the nearer; their labour is also lost; they want sense: they are no Rakes.

As a Rake among men is the man who lives in the constant abuse of his reason, so a Coquette among women is one who lives in continual misapplication of her beauty. The chief of all whom I have the honour to be acquainted with, is pretty Mrs. Toss: she is ever in practice of something which disfigures her, and takes from her charms, though all she does tends to a contrary effect. She has naturally a very agreeable voice and utterance, which she has changed for the prettiest lisp imaginable. She sees what she has a mind to see at half a mile distance; but poring with her eyes half shut at every one she passes by, she believes much more becoming. The Cupid on her fan and she have their eyes full on each other, all the time in which they are not both in motion. Whenever her eye is turned from that dear object, you may have a glance, and your bow, if she is in humour, returned as civilly as you make it; but that must not be in the presence of a man of greater quality: for Mrs. Toss is so thoroughly well-bred, that the chief person present has all her regards. And she who giggles at divine service, and laughs at her very mother, can compose herself at the approach of a man of a good estate.

Tatler, No. 27.] [June 9, 1709.

No. 93. *Character of Sir Taffety Trippet; a Cure for the Spleen.*

My friend sir Thomas has communicated to me his letters from Epsom of the twenty-fifth instant, which give, in general, a very good account of the present posture of affairs in that place; but that the tranquillity and correspondence[n] of the company begins to be interrupted by the arrival of sir Taffety Trippet[n], a fortune-hunter, whose follies are too gross to give diversion; and whose vanity is too stupid to let him be sensible that he is a public offence. If people will indulge a splenetic humour, it is impossible to be at ease, when such creatures as are the scandal of our species set up for gallantry and adventures. It will be much more easy, therefore, to laugh sir Taffety into reason, than convert him from his foppery by any serious contempt. I knew a gentleman that made it a maxim to open his doors, and ever run into the way of bullies, to avoid their insolence. The rule will hold as well with coxcombs: they are never mortified, but when they see you receive and despise them; otherwise they rest assured, that it is your ignorance makes them out of your good graces; or, that it is only want of admittance prevents their being amiable where they are shunned and avoided. But sir Taffety is a fop of so sanguine a complexion, that I fear it will be very hard for the fair-one he at present pursues to get rid of the chace, without being so tired, as, for her own ease, to fall into the mouth of the mongrel she runs from. But the history of sir Taffety is as pleasant as his character.

It happened that, when he first set up for a fortune-hunter, he chose Tunbridge for the scene of action, where were at that time two sisters upon the same design. The knight believed of course the elder must be the better prize; and consequently makes all his sail that way. People that want sense do always in an egregious manner want modesty, which made our hero triumph in making his amour as public as was possible. The adored lady was no less vain of his public addresses. An attorney with one cause is not half so restless as a woman with one lover. Wherever they met, they talked to each other aloud,

chose each other partner at balls, saluted at the most conspicuous parts of the service of the church, and practised, in honour of each other, all the remarkable particularities which are usual for persons who admire one another, and are contemptible to the rest of the world. These two lovers seemed as much made for each other as Adam and Eve, and all pronounced it a match of nature's own making; but the night before the nuptials, so universally approved, the younger sister, envious of the good fortune even of her sister, who had been present at most of their interviews, and had an equal taste for the charms of a fop, as there are a set of women made for that order of men; the younger, I say, unable to see so rich a prize pass by her, discovered to sir Taffety, that a coquet air, much tongue, and three suits, was all the portion of his mistress. His love vanished that moment, himself and equipage the next morning. It is uncertain where the lover has been ever since engaged; but certain it is, he has not appeared in his character as a follower of love and fortune until he arrived at Epsom, where there is at present a young lady of youth, beauty, and fortune, who has alarmed all the vain and the impertinent to infest that quarter. At the head of this assembly, sir Taffety shines in the brightest manner, with all the accomplishments which usually ensnare the heart of a woman; with this particular merit, which often is of great service, that he is laughed at for her sake. The friends of the fair one are in much pain for the sufferings she goes through from the perseverance of this hero; but they may be much more so from the danger of his succeeding, toward which they give a helping hand, if they dissuade her with bitterness; for there is a fantastical generosity in the sex to approve creatures of the least merit imaginable, when they see the imperfections of their admirers are become marks of derision for their sakes; and there is nothing so frequent, as that he, who was contemptible to a woman in her own judgment, has won her by being too violently opposed by others.

In the several capacities I bear of astrologer, civilian, and physician, I have with great application studied the public emolument; to this end serve all my lucubrations, speculations, and whatever other labours I undertake, whether nocturnal or diurnal. On this motive am I induced to publish a never-failing medicine for the spleen: my experience in this distemper came

from a very remarkable cure on my ever worthy friend Tom Spindle, who, through excessive gaiety, had exhausted that natural stock of wit and spirits he had long been blessed with: he was sunk and flattened to the lowest degree imaginable, sitting whole hours over the 'Book of Martyrs' and 'Pilgrim's Progress;' his other contemplations never rising higher than the regularity of his pulse. In this condition I found him, accompanied by the learned Dr. Drachm, and a good old nurse. Drachm had prescribed magazines of herbs, and mines of steel. I soon discovered the malady, and descanted on the nature of it, until I convinced both the patient and his nurse, that the spleen is not to be cured by medicine but by poetry. Apollo, the author of physic, shone with diffusive rays, the best of poets as well as of physicians; and it is in this double capacity that I have made my way; and have found sweet, easy, flowing numbers are oft superior to our noblest medicines. When the spirits are low, and nature sunk, the muse, with sprightly and harmonious notes, gives an unexpected turn with a grain of poetry; which I prepare without the use of mercury. I have done wonders in this kind; for the spleen is like the Tarantula, the effects of whose malignant poison are to be prevented by no other remedy but the charms of music: for you are to understand, that as some noxious animals carry antidotes for their own poisons, so there is something equally unaccountable in poetry; for though it is sometimes a disease, it is to be cured only by itself. Now, I knowing Tom Spindle's constitution, and that he is not only a pretty gentleman, but also a pretty poet, found the true cause of his distemper was a violent grief, that moved his affections too strongly: for, during the late treaty of peace, he had writ a most excellent poem on that subject; and when he wanted but two lines in the last stanza for finishing the whole piece, there comes news that the French tyrant would not sign. Spindle in a few days took his bed, and had lain there still, had not I been sent for. I immediately told him, there was great probability the French would now sue to us for peace. I saw immediately a new life in his eyes, and I knew that nothing could help him forward so well, as hearing verses which he would believe worse than his own. I read him therefore, the Brussels Postscript[n]: after which I recited some heroic lines of my own, which operated so strongly on the tym-

panum of his ear, that I doubt not but I have kept out all other sounds for a fortnight; and have reason to hope, we shall see him abroad the day before his poem. . . .

Tatler, No. 47.] [July 28, 1709.

No. 94. *On Esteem; Characters of Jack and Gatty Gainly, of Flavia and Lucia.*

Metiri se quemque suo modulo ac pede verum est.
HOR. Ep. i. 7. ver. ult.

The general purposes of men in the conduct of their lives, I mean with relation to this life only, end in gaining either the affection or the esteem of those with whom they converse. Esteem makes a man powerful in business, and affection desirable in conversation; which is certainly the reason that very agreeable men fail of their point in the world, and those who are by no means such, arrive at it with much ease. If it be visible in a man's carriage that he has a strong passion to please, no one is much at a loss how to keep measures with him; because there is always a balance in people's hands to make up with him, by giving him what he still wants in exchange for what you think fit to deny him. Such a person asks with diffidence, and ever leaves room for denial by that softness of his complexion. At the same time he himself is capable of denying nothing, even what he is not able to perform. The other sort of man who courts esteem, having a quite different view, has as different a behaviour; and acts as much by the dictates of his reason as the other does by the impulse of his inclination. You must pay for every thing you have of him. He considers mankind as a people in commerce, and never gives out of himself what he is sure will not come in with interest from another. All his words and actions tend to the advancement of his reputation and of his fortune, towards which he makes hourly progress, because he lavishes no part of his good-will upon such as do not make some advances to merit it. The man who values affection, sometimes becomes popular; he who aims at esteem, seldom fails of growing rich.

Thus far we have looked at these different men, as persons

who endeavoured to be valued and beloved from design or ambition; but they appear quite in another figure, when you observe the men who are agreeable and venerable from the force of their natural inclinations. We affect the company of him who has least regard of himself in his carriage, who throws himself into unguarded gaiety, voluntary mirth, and general good humour; who has nothing in his head but the present hour, and seems to have all his interest and passions gratified, if every man else in the room is as unconcerned as himself. This man usually has no quality or character among his companions; let him be born of whom he will, have what great qualities he please; let him be capable of assuming for a moment what figure he pleases, he still dwells in the imagination of all who know him but as Jack such-a-one. This makes Jack brighten up the room wherever he enters, and change the severity of the company into that gaiety and good humour, into which his conversation generally leads them. It is not unpleasant to observe even this sort of creature go out of his character, to check himself sometimes for his familiarities, and pretend so awkwardly at procuring to himself more esteem than he finds he meets with. I was the other day walking with Jack Gainly towards Lincoln's-inn-walks: we met a fellow who is a lower officer where Jack is in the direction. Jack cries to him, 'So, how is it, Mr.——?' He answers, 'Mr. Gainly, I am glad to see you well.' This expression of equality gave my friend a pang, which appeared in the flush of his countenance. 'Pr'ythee Jack,' says I, 'do not be angry at the man; for do what you will, the man can only love you; be contented with the image the man has of thee; for if thou aimest at any other, it must be hatred or contempt.' I went on, and told him, 'Look you, Jack, I have heard thee sometimes talk like an oracle for half an hour, with the sentiments of a Roman, the closeness of a schoolman, and the integrity of a divine; but then Jack, while I admired thee, it was upon topics which did not concern thyself; and where the greatness of the subject, added to thy being personally unconcerned in it, created all that was great in thy discourse.' I did not mind his being a little out of humour; but comforted him, by giving him several instances of men of our acquaintance, who had no one quality in any eminence, that were much more esteemed than he was with very many: 'but the thing is, if your character is to give pleasure,

men will consider you only in that light, and not in those acts which turn to esteem and veneration.'

When I think of Jack Gainly, I cannot but reflect also upon his sister Gatty. She is young, witty, pleasant, innocent. This is her natural character; but when she observes any one admired for what they call a fine woman, she is all the next day womanly, prudent, observing, and virtuous. She is every moment asked in her prudential behaviour, whether she is not well? Upon which she as often answers in a fret, 'Do people think one must be always romping, always a Jackpudding?' I never fail to enquire of her, if my lady such-a-one, that awful beauty, was not at the play last night? She knows the connection between that question and her change of humour, and says, 'It would be very well if some people would examine into themselves, as much as they do into others.' Or, 'Sure, there is nothing in the world so ridiculous as an amorous old man.'

As I was saying, there is a class which every man is in by his post in nature, from which it is impossible for him to withdraw to another, and become it. Therefore it is necessary that each should be contented with it, and not endeavour at any progress out of that tract. To follow nature is the only agreeable course, which is what I would fain inculcate to those jarring companions, Flavia and Lucia. They are mother and daughter. Flavia, who is the mamma, has all the charms and desires of youth still about her, and is not much turned of thirty. Lucia is blooming and amorous, and but a little above fifteen. The mother looks very much younger than she is, the girl very much older. If it were possible to fix the girl to her sick bed, and preserve the portion, the use of which the mother partakes, the good widow Flavia would certainly do it. But for fear of Lucia's escape, the mother is forced to be constantly attended with a rival that explains her age, and draws off the eyes of her admirers. The jest is, they can never be together in strangers' company, but Lucy is eternally reprimanded for something very particular in her behaviour; for which she has the malice to say, 'she hopes she shall always obey her parents.' She carried her passion of jealousy to that height the other day, that, coming suddenly into the room, and surprising colonel Lofty speaking rapture on one knee to her mother, she clapped down by him, and asked her blessing.

I do not know whether it is so proper to tell family occurrences of this nature; but we every day see the same thing happen in public conversation of the world. Men cannot be contented with what is laudable, but they must have all that is laudable. This affectation is what decoys the familiar man into pretences to take state upon him, and the contrary character to the folly of aiming at being winning and complaisant. But in these cases men may easily lay aside what they are, but can never arrive at what they are not.

As to the pursuits after affection and esteem, the fair sex are happy in this particular, that with them the one is much more nearly related to the other than in men. The love of a woman is inseparable from some esteem of her; and as she is naturally the object of affection, the woman who has your esteem has also some degree of your love. A man that dotes on a woman for her beauty, will whisper his friend, 'that creature has a great deal of wit when you are well acquainted with her.' And if you examine the bottom of your esteem for a woman, you will find you have a greater opinion of her beauty than any body else. As to us men, I design to pass most of my time with the facetious Harry Bickerstaff; but William Bickerstaff, the most prudent man of our family, shall be my executor.

Tatler, No. 206.] [August 3, 1710.

No. 95. *On Economy in our Affairs; Characters of Laertes and Irus.*

Paupertatis pudor et fuga.—HOR. Ep. i. 18. 24.

Economy in our affairs has the same effect upon our fortunes which good-breeding has upon our conversation. There is a pretending behaviour in both cases, which instead of making men esteemed, renders them both miserable and contemptible. We had yesterday, at Sir Roger's, a set of country gentlemen who dined with him: and after dinner the glass was taken, by those who pleased, pretty plentifully. Among others I observed a person of a tolerable good aspect, who seemed to be more

greedy of liquor than any of the company, and yet methought he did not taste it with delight. As he grew warm, he was suspicious of every thing that was said, and as he advanced towards being fuddled, his humour grew worse. At the same time his bitterness seemed to be rather an inward dissatisfaction in his own mind, than any dislike he had taken to the company. Upon hearing his name, I knew him to be a gentleman of a considerable fortune in this county, but greatly in debt. What gives the unhappy man this peevishness of spirit is, that his estate is dipped[n], and is eating out with usury; and yet he has not the heart to sell any part of it. His proud stomach, at the cost of restless nights, constant inquietudes, danger of affronts, and a thousand nameless inconveniencies, preserves this canker in his fortune, rather than it shall be said he is a man of fewer hundreds a year than he has been commonly reputed. Thus he endures the torment of poverty, to avoid the name of being less rich. If you go to his house, you see great plenty; but served in a manner that shows it is all unnatural, and that the master's mind is not at home. There is a certain waste and carelessness in the air of every thing, and the whole appears but a covered indigence, a magnificent poverty. That neatness and cheerfulness which attend the table of him who lives within compass, is wanting, and exchanged for a libertine way of service in all about him.

This gentleman's conduct, though a very common way of management, is as ridiculous as that officer's would be, who had but few men under his command, and should take the charge of an extent of country rather than of a small pass. To pay for, personate, and keep in a man's hands, a greater estate than he really has, is of all others the most unpardonable vanity, and must in the end reduce the man who is guilty of it to dishonour. Yet if we look round us in any county of Great Britain, we shall see many in this fatal error; if that may be called by so soft a name, which proceeds from a false shame of appearing what they really are, when the contrary behaviour would in a short time advance them to the condition which they pretend to.

Laertes has fifteen hundred pounds a year; which is mortgaged for six thousand pounds; but it is impossible to convince him, that if he sold as much as would pay off that debt, he would save four shillings in the pound[n], which he gives for the

vanity of being the reputed master of it. Yet if Laertes did this, he would perhaps be easier in his own fortune; but then Irus, a fellow of yesterday, who has but twelve hundred a year, would be his equal. Rather than this should be, Laertes goes on to bring well-born beggars into the world, and every twelvemonth charges his estate with at least one year's rent more by the birth of a child.

Laertes and Irus are neighbours, whose way of living are an abomination to each other. Irus is moved by the fear of poverty, and Laertes by the shame of it. Though the motive of action is of so near affinity in both, and may be resolved into this, 'that to each of them poverty is the greatest of all evils,' yet are their manners very widely different. Shame of poverty makes Laertes launch into unnecessary equipage, vain expense, and lavish entertainments. Fear of poverty makes Irus allow himself only plain necessaries, appear without a servant, sell his own corn, attend his labourers, and be himself a labourer. Shame of poverty makes Laertes go every day a step nearer to it; and fear of poverty stirs up Irus to make every day some farther progress from it.

These different motives produce the excesses which men are guilty of in the negligence of and provision for themselves. Usury, stock-jobbing, extortion, and oppression, have their seed in the dread of want; and vanity, riot, and prodigality, from the shame of it; but both these excesses are infinitely below the pursuit of a reasonable creature. After we have taken care to command so much as is necessary for maintaining ourselves in the order of men suitable to our character, the care of superfluities is a vice no less extravagant than the neglect of necessaries would have been before.

Certain it is, that they are both out of nature, when she is followed with reason and good sense. It is from this reflection that I always read Mr. Cowley with the greatest pleasure. His magnanimity is as much above that of other considerable men, as his understanding; and it is a true distinguishing spirit in the elegant author[n] who published his works, to dwell so much upon the temper of his mind and the moderation of his desires. By this means he has rendered his friend as amiable as famous. That state of life which bears the face of poverty with Mr. Cowley's great vulgar[n], is admirably described: and it is no

small satisfaction to those of the same turn of desire, that he produces the authority of the wisest men of the best age of the world, to strengthen his opinion of the ordinary pursuits of mankind.

It would methinks be no ill maxim of life, if, according to that ancestor of Sir Roger[n] whom I lately mentioned, every man would point to himself what sum he would resolve not to exceed. He might by this means cheat himself into a tranquillity on this side of that expectation, or convert what he should get above it to nobler uses than his own pleasures or necessities. This temper of mind would exempt a man from an ignorant envy of restless men above him, and a more inexcusable contempt of happy men below him. This would be sailing by some compass, living with some design; but to be eternally bewildered in prospects of future gain, and putting on unnecessary armour against improbable blows of fortune, is a mechanic being which has not good sense for its direction, but is carried on by a sort of acquired instinct towards things below our consideration, and unworthy our esteem. It is possible that the tranquillity I now enjoy at Sir Roger's may have created in me this way of thinking, which is so abstracted from the common relish of the world; but as I am now in a pleasing arbour surrounded with a beautiful landscape, I find no inclination so strong as to continue in these mansions so remote from the ostentatious scenes of life; and am at this present writing philosopher enough to conclude with Mr. Cowley[n],

> If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat
> With any wish so mean as to be great:
> Continue, Heav'n, still from me to remove
> The humble blessings of that life I love.

Spectator, No. 114.] [July 11, 1711.

No. 98. *The Character of a Constitutional Liar.*

Parthis mendacior.—Hor. Ep. ii. 1. 112.

According to the request of this strange fellow[n], I shall print the following letter:—

'Mr. Spectator,

'I shall without any manner of preface or apology acquaint

you, that I am, and ever have been, from my youth upward, one of the greatest liars this island has produced. I have read all the moralists upon the subject, but could never find any effect their discourses had upon me, but to add to my misfortune by new thoughts and ideas, and making me more ready in my language, and capable of sometimes mixing seeming truths with my improbabilities. With this strong passion towards falsehood in this kind, there does not live an honester man, or a sincerer friend; but my imagination runs away with me; and whatever is started, I have such a scene of adventures appears in an instant before me, that I cannot help uttering them, though, to my immediate confusion, I cannot but know I am liable to be detected by the first man I meet.

'Upon occasion of the mention of the battle of Pultowa[n], I could not forbear giving an account of a kinsman of mine, a young merchant who was bred at Moscow, that had too much mettle to attend books of entries and accounts, when there was so active a scene in the country where he resided, and followed the Czar as a volunteer. This warm youth (born at the instant the thing was spoken of) was the man who unhorsed the Swedish general; he was the occasion that the Muscovites kept their fire in so soldier-like a manner, and brought up those troops which were covered from the enemy at the beginning of the day; besides this, he had at last the good fortune to be the man who took Count Piper[n]. With all this fire I knew my cousin to be the civilest creature in the world. He never made any impertinent show of his valour, and then he had an excellent genius for the world in every other kind. I had letters from him (here I felt in my pockets) that exactly spoke the Czar's character, which I knew perfectly well; and I could not forbear concluding, that I lay with his imperial majesty twice or thrice a week all the while he lodged at Deptford[n]. What is worse than all this, it is impossible to speak to me but you give me some occasion of coming out with one lie or other, that has neither wit, humour, prospect of interest, or any other motive that I can think of in nature. The other day, when one was commending an eminent and learned divine, what occasion in the world had I to say, 'Methinks he would look more venerable if he were not so fair a man?' I remember the company smiled. I have seen the gentleman since, and he is coal black. I have

intimations every day in my life that nobody believes me, yet I am never the better. I was saying something the other day to an old friend at Will's coffee-house, and he made me no manner of answer; but told me that an acquaintance of Tully the orator having two or three times together said to him, without receiving any answer, 'that upon his honour he was but that very month forty years of age,' Tully answered, 'Surely you think me the most incredulous man in the world, if I do not believe what you have told me every day these ten years.' The mischief of it is, I find myself wonderfully inclined to have been present at every occurrence that is spoken of before me; this had led me into many inconveniencies, but indeed they have been the fewer, because I am no ill-natured man, and never speak things to any man's disadvantage. I never directly defame, but I do what is as bad in the consequence, for I have often made a man say such and such a lively expression, who was born a mere elder brother. When one has said in my hearing, 'such a one is no wiser than he should be,' I immediately have replied, 'Now 'faith, I cannot see that; he said a very good thing to my lord such-a-one, upon such an occasion,' and the like. Such an honest dolt as this has been watched in every expression he uttered, upon my recommendation of him, and consequently been subject to the more ridicule. I once endeavoured to cure myself of this impertinent quality, and resolved to hold my tongue for seven days together; I did so; but then I had so many winks and unnecessary distortions of my face upon what any body else said, that I found I only forbore the expression, and that I still lied in my heart to every man I met with. You are to know one thing (which I believe you will say is a pity, considering the use I should have made of it), I never travelled in my life; but I do not know whether I could have spoken of any foreign country with more familiarity than I do at present, in company who are strangers to me. I have cursed the inns in Germany; commended the freedom of conversation in France; and though I was never out of this dear town, and fifty miles about it, have been three nights together dogged by bravoes, for an intrigue with a cardinal's mistress at Rome.

'It were endless to give you particulars of this kind; but I can assure you, Mr. Spectator, there are about twenty or thirty of us in this town—I mean by this town the cities of London

and Westminster—I say there are in town a sufficient number of us to make a society among ourselves; and since we cannot be believed any longer, I beg of you to print this my letter, that we may meet together, and be under such regulation as there may be no occasion for belief or confidence among us. If you think fit, we might be called 'the historians[n];' for liar is become a very harsh word. And that a member of the society may not hereafter be ill received by the rest of the world, I desire you would explain a little this sort of men, and not let us historians be ranked, as we are in the imaginations of ordinary people, among common liars, makebates[n], impostors and incendiaries. For your instruction herein, you are to know than an historian in conversation is only a person of so pregnant a fancy, that he cannot be contented with ordinary occurrences. I know a man of quality of our order, who is of the wrong side of forty-three, and has been of that age, according to Tully's jest, for some years since, whose vein is upon the romantic. Give him the least occasion, and he will tell you something so very particular that happened in such a year, and in such company, where by the bye was present such a one, who was afterward made such a thing. Out of all these circumstances, in the best language in the world, he will join together with such probable incidents an account that shows a person of the deepest penetration, the honestest mind, and withal something so humble when he speaks of himself, that you would admire. Dear Sir, why should this be lying? there is nothing so instructive. He has withal the gravest aspect—something so very venerable and great! Another of these historians is a young man whom we would take in, though he extremely wants parts: as people send children (before they can learn anything) to school, to keep them out of harm's way. He tells things which have nothing at all in them, and can neither please nor displease, but merely take up your time to no manner of purpose, no manner of delight; but he is good-natured, and does it because he loves to be saying something to you, and entertain you.

'I could name you a soldier that hath done very great things without slaughter; he is prodigiously dull and slow of head, but what he can say is for ever false, so that we must have him.

'Give me leave to tell you of one more, who is a lover; he is

the most afflicted creature in the world lest what happened between him and a great beauty should ever be known. Yet again he comforts himself, 'Hang the jade her woman. If money can keep the slut trusty, I will do it, though I mortgage every acre; Antony and Cleopatra for that; All for Love and the World well Lost[n].'

'Then, Sir, there is my little merchant, honest Indigo of the 'Change, there is my man for loss and gain; there is tare and tret, there is lying all round the globe; he has such a prodigious intelligence, he knows all the French are doing, or what we intend or ought to intend, and has it from such hands. But alas, whither am I running! while I complain, while I remonstrate to you, even all this is a lie, and there is not one such person of quality, lover, soldier, or merchant, as I have now described in the whole world, that I know of. But I will catch myself once in my life, and in spite of nature speak one truth, to wit, that I am,

'Your humble servant,' &c.

Spectator, No. 136.] [August 6, 1711.

No. 97. *On the Dévote, and the Modern Youth.*

Cum magnis virtutibus affers
Grande supercilium.—JUV. Sat. vi. 168.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'You have in some of your discourses described most sorts of women in their distinct and proper classes, as the ape, the coquette, and many others; but I think you have never yet said any thing of a devotee. A devotee is one of those who disparage religion by their indiscreet and unseasonable introduction of the mention of virtue on all occasions. She professes she is what nobody ought to doubt she is; and betrays the labour she is put to, to be what she ought to be with cheerfulness and alacrity. She lives in the world, and denies herself none of the diversions of it, with a constant declaration how insipid all things in it are to her. She is never herself but

at church; there she displays her virtue, and is so fervent in her devotions, that I have frequently seen her pray herself out of breath. While other young ladies in the house are dancing, or playing at questions and commands [n], she reads aloud in her closet. She says, all love is ridiculous, except it be celestial; but she speaks of the passion of one mortal to another with too much bitterness for one that had no jealousy mixed with her contempt of it. If at any time she sees a man warm in his addresses to his mistress, she will lift up her eyes to heaven, and cry, "What nonsense is that fool talking! Will the bell never ring for prayers?" We have an eminent lady of this stamp in our country, who pretends to amusements very much above the rest of her sex. She never carries a white shockdog with bells under her arm, nor a squirrel or dormouse in her pocket, but always an abridged piece of morality, to steal out when she is sure of being observed. When she went to the famous ass-race (which I must confess was but an odd diversion to be encouraged by people of rank and figure), it was not, like other ladies, to hear those poor animals bray, nor to see fellows run naked, or to hear country 'squires in bob-wigs and white girdles make love at the side of a coach, and cry, "Madam, this is dainty weather." Thus she describes the diversion; for she went only to pray heartily that nobody might be hurt in the crowd, and to see if the poor fellow's face, which was distorted with grinning, might any way be brought to itself again. She never chats over her tea, but covers her face, and is supposed in an ejaculation before she tastes a sup. This ostentatious behaviour is such an offence to true sanctity, that it disparages it, and makes virtue not only unamiable, but also ridiculous. The sacred writings are full of reflections which abhor this kind of conduct; and a devotee is so far from promoting goodness, that she deters others by her example. Folly and vanity in one of these ladies is like vice in a clergyman: it does not only debase him, but makes the inconsiderate part of the world think the worse of religion.

'I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

'HOTSPUR.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'Xenophon [n], in his short account of the Spartan commonwealth, speaking of the behaviour of their young men in the

streets, says, "There was so much modesty in their looks, that you might as soon have turned the eyes of a marble statue upon you as theirs; and that in all their behaviour they were more modest than a bride when put to bed upon her wedding-night." This virtue, which is always sub-joined to magnanimity, had such an influence upon their courage, that in battle an enemy could not look them in the face, and they durst not but die for their country.

'Whenever I walk into the streets of London and Westminster, the countenances of all the young fellows that pass by me make me wish myself in Sparta: I meet with such blustering airs, big looks, and bold fronts, that, to a superficial observer, would bespeak a courage above those Grecians. I am arrived to that perfection in speculation, that I understand the language of the eyes, which would be a great misfortune to me had I not corrected the testiness of old age by philosophy. There is scarce a man in a red coat, who does not tell me, with a full stare, he is a bold man: I see several swear inwardly at me, without any offence of mine, but the oddness of my person: I meet contempt in every street, expressed in different manners by the scornful look, the elevated eyebrow, and the swelling nostrils of the proud and prosperous. The 'prentice speaks his disrespect by an extended finger, and the porter by stealing out his tongue. If a country gentleman appears a little curious in observing the edifices, signs, clocks, coaches, and dials, it is not to be imagined how the polite rabble of this town, who are acquainted with these objects, ridicule his rusticity. I have known a fellow with a burden on his head steal a hand down from his load, and slily twirl the cock of a 'squire's hat behind him: while the offended person is swearing, or out of countenance, all the wag-wits in the highway are grinning in applause of the ingenious rogue that gave him the tip, and the folly of him who had not eyes all round his head to prevent receiving it. These things arise from a general affectation of smartness, wit, and courage. Wycherley[n] somewhere rallies the pretensions this way, by making a fellow say, "Red breeches are a certain sign of valour;" and Otway[n] makes a man, to boast his agility, trip up a beggar on crutches. From such hints I beg a speculation on this subject: in the mean time I shall do all in the power of a weak old fellow in my own defence; for as

Diogenes, being in quest of an honest man, sought for him when it was broad day-light with a lantern and candle, so I intend for the future to walk the streets with a dark lantern, which has a convex crystal in it; and if any man stares at me, I give fair warning that I will direct the light full into his eyes. Thus, despairing to find men modest, I hope by this means to evade their impudence.

'I am, Sir, your most humble Servant,

'SOPHROSUNIUS.'

Spectator, No. 354.] [April 16, 1712.

No. 98. *On Promise Breakers; Character of Jack Sippet, Will Trap and Jack Stint.*

Fœdius hoc aliquid quandoque audebis.—JUV. Sat. ii. 82.

The first steps towards ill are very carefully to be avoided, for men insensibly go on when they are once enfered, and do not keep up a lively abhorrence of the least unworthiness. There is a certain frivolous falsehood that people indulge themselves in, which ought to be had in greater detestation than it commonly meets with. What I mean is a neglect of promises made on small and indifferent occasions, such as parties of pleasure, entertainments, and sometimes meetings out of curiosity, in men of like faculties, to be in each other's company. There are many causes to which one may assign this light infidelity. Jack Sippet never keeps the hour he has appointed to come to a friend's to dinner; but he is an insignificant fellow, who does it out of vanity. He could never, he knows, make any figure in company, but by giving a little disturbance at his entry, and therefore takes care to drop in when he thinks you are just seated. He takes his place after having discomposed every body, and desires there may be no ceremony; then does he begin to call himself the saddest fellow, in disappointing so many places as he was invited to elsewhere. It is the fop's vanity to name houses of better cheer, and to acquaint you that he chose yours out of ten dinners which he

was obliged to be at that day. The last time I had the fortune to eat with him, he was imagining how very fat he should have been, had he eaten all he had ever been invited to. But it is impertinent to dwell upon the manners of such a wretch as obliges all whom he disappoints, though his circumstances constrain them to be civil to him. But there are those that every one would be glad to see, who fall into the same detestable habit. It is a merciless thing that any one can be at ease, and suppose a set of people, who have a kindness for him, at that moment waiting out of respect to him, and refusing to taste their food or conversation with the utmost impatience. One of these promisers sometimes shall make his excuses for not coming at all, so late that half the company have only to lament that they have neglected matters of moment to meet him whom they find a trifler. They immediately repent of the value they had for him; and such treatment repeated, makes company never depend upon his promises any more; so that he often comes at the middle of a meal, where he is secretly slighted by the persons with whom he eats, and cursed by the servants, whose dinner is delayed by his prolonging their master's entertainment. It is wonderful that men guilty this way could never have observed, that the whiling time, the gathering together, and waiting a little before dinner, is the most awkwardly passed away of any part in the four-and-twenty hours. If they did think at all, they would reflect upon their guilt, in lengthening such a suspension of agreeable life. The constant offending this way has in a degree an effect upon the honesty of his mind who is guilty of it, as common swearing is a kind of habitual perjury. It makes the soul unattentive to what an oath is, even while it utters it at the lips. Phocion beholding a wordy orator, while he was making a magnificent speech to the people, full of vain promises; 'Methinks,' said he, 'I am now fixing my eyes upon a cypress tree; it has all the pomp and beauty imaginable in its branches, leaves, and height: but, alas! it bears no fruit.'

Though the expectation which is raised by impertinent promisers is thus barren, their confidence, even after failures, is so great, that they subsist by still promising on. I have heretofore discoursed of the insignificant liar, the boaster, and the castle-builder, and treated them as no ill-designing men

(though they are to be placed among the frivolously false ones), but persons who fall into that way purely to recommend themselves by their vivacities; but indeed I cannot let heedless promisers, though in the most minute circumstances, pass with so slight a censure. If a man should take a resolution to pay only sums above a hundred pounds, and yet contract with different people debts of five and ten, how long can we suppose he will keep his credit? This man will as long support his good name in business, as he will in conversation, who without difficulty makes assignations which he is indifferent whether he keeps or not.

I am the more severe upon this vice, because I have been so unfortunate as to be a very great criminal myself. Sir Andrew Freeport, and all other my friends who are scrupulous to promises of the meanest consideration imaginable, from a habit of virtue that way, have often upbraided me with it. I take shame upon myself for this crime, and more particularly for the greatest I ever committed of the sort, that when as agreeable a company of gentlemen and ladies as ever were got together, and I forsooth, Mr. Spectator, to be of the party with women of merit, like a booby as I was, mistook the time of meeting, and came the night following. I wish every fool who is negligent in this kind may have as great a loss as I had in this; for the same company will never meet more, but are dispersed into various parts of the world, and I am left under the compunction that I deserve, in so many different places to be called a trifler.

This fault is sometimes to be accounted for, when desirable people are fearful of appearing precise and reserved by denials; but they will find the apprehension of that imputation will betray them into a childish impotence of mind, and make them promise all who are so kind to ask it of them. This leads such soft creatures into the misfortune of seeming to return overtures of good-will with ingratitude. The first steps in the breach of a man's integrity are much more important than men are aware of. The man who scruples breaking his word in little things, would not suffer in his own conscience so great pain for failures of consequence, as he who thinks every little offence against truth and justice a disparagement. We should not make any thing we ourselves disapprove habitual to us, if we would be sure of our integrity.

I remember a falsehood of the trivial sort, though not in relation to assignations, that exposed a man to a very uneasy adventure. Will Trap and Jack Stint were chamber-fellows in the Inner Temple about twenty-five years ago. They one night sat in the pit together at a comedy, where they both observed and liked the same young woman in the boxes. Their kindness for her entered both hearts deeper than they imagined. Stint had a good faculty at writing letters of love, and made his address privately that way; while Trap proceeded in the ordinary course, by money and her waiting-maid. The lady gave them both encouragement, receiving Trap into the utmost favour, and answering at the same time Stint's letters, and giving him appointments at third places. Trap began to suspect the epistolary correspondence of his friend, and discovered also that Stint opened all his letters which came to their common lodgings, in order to form his own assignations. After much anxiety and restlessness, Trap came to a resolution, which he thought would break off their commerce with one another without any hazardous explanation. He therefore writ a letter in a feigned hand to Mr. Trap at his chambers in the Temple. Stint, according to custom, seized and opened it, and was not a little surprised to find the inside directed to himself, when with great perturbation of spirit he read as follows :—

'MR. STINT,

'You have gained a slight satisfaction at the expense of doing a very heinous crime. At the price of a faithful friend you have obtained an inconstant mistress. I rejoice in this expedient I have thought of to break my mind to you, and tell you you are a base fellow, by a means which does not expose you to the affront except you deserve it. I know, Sir, as criminal as you are, you have still shame enough to avenge yourself against the hardiness of any one that should publicly tell you of it. I, therefore, who had received so many secret hurts from you, shall take satisfaction with safety to myself. I call you base, and you must bear it, or acknowledge it; I triumph over you that you cannot come at me; nor do I think it dishonourable to come in armour to assault him, who was in ambuscade when he wounded me.

'What need more be said to convince you of being guilty of

the basest practice imaginable, than that it is such as has made you liable to be treated after this manner, while you yourself cannot in your own conscience but allow the justice of the upbraidings of

'Your injured Friend,

'RALPH TRAP.'

Spectator, No. 448.] [August 4, 1712.

No. 99. *On the Character of Fidelia; Letter from Scabbard Rusty.*

Tibi scriptus, matrona, libellus.—MART. iii. 68.

When I reflect upon my labours for the public, I cannot but observe, that part of the species, of which I profess myself a friend and guardian, is sometimes treated with severity; that is, there are in my writings many descriptions given of ill persons, and not yet any direct encomium made on those who are good. When I was convinced of this error, I could not but immediately call to mind several of the fair sex of my acquaintance, whose characters deserve to be transmitted to posterity in writings which will long outlive mine. But I do not think that a reason why I should not give them their place in my diurnal as long as it will last. For the service therefore of my female readers, I shall single out some characters of maids, wives, and widows, which deserve the imitation of the sex. She who shall lead this small illustrious number of heroines shall be the amiable Fidelia.

Before I enter upon the particular parts of her character, it is necessary to preface, that she is the only child of a decrepit father, whose life is bound up in hers. This gentleman has used Fidelia from her cradle with all the tenderness imaginable, and has viewed her growing perfections with the partiality of a parent, that soon thought her accomplished above the children of all other men, but never thought she was come to the utmost improvement of which she herself was capable. This fondness has had very happy effects upon his own happiness; for she

reads, she dances, she sings, uses her spinet and lute to the utmost perfection; and the lady's use of all these excellences is to divert the old man in his easy chair, when he is out of the pangs of a chronical distemper. Fidelia is now in the twenty-third year of her age; but the application of many lovers, her vigorous time of life, her quick sense of all that is truly gallant and elegant in the enjoyment of a plentiful fortune, are not able to draw her from the side of her good old father. Certain it is, that there is no kind of affection so pure and angelic as that of a father to a daughter. He beholds her both with and without regard to her sex. 'In love to our wives there is desire, to our sons there is ambition; but in that to our daughters there is something which there are no words to express. Her life is designed wholly domestic, and she is so ready a friend and companion, that every thing that passes about a man is accompanied with the idea of her presence. Her sex also is naturally so much exposed to hazard, both as to fortune and innocence, that there is perhaps a new cause of fondness arising from that consideration also. None but fathers can have a true sense of these sort of pleasures and sensations; but my familiarity with the father of Fidelia makes me let drop the words which I have heard him speak, and observe upon his tenderness towards her.

Fidelia, on her part, as I was going to say, as accomplished as she is, with all her beauty, wit, air, and mien, employs her whole time in care and attendance upon her father. How have I been charmed to see one of the most beauteous women the age has produced, on her knees, helping on an old man's slipper! Her filial regard to him is what she makes her diversion, her business, and her glory. When she was asked by a friend of her deceased mother, to admit of the courtship of her son, she answered, that she had a great respect and gratitude to her for the overture in behalf of one so near to her, but that during her father's life she would admit into her heart no value for any thing that should interfere with her endeavour to make his remains of life as happy and easy as could be expected in his circumstances. The lady admonished her of the prime of life with a smile; which Fidelia answered with a frankness that always attends unfeigned virtue: 'It is true, Madam, there are to be sure very great

satisfactions to be expected in the commerce of a man of honour, whom one tenderly loves; but I find so much satisfaction in the reflection how much I mitigate a good man's pains, whose welfare depends upon my assiduity about him, that I willingly exclude the loose gratifications of passion for the solid reflections of duty. I know not whether any man's wife would be allowed, and (what I still more fear) I know not whether I, a wife, should be willing to be as officious as I am at present about my parent.' The happy father has her declaration that she will not marry during his life, and the pleasure of seeing that resolution not uneasy to her. Were one to paint filial affection in its utmost beauty, he could not have a more lively idea of it than in beholding Fidelia serving her father at his hours of rising, meals, and rest.

When the general crowd of female youth are consulting their glasses, preparing for balls, assemblies, or plays; for a young lady who could be regarded among the foremost in those places, either for her person, wit, fortune, or conversation, and yet contemn all these entertainments, to sweeten the heavy hours of a decrepid parent, is a resignation truly heroic. Fidelia performs the duty of a nurse with all the beauty of a bride; nor does she neglect her person, because of her attendance on him, when he is too ill to receive company, to whom she may make an appearance.

Fidelia, who gives him up her youth, does not think it any great sacrifice to add to it the spoiling of her dress. Her care and exactness in her habit convince her father of the alacrity of her mind; and she has of all women the best foundation for affecting the praise of a seeming negligence. What adds to the entertainment of the good old man is, that Fidelia, where merit and fortune cannot be overlooked by epistolary lovers, reads over the accounts of her conquests, plays on her spinet the gayest airs (and, while she is doing so, you would think her formed only for gallantry) to intimate to him the pleasures she despises for his sake.

Those who think themselves the patterns of good-breeding and gallantry would be astonished to hear that, in those intervals when the old gentleman is at ease, and can bear company, there are at his house, in the most regular order, assemblies of

people of the highest merit; where there is conversation without mention of the faults of the absent, benevolence between men and women without passion, and the highest subjects of morality treated of as natural and accidental discourse; all which is owing to the genius of Fidelia, who at once makes her father's way to another world easy, and herself capable of being an honour to his name in this.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I was the other day at the Bear-garden, in hopes to have seen your short face; but not being so fortunate, I must tell you by way of letter, that there is a mystery among the gladiators which has escaped your spectatorial penetration. For, being in a box at an alehouse near that renowned seat of honour above mentioned, I overheard two masters of the science agreeing to quarrel on the next opportunity. This was to happen in the company of a set of the fraternity of basket-hilts, who were to meet that evening. When this was settled, one asked the other, 'Will you give cuts or receive?' The other answered, 'Receive.' It was replied, 'Are you a passionate man?' 'No, provided you cut no more, nor no deeper than we agree.' I thought it my duty to acquaint you with this, that the people may not pay their money for fighting, and be cheated.

'Your humble Servant,

'SCABBARD RUSTY.'

Spectator, No. 449.] [August 5, 1712.

§ 5. TALES AND INCIDENTS.

No. 100. *The Story of Valentine and Unnion.*

The nature of my miscellaneous work is such, that I shall always take the liberty to tell for news, such things (let them have happened never so much before the time of writing) as have escaped public notice, or have been misrepresented to the world; provided that I am still within rules, and trespass not as a Tatler, any farther than in an incorrectness of style, and writing in an air of common speech. Thus, if any thing that is

said, even of old Anchises or Æneas, be set by me in a different light than has hitherto been hit upon, in order to inspire the love and admiration of worthy actions, you will, gentle reader, I hope, accept of it for intelligence you had not before. But I am going upon a narrative, the matter of which, I know to be true: it is not only doing justice to the deceased merit of such persons as, had they lived, would not have had it in their power to thank me, but also an instance of the greatness of spirit in the lowest of her majesty's subjects. Take is as follows:

At the siege of Namur by the allies, there were in the ranks of the company commanded by captain Pincent, in colonel Frederick Hamilton's regiment, one Unnion, a corporal, and one Valentine, a private sentinel; there happened between these two men a dispute about a matter of love, which, upon some aggravations, grew to an irreconcileable hatred. Unnion, being the officer of Valentine, took all opportunities even to strike his rival, and profess the spite and revenge which moved him to it. The sentinel bore it without resistance; but frequently said, he would die to be revenged of that tyrant. They had spent whole months thus, one injuring, the other complaining; when, in the midst of this rage towards each other, they were commanded upon the attack of the castle, where the corporal received a shot in the thigh, and fell; the French pressing on, and he expecting to be trampled to death, called out to his enemy, 'Ah, Valentine! can you leave me here?' Valentine immediately ran back, and in the midst of a thick fire of the French, took the corporal upon his back, and brought him through all that danger, as far as the abbey of Salsine, where a cannon ball took off his head: his body fell under his enemy whom he was carrying off. Unnion immediately forgot his wound, rose up, tearing his hair, and then threw himself upon the bleeding carcass, crying, 'Ah, Valentine! was it for me, who have so barbarously used thee, that thou hast died? I will not live after thee.' He was not, by any means, to be forced from the body, but was removed with it bleeding in his arms, and attended with tears by all their comrades who knew their enmity. When he was brought to a tent, his wounds were dressed by force; but the next day, still calling upon Valentine, and lamenting his cruelties to him, he died in the pangs of remorse and despair.

It may be a question among men of noble sentiments, whether of these unfortunate persons had the greater soul; he that was so generous as to venture his life for his enemy, or he who could not survive the man that died, in laying upon him such an obligation?

When we see spirits like these in a people, to what heights may we not suppose their glory may rise? but (as it is excellently observed by Sallust) it is not only to the general bent of a nation that great revolutions are owing, but to the extraordinary genios[n] that lead them. On which occasion, he proceeds to say, that the Roman greatness was neither to be attributed to their superior policy, for in that the Carthaginians excelled; nor to their valour, for in that the French were preferable; but to particular men, who were born for the good of their country, and formed for great attempts. This he says, to introduce the characters of Cæsar and Cato. It would be entering into too weighty a discourse for this place, if I attempted to shew, that our nation has produced as great and able men for public affairs as any other. But, I believe, the reader outruns me, and fixes his imagination upon the Duke of Marlborough. It is, methinks, a pleasing reflection, to consider the dispensations of Providence in the fortune of this illustrious man, who, in the space of forty years, has passed through all the gradations of human life, until he has ascended to the character of a prince, and become the scourge of a tyrant, who sat on one of the greatest thrones of Europe, before the man who was to have the greatest part in his downfall, had made one step into the world. But such elevations are the natural consequences of an exact prudence, a calm courage, a well-governed temper, a patient ambition, and an affable behaviour. These arts, as they were the steps to his greatness, so they are the pillars of it now it is raised. To this, her glorious son, Great Britain is indebted for the happy conduct of her arms, in whom she can boast, that she has produced a man formed by nature to lead a nation of heroes.

Tatler, No. 5.] [April 20, 1709.

No. 101. *The Story of the Cornish Lovers; of a Lover who kills his Mistress.*

Ubi idem et maximus et honestissimus amor est, aliquando præstat morte jungi, quam vita distrahi.—VAL. MAX.

After the mind has been employed on contemplations suitable to its greatness, it is unnatural to run into sudden mirth or levity; but we must let the soul subside, as it rose, by proper degrees. My late considerations of the ancient heroes impressed a certain gravity upon my mind, which is much above the little gratification received from starts of humour and fancy, and threw me into a pleasing sadness. In this state of thought I have been looking at the fire, and in a pensive manner reflecting upon the great misfortunes and calamities incident to human life; among which there are none that touch so sensibly as those which befall persons who eminently love, and meet with fatal interruptions of their happiness when they least expect it. The piety of children to parents, and the affection of parents to their children, are the effects of instinct; but the affection between lovers and friends is founded on reason and choice, which has always made me think the sorrows of the latter much more to be pitied than those of the former. The contemplation of distresses of this sort softens the mind of man, and makes the heart better. It extinguishes the seeds of envy and ill-will towards mankind, corrects the pride of prosperity, and beats down all that fierceness and insolence which are apt to get into the minds of the daring and fortunate.

For this reason the wise Athenians, in their theatrical performances, laid before the eyes of the people the greatest afflictions which could befall human life, and insensibly polished their tempers by such representations. Among the moderns, indeed, there has arisen a chimerical method of disposing the fortune of the persons represented, according to what they call poetical justice; and letting none be unhappy but those who deserve it. In such cases, an intelligent spectator, if he is concerned, knows he ought not to be so; and can learn nothing from such a tenderness, but that he is a weak creature, whose passions cannot follow the dictates of his understanding. It is very

natural, when one is got into such a way of thinking, to recollect those examples of sorrow which have made the strongest impression upon our imaginations. An instance or two of such you will give me leave to communicate.

A young gentleman and lady of ancient and honourable houses in Cornwall had, from their childhood, entertained for each other a generous and noble passion, which had been long opposed by their friends, by reason of the inequality of their fortunes; but their constancy to each other, and obedience to those on whom they depended, wrought so much upon their relations, that these celebrated lovers were at length joined in marriage. Soon after their nuptials, the bridegroom was obliged to go into a foreign country, to take care of a considerable fortune, which was left him by a relation, and came very opportunely to improve their moderate circumstances. They received the congratulations of all the country on this occasion; and I remember it was a common sentence in every one's mouth, 'You see how faithful love is rewarded.'

He took this agreeable voyage, and sent home every post fresh accounts of his success in his affairs abroad; but at last, though he designed to return with the next ship, he lamented, in his letters, that 'business would detain him some time longer from home,' because he would give himself the pleasure of an unexpected arrival.

The young lady, after the heat of the day, walked every evening on the sea-shore, near which she lived, with a familiar friend, her husband's kinswoman; and diverted herself with what objects they met there, or upon discourses of the future methods of life, in the happy change of their circumstances. They stood one evening on the shore together in a perfect tranquillity, observing the setting of the sun, the calm face of the deep, and the silent heaving of the waves, which gently rolled towards them, and broke at their feet; when at a distance her kinswoman saw something float on the waters, which she fancied was a chest; and with a smile told her, 'she saw it first, and if it came ashore full of jewels, she had a right to it.' They both fixed their eyes upon it, and entertained themselves with the subject of the wreck, the cousin still asserting her right; but promising, 'if it was a prize, to give her a very rich coral for the child of which she was then big, provided she might be god-

mother.' Their mirth soon abated, when they observed, upon the nearer approach, that it was a human body. The young lady, who had a heart naturally filled with pity and compassion, made many melancholy reflections on the occasion. 'Who knows,' said she, 'but this man may be the only hope and heir of a wealthy house; the darling of indulgent parents, who are now in impertinent mirth, and pleasing themselves with the thoughts of offering him a bride they have got ready for him? or, may he not be the master of a family that wholly depended upon his life? There may, for aught we know, be half a dozen fatherless children, and a tender wife, now exposed to poverty by his death. What pleasure might he have promised himself in the different welcome he was to have from her and them! But let us go away; it is a dreadful sight! The best office we can do, is to take care that the poor man, whoever he is, may be decently buried.' She turned away, when a wave threw the carcass on the shore. The kinswoman immediately shrieked out, 'Oh my cousin!' and fell upon the ground. The unhappy wife went to help her friend, when she saw her own husband at her feet, and dropped in a swoon upon the body. An old woman, who had been the gentleman's nurse, came out about this time to call the ladies in to supper, and found her child, as she always called him, dead on the shore, her mistress and kinswoman both lying dead by him. Her loud lamentations, and calling her young master to life, soon awaked the friend from her trance; but the wife was gone for ever.

When the family and neighbourhood got together round the bodies, no one asked any question, but the objects before them told the story.

Incidents of this nature are the more moving when they are drawn by persons concerned in the catastrophe, notwithstanding they are often oppressed beyond the power of giving them in a distinct light, except we gather their sorrow from their inability to speak it.

I have two original letters, written both on the same day, which are to me exquisite in their different kinds. The occasion was this:—A gentleman who had courted a most agreeable young woman, and won her heart, obtained also the consent of her father, to whom she was an only child. The old man had a fancy that they should be married in the same church where

he himself was, in a village in Westmoreland, and made them set out while he was laid up with the gout at London. The bridegroom took only his man, the bride her maid: they had the most agreeable journey imaginable to the place of marriage; from whence the bridegroom writ the following letter to his wife's father.

'March 18, 1672.

'SIR,

'After a very pleasant journey hither, we are preparing for the happy hour in which I am to be your son. I assure you the bride carries it, in the eye of the vicar who married you, much beyond her mother; though he says, your open sleeves, pantaloons, and shoulder-knot, made a much better show than the finical dress I am in. However, I am contented to be the second fine man this village ever saw, and shall make it very merry before night, because I shall write myself from thence,

'Your most dutiful son,

'T. D.'

'The bride gives her duty, and is as handsome as an angel. ——I am the happiest man breathing.'

The villagers were assembling about the church, and the happy couple took a walk in a private garden. The bridegroom's man knew his master would leave the place on a sudden after the wedding, and, seeing him draw his pistols the night before, took this opportunity to go into his chamber and charge them. Upon their return from the garden, they went into that room; and, after a little fond raillery on the subject of their courtship, the lover took up a pistol, which he knew he had unloaded the night before, and, presenting it to her, said, with the most graceful air, whilst she looked pleased at his agreeable flattery; 'Now, madam, repent of all those cruelties you have been guilty of to me; consider, before you die, how often you have made a poor wretch freeze under your casement[n]; you shall die, you tyrant, you shall die, with all those instruments of death and destruction about you, with that enchanting smile, those killing ringlets of your hair'—'Give fire!' said she, laughing. He did so; and shot her dead. Who can speak his condition? but he bore it so patiently as to call up his man. The poor wretch entered, and his master locked the door upon him. 'Will,'

said he, 'did you charge these pistols?' He answered, 'Yes. Upon which he shot him dead with that remaining. After this, amidst a thousand broken sobs, piercing groans, and distracted motions, he writ the following letter to the father of his dead mistress.

SIR,

'I, who two hours ago told you truly I was the happiest man alive, am now the most miserable. Your daughter lies dead at my feet, killed by my hand, through a mistake of my man's charging my pistols unknown to me. Him have I murdered for it. Such is my wedding day.——I will immediately follow my wife to her grave; but, before I throw myself upon my sword, I command my distraction so far as to explain my story to you. I fear my heart will not keep together until I have stabbed it. Poor, good old man!—— Remember, he that killed your daughter died for it. In the article of death, I give you my thanks, and pray for you, though I dare not for myself. If it be possible, do not curse me.'

Tatler, No. 82.] [October 18, 1709.

No. 102. *The Story of Clarinda and Chloe.*

Si non errasset, fecerat ille minus.—MART. i. 22.

That which we call gallantry to women seems to be the heroic virtue of private persons; and there never breathed one man, who did not, in that part of his days wherein he was recommending himself to his mistress, do something beyond his ordinary course of life. As this has a very great effect even upon the most slow and common men; so, upon such as it finds qualified with virtue and merit, it shines out in proportionable degrees of excellence. It gives new grace to the most eminent accomplishments; and he, who of himself has either wit, wisdom, or valour, exerts each of these noble endowments, when he becomes a lover, with a certain beauty of action above what was ever observed in him before; and all who are without

any one of these qualities are to be looked upon as the rabble of mankind.

I was talking after this manner in a corner of this place[n] with an old acquaintance, who taking me by the hand, said, 'Mr. Bickerstaff, your discourse recalls to my mind a story, which I have longed to tell you ever since I read that article wherein you desire your friends to give you accounts of obscure merit.' The story I had of him is literally true, and well known to be so in the country wherein the circumstances were transacted. He acquainted me with the names of the persons concerned, which I shall change into feigned ones; there being a respect due to their families that are still in being, as well as that the names themselves would not be so familiar to an English ear. The adventure really happened in Denmark; and if I can remember all the passages, I doubt not but it will be as moving to my readers as it was to me.

Clarinda and Chloe, two very fine women, were bred up as sisters in the family of Romeo, who was the father of Chloe, and the guardian of Clarinda. Philander, a young gentleman of a good person, and charming conversation, being a friend of old Romeo, frequented his house, and by that means was much in conversation with the young ladies, though still in the presence of the father and the guardian. The ladies both entertained a secret passion for him, and could see well enough, notwithstanding the delight which he really took in Romeo's conversation, that there was something more in his heart, which made him so assiduous a visitant. Each of them thought herself the happy woman; but the person beloved was Chloe. It happened that both of them were at a play in a carnival evening, when it is the fashion there, as well as in most countries of Europe, both for men and women to appear in masks and disguises. It was on that memorable night[n], in the year 1679, when the play-house by some unhappy accident was set on fire. Philander, in the first hurry of the disaster, immediately ran where his treasure was; burst open the door of the box, snatched the lady up in his arms; and, with unspeakable resolution and good fortune, carried her off safe. He was no sooner out of the crowd, but he set her down; and, grasping her in his arms, with all the raptures of a deserving lover, 'How happy am I,' says he, 'in an opportunity to tell you I

love you more than all things, and of showing you the sincerity of my passion at the very first declaration of it!' 'My dear, dear Philander,' says the lady, pulling off her mask, 'this is not a time for art; you are much dearer to me than the life you have preserved; and the joy of my present deliverance does not transport me so much as the passion which occasioned it.' Who can tell the grief, the astonishment, the terror, that appeared in the face of Philander, when he saw the person he spoke to was Clarinda! After a short pause, 'Madam,' says he, with the looks of a dead man, 'we are both mistaken;' and immediately flew away, without hearing the distressed Clarinda, who had just strength enough to cry out, 'Cruel Philander! why did you not leave me in the theatre?' Crowds of people immediately gathered about her, and, after having brought her to herself, conveyed her to the house of the good old unhappy Romeo. Philander was now pressing against a whole tide of people at the doors of the theatre, and striving to enter with more earnestness than any there endeavoured to get out. He did it at last, and with much difficulty forced his way to the box where his beloved Chloe stood, expecting her fate amidst this scene of terror and distraction. She revived at the sight of Philander, who fell about her neck with a tenderness not to be expressed; and, amidst a thousand sobs and sighs, told her his love, and his dreadful mistake. The stage was now in flames, and the whole house full of smoke: the entrance was quite barred up with heaps of people, who had fallen upon one another as they endeavoured to get out. Swords were drawn, shrieks heard on all sides; and, in short, no possibility of an escape for Philander himself, had he been capable of making it without his Chloe. But his mind was above such a thought, and wholly employed in weeping, condoling, and comforting. He catches her in his arms. The fire surrounds them, while—I cannot go on—

Were I an infidel, misfortunes like this would convince me that there must be a hereafter: for who can believe that so much virtue could meet with so great distress without a following reward? As for my part, I am so old-fashioned, as firmly to believe, that all who perish in such generous enterprises are relieved from the further exercise of life; and Providence, which sees their virtue consummate and manifest, takes them to

an immediate reward, in a being more suitable to the grandeur of their spirits. What else can wipe away our tears, when we contemplate such undeserved, such irreparable distresses? It was a sublime thought[n] in some of the heathens of old;

Quæ gratia currum
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.

That is, in other words, 'The same employments and inclinations which were the entertainment of virtuous men upon earth make up their happiness in Elysium.'

Tatler, No. 94.] [November 15, 1709.

No. 103. *On the Evils of Passion; Murder of Mrs. Eustace.*

Quid quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis
Cautum est in horas.—HOR. Od. ii. 13. 13.

When a man is in a serious mood, and ponders upon his own make, with a retrospect to the actions of his life, and the many fatal miscarriages in it, which he owes to ungoverned passions, he is then apt to say to himself, that experience has guarded him against such errors for the future: but nature often recurs in spite of his best resolutions; and it is to the very end of our days a struggle between our reason and our temper, which shall have the empire over us. However, this is very much to be helped by circumspection, and a constant alarm against the first onsets of passion. As this is, in general, a necessary care to make a man's life easy and agreeable to himself; so it is more particularly the duty of such as are engaged in friendship, and nearer commerce with others. Those who have their joys, have also their griefs in proportion; and none can extremely exalt or depress friends, but friends. The harsh things which come from the rest of the world are received and repulsed with that spirit, which every honest man bears for his own vindication; but unkindness, in words or actions, among friends, affects us at the first instant in the inmost recesses of our souls. Indifferent people, if I

may so say, can wound us only in heterogeneous parts, maim us in our legs or arms; but the friend can make no pass but at the heart itself. On the other side, the most impotent assistance, the mere well-wishes of a friend, gives a man constancy and courage against the most prevailing force of his enemies. It is here only a man enjoys and suffers to the quick. For this reason, the most gentle behaviour is absolutely necessary to maintain friendship in any degree above the common level of acquaintance. But there is a relation of life much more near than the most strict and sacred friendship, that is to say, marriage. This union is of too close and delicate a nature to be easily conceived by those who do not know that condition by experience. Here a man should, if possible, soften his passions; if not for his own ease, in compliance to a creature formed with a mind of a quite different make from his own. I am sure, I do not mean it an injury to women, when I say there is a sort of sex in souls. I am tender of offending them, and know it is hard not to do it on this subject; but I must go on to say, that the soul of a man, and that of a woman, are made very unlike, according to the employments for which they are designed. The ladies will please to observe, I say, our minds have different, not superior, qualities to theirs. The virtues have respectively a masculine and a feminine cast. What we call in men wisdom, is in women prudence. It is a partiality to call one greater than the other. A prudent woman is in the same class of honour as a wise man, and the scandals in the way of both are equally dangerous. But to make this state any thing but a burden, and not hang a weight upon our very beings, it is proper each of the couple should frequently remember, that there are many things which grow out of their very natures that are pardonable, nay, becoming, when considered as such, but, without that reflection, must give the quickest pain and vexation. To manage well a great family, is as worthy an instance of capacity, as to execute a great employment: and for the generality, as women perform the considerable part of their duties, as well as men do theirs; so in their common behaviour, females of ordinary genius are not more trivial than the common rate of men; and, in my opinion, the playing of a fan is every whit as good an entertainment as the beating of a snuff-box.

But, however I have rambled in this libertine manner of writing by way of Essay, I now sat down with an intention to represent to my readers how pernicious, how sudden, and how fatal surprises of passion are to the mind of man; and that in the more intimate commerces of life they are more liable to arise, even in our most sedate and indolent hours. Occurrences of this kind have had very terrible effects; and when one reflects upon them, we cannot but tremble to consider, what we are capable of being wrought up to, against all the ties of nature, love, honour, reason, and religion, though the man who breaks through them all, had, an hour before he did so, a lively and virtuous sense of their dictates. When unhappy catastrophes make up part of the history of princes and persons who act in high spheres, or are represented in the moving language and well-wrought scenes of tragedians, they do not fail of striking us with terror; but then they affect us only in a transient manner, and pass through our imaginations as incidents in which our fortunes are too humble to be concerned, or which writers form for the ostentation of their own force; or, at most, as things fit rather to exercise the powers of our minds, than to create new habits in them. Instead of such high passages, I was thinking it would be of great use, if any body could hit it, to lay before the world such adventures as befall persons not exalted above the common level. This, methought, would better prevail upon the ordinary race of men; who are so prepossessed with outward appearances, that they mistake fortune for nature, and believe nothing can relate to them, that does not happen to such as live and look like themselves.

The unhappy end of a gentleman, whose story an acquaintance of mine was just now telling me, would be very proper for this end, if it could be related with all the circumstances as I heard it this evening; for it touched me so much, that I cannot forbear entering upon it.

'Mr. Eustace[n], a young gentleman of a good estate near Dublin in Ireland[n], married a lady of youth, beauty, and modesty, and lived with her, in general, with much ease and tranquillity; but was in his secret temper impatient of rebuke. She was apt to fall into little sallies of passion; yet as suddenly recalled by her own reflection on her fault, and the consideration

of her husband's temper. It happened, as he, his wife, and her sister, were at supper together about two months ago, that, in the midst of a careless and familiar conversation, the sisters fell into a little warmth and contradiction. He, who was one of that sort of men who are never unconcerned at what passes before them, fell into an outrageous passion on the side of the sister. The person about whom they disputed was so near, that they were under no restraint from running into vain repetitions of past heats: on which occasion all the aggravations of anger and distaste boiled up, and were repeated with the bitterness of exasperated lovers. The wife, observing her husband extremely moved, began to turn it off, and rally him for interposing between two people, who from their infancy had been angry and pleased with each other every half hour. But it descended deeper into his thoughts, and they broke up with a sullen silence. The wife immediately retired to her chamber, whither her husband soon after followed. When they were in bed, he soon dissembled a sleep; and she, pleased that his thoughts were composed, fell into a real one. Their apartment was very distant from the rest of their family, in a lonely country-house. He now saw his opportunity, and, with a dagger he had brought to bed with him, stabbed his wife in the side. She awaked in the highest terror; but immediately imagining it was a blow designed for her husband by ruffians, began to grasp him, and strove to awake and rouse him to defend himself. He still pretended himself sleeping, and gave her a second wound.

'She now drew open the curtain, and, by the help of moonlight, saw his hand lifted up to stab her. The horror disarmed her from further struggling; and he, enraged anew at being discovered, fixed his poniard in her bosom. As soon as he believed he had despatched her, he attempted to escape out of the window: but she, still alive, called to him not to hurt himself; for she might live. He was so stung with the insupportable reflection upon her goodness, and his own villany, that he jumped to the bed, and wounded her all over with as much rage as if every blow was provoked by new aggravations. In this fury of mind he fled away. His wife had still strength to go to her sister's apartment, and give an account of this wonderful tragedy; but died the next day. Some weeks after, an officer of justice, in attempting to seize the criminal, fired

upon him, as did the criminal upon the officer. Both their balls took place [n], and both immediately expired.'

Tatler, No. 172.] [May 16, 1710.

No. 104. *Character of Arietta; Invectives against Women; Story of Inkle and Yarico.*

Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.—JUV. Sat. ii. 63.

Arietta is visited by all persons of both sexes, who have any pretence to wit and gallantry. She is in that time of life which is neither affected with the follies of youth, nor infirmities of age; and her conversation is so mixed with gaiety and prudence, that she is agreeable both to the young and the old. Her behaviour is very frank, without being in the least blameable: and as she is out of the track of any amorous or ambitious pursuits of her own, her visitants entertain her with accounts of themselves very freely, whether they concern their passions or their interests. I made her a visit this afternoon, having been formerly introduced to the honour of her acquaintance by my friend Will Honeycomb, who has prevailed upon her to admit me sometimes into her assembly, as a civil inoffensive man. I found her accompanied with one person only, a common-place talker, who, upon my entrance, arose, and after a very slight civility sat down again; then, turning to Arietta, pursued his discourse, which I found was upon the old topic of constancy in love. He went on with great facility in repeating what he talks every day of his life; and with the ornaments of insignificant laughs and gestures, enforced his arguments by quotations out of plays and songs, which allude to the perjuries of the fair, and the general levity of women. Methought he strove to shine more than ordinarily in his talkative way, that he might insult my silence, and distinguish himself before a woman of Arietta's taste and understanding. She had often an inclination to interrupt him, but could find no opportunity, till the larum ceased of itself, which it did not till he had repeated and murdered the celebrated story of the Ephesian Matron [n].

Arietta seemed to regard this piece of raillery as an outrage done to her sex; as indeed I have always observed that women, whether out of a nicer regard to their honour, or what other reason I cannot tell, are more sensibly touched with those general aspersions which are cast upon their sex, than men are by what is said of theirs.

When she had a little recovered herself from the serious anger she was in, she replied in the following manner:

'Sir, when I consider how perfectly new all you have said on this subject is, and that the story you have given us is not quite two thousand years old, I cannot but think it a piece of presumption to dispute it with you; but your quotations put me in mind of the fable of the lion and the man[n]. The man walking with that noble animal, showed him, in the ostentation of human superiority, a sign of a man killing a lion. Upon which, the lion said very justly, "We lions are none of us painters, else we could show a hundred men killed by lions for one lion killed by a man." You men are writers, and can represent us women as unbecoming as you please in your works, while we are unable to return the injury. You have twice or thrice observed in your discourse, that hypocrisy is the very foundation of our education; and that an ability to dissemble our affections is a professed part of our breeding. These and such other reflections are sprinkled up and down the writings of all ages, by authors, who leave behind them memorials of their resentment against the scorn of particular women, in invectives against the whole sex. Such a writer, I doubt not, was the celebrated Petronius, who invented the pleasant aggravations of the frailty of the Ephesian lady; but when we consider this question between the sexes, which has been either a point of dispute or raillery ever since there were men and women, let us take facts from plain people, and from such as have not either ambition or capacity to embellish their narrations with any beauties of imagination. I was the other day amusing myself with Ligon's Account of Barbadoes[n]; and, in answer to your well-wrought tale, I will give you, (as it dwells upon my memory) out of that honest traveller, in his fifty-fifth page, the history of Inkle and Yarico.

'"Mr. Thomas Inkle[n], of London, aged twenty years, embarked in the Downs, on the good ship called the Achilles,

bound for the West Indies, on the 16th of June, 1647, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandize. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instil into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect master of numbers, and consequently giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulses of his passions, by prepossession towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young Inkle had a person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened, in the course of the voyage, that the Achilles, in some distress, put into a creek on the main of America, in search of provisions. The youth, who is the hero of my story, among others went on shore on this occasion. From their first landing they were observed by a party of Indians, who hid themselves in the woods for that purpose. The English unadvisedly marched a great distance from the shore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who slew the greatest number of them. Our adventurer escaped among others, by flying into a forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood, he threw himself, tired and breathless, on a little hillock, when an Indian maid rushed from a thicket behind him. After the first surprise they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the European was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the naked American; the American was no less taken with the dress, complexion, and shape of an European, covered from head to foot. The Indian grew immediately enamoured of him, and consequently solicitous for his preservation. She therefore conveyed him to a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruits, and led him to a stream to slake his thirst. In the midst of these good offices, she would sometimes play with his hair, and delight in the opposition of its colour to that of her fingers: then open his bosom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it seems, a person of distinction, for she every day came to him in a different dress, of the most beautiful shells, bugles[n], and bredes[n]. She likewise brought him a great many spoils, which her other lovers had presented to her, so that his cave was richly adorned with all the spotted skins of beasts, and most party-coloured feathers of fowls, which that world afforded.

To make his confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the dusk of the evening, or by the favour of moonlight, to unfrequented groves and solitudes, and show him where to lie down in safety, and sleep amidst the falls of waters and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him awake in her arms, for fear of her countrymen, and wake him on occasions to consult his safety. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time, till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated to his mistress how happy he should be to have her in his country, where she should be clothed in such silks as his waistcoat was made of, and be carried in houses drawn by horses, without being exposed to wind or weather. All this he promised her the enjoyment of, without such fears and alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender correspondence these lovers lived for several months, when Yarico, instructed by her lover, discovered a vessel on the coast, to which she made signals; and in the night, with the utmost joy and satisfaction, accompanied him to a ship's crew of his countrymen bound to Barbadoes. When a vessel from the main arrives in that island, it seems the planters come down to the shore, where there is an immediate market of the Indians and other slaves, as with us of horses and oxen.

'"To be short, Mr. Thomas Inkle, now coming into English territories, began seriously to reflect upon his loss of time, and to weigh with himself how many day's interest of his money he had lost during his stay with Yarico. This thought made the young man very pensive, and careful what account he should be able to give his friends of his voyage. Upon which consideration, the prudent and frugal young man sold Yarico to a Barbadian merchant; notwithstanding that the poor girl, to incline him to commiserate her condition, told him that she was with child by him: but he only made use of that information, to rise in his demands upon the purchaser."'

I was so touched with this story (which I think should be always a counterpart to the Ephesian Matron) that I left the room with tears in my eyes, which a woman of Arietta's good sense did, I am sure, take for greater applause than any compliments I could make her.

Spectator, No. 11.] [March 13, 1711.

No. 105. *The Story of Brunetta and Phillis.*

Cœlum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.
HOR. Ep. i. 11. 27.

In the year 1688, and on the same day of that year, were born in Cheapside, London, two females of exquisite feature and shape; the one we shall call Brunetta, the other Phillis. A close intimacy between their parents made each of them the first acquaintance the other knew in the world. They played, dressed babies[n], acted visitings, learned to dance and make curtsies, together. They were inseparable companions in all the little entertainments their tender years were capable of; which innocent happiness continued until the beginning of their fifteenth year, when it happened that Mrs. Phillis had a head-dress on, which became her so very well, that instead of being beheld any more with pleasure for their amity to each other, the eyes of the neighbourhood were turned to remark them with comparison of their beauty. They now no longer enjoyed the ease of mind and pleasing indolence in which they were formerly happy, but all their words and actions were misinterpreted by each other, and every excellence in their speech and behaviour was looked upon as an act of emulation to surpass the other. These beginnings of disinclination soon improved into a formality of behaviour, a general coldness, and by natural steps into an irreconcilable hatred.

These two rivals for the reputation of beauty, were, in their stature, countenance, and mien, so very much alike, that if you were speaking of them in their absence, the words in which you described the one must give you an idea of the other. They were hardly distinguishable, you would think, when they were apart, though extremely different when together. What made their enmity the more entertaining to all the rest of their sex was, that in detraction from each, neither could fall upon any terms which did not hit herself as much as her adversary. Their nights grew restless with meditation of new dresses to outvie each other, and inventing new devices to recal admirers, who observed the charms of the one rather than those of the other, on the last meeting.

Their colours failed at each other's appearance, flushed with pleasure at the report of a disadvantage, and their countenances withered upon instances of applause. The decencies to which women are obliged, made these virgins stifle their resentment so far as not to break into open violences, while they equally suffered the torments of a regulated anger. Their mothers, as it is usual, engaged in the quarrel, and supported the several pretensions of their daughters with all that ill-chosen sort of expense which is common with people of plentiful fortunes and mean taste. The girls preceded their parents like queens of May, in all the gaudy colours imaginable, on every Sunday to church, and were exposed to the examination of the audience for superiority of beauty.

During this constant struggle it happened, that Phillis one day at public prayers smote the heart of a gay West Indian, who appeared in all the colours which can affect an eye that could not distinguish between being fine and tawdry. This American, in a Summer-island[n] suit, was too shining and too gay to be resisted by Phillis, and too intent upon her charms to be diverted by any of the laboured attractions of Brunetta. Soon after, Brunetta had the mortification to see her rival disposed of in a wealthy marriage, while she was only addressed to in a manner that shewed she was the admiration of all men, but the choice of none. Phillis was carried to the habitation of her spouse in Barbadoes. Brunetta had the ill-nature to inquire for her by every opportunity, and had the misfortune to hear of her being attended by numerous slaves, fanned into slumbers by successive bands of them, and carried from place to place in all the pomp of barbarous magnificence. Brunetta could not endure these repeated advices, but employed all her arts and charms in laying baits for any of condition of the same island, out of a mere ambition to confront her once more before she died. She at last succeeded in her design, and was taken to wife by a gentleman whose estate was contiguous to that of her enemy's husband. It would be endless to enumerate the many occasions on which these irreconcilable beauties laboured to excel each other; but in process of time it happened that a ship put into the island consigned to a friend of Phillis, who had directions to give her the refusal of all goods for apparel, before

Brunetta could be alarmed of their arrival. He did so, and Phillis was dressed in a few days in a brocade more gorgeous and costly than had ever before appeared in that latitude. Brunetta languished at the sight, and could by no means come up to the bravery[n] of her antagonist. She communicated her anguish of mind to a faithful friend, who, by an interest in the wife of Phillis's merchant, procured a remnant of the same silk for Brunetta. Phillis took pains to appear in all public places where she was sure to meet Brunetta; Brunetta was now prepared for the insult, and came to a public ball in a plain black silk mantua[n], attended by a beautiful negro girl in a petticoat of the same brocade[n] with which Phillis was attired. This drew the attention of the whole company, upon which the unhappy Phillis swooned away, and was immediately conveyed to her house. As soon as she came to herself, she fled from her husband's house, went on board a ship in the road, and is now landed in inconsolable despair at Plymouth . . .

Spectator, No. 80.] [June 1, 1711.

III.

THEATRICAL PAPERS.

No. 106. *On the Pleasures of Playgoing; Wilks and Cibber; a new Play and an old One.*

Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipsis.—HOR. Ep. ii. 1. 197.

The town grows so very empty, that the greater number of my gay characters are fled out of my sight into the country. My beaux are now shepherds, and my belles wood-nymphs. They are lolling over rivulets, and covered with shades, while we who remain in town, hurry through the dust about impertinencies without knowing the happiness of leisure and retirement. To add to this calamity, even the actors are going to desert us for a season, and we shall not shortly have so much as a landscape or a forest scene to refresh ourselves with in the midst of our fatigues. This may not, perhaps, be so sensible a loss to any other as to me; for I confess it is one of my greatest delights to sit unobserved and unknown in the gallery, and entertain myself either with what is personated on the stage, or observe what appearances present themselves in the audience. If there were no other good consequences in a playhouse, than that so many persons of different ranks and conditions are placed there in their most pleasing aspects, that prospect only would be very far from being below the pleasures of a wise man. There is not one person you can see, in whom, if you look with an inclination to be pleased, you may not behold something worthy or agreeable. Our thoughts are in our features; and the visage of those in whom love, rage, anger, jealousy, or envy, have their frequent mansions, carries the traces of those passions wherever the amorous, the choleric, the jealous, or the envious, are pleased to make their appearance. However, the assembly

at a play is usually made up of such as have a sense of some elegance in pleasure; by which means the audience is generally composed of those who have gentle affections, or at least of such, as at that time, are in the best humour you can ever find them. This has insensibly a good effect upon our spirits; and the musical airs which are played to us, put the whole company into a participation of the same pleasure, and by consequence, for that time, equal in humour, in fortune, and in quality. Thus far we gain only by coming into an audience; but if we find, added to this, the beauties of proper action, the force of eloquence, and the gaiety of well-placed lights and scenes, it is being happy, and seeing others happy, for two hours: a duration of bliss not at all to be slighted by so short-lived a creature as man. Why then should not the duty of the player be had in much more esteem than it is at present? If the merit of a performance is to be valued according to the talents which are necessary to it, the qualifications of a player should raise him much above the arts and ways of life which we call mercenary or mechanic. When we look round a full house, and behold so few that can, though they set themselves out to show as much as the persons on the stage do, come up to what they would appear even in dumb show; how much does the actor deserve our approbation, who adds to the advantage of looks and motions, the tone of voice, the dignity, the humility, the sorrow, and the triumph, suitable to the character he personates?

It may possibly be imagined by severe men, that I am too frequent in the mention of the theatrical representations; but who is not excessive in the discourse of what he extremely likes? Eugenio can lead you to a gallery of fine pictures, which collection he is always increasing: Crassus, through woods and forests, to which he designs to add the neighbouring counties. These are great and noble instantes of their magnificence. The players are my pictures, and their scenes my territories. By communicating the pleasure I take in them, it may in some measure add to men's gratification this way; as viewing the choice and wealth of Eugenio and Crassus augments the enjoyments of those whom they entertain, with a prospect of such possessions as would not otherwise fall within the reach of their fortunes.

It is a very good office one man does another, when he tells him the manner of his being pleased; and I have often thought, that a comment upon the capacities of the players would very much improve the delight that way, and impart it to those who otherwise have no sense of it.

The first of the present stage are Wilks and Cibber, perfect actors in their different kinds. Wilks has a singular talent in representing the graces of nature; Cibber the deformity in the affectation of them. Were I a writer of plays, I should never employ either of them in parts which had not their bent this way. This is seen in the inimitable strain and run of good humour which is kept up in the character of Wildair[n], and in the nice and delicate abuse of understanding in that of Sir Novelty[n]. Cibber, in another light, hits exquisitely the flat civility of an affected gentleman-usher, and Wilks the easy frankness of a gentleman.

If you would observe the force of the same capacities in higher life, can any thing be more ingenuous than the behaviour of prince Harry, when his father checks him? any thing more exasperating than that of Richard, when he insults his superiors? To beseech gracefully, to approach respectfully, to pity, to mourn, to love, are the places wherein Wilks may be made to shine with the utmost beauty. To rally pleasantly, to scorn artfully, to flatter, to ridicule, and to neglect, are what Cibber would perform with no less excellence.

When actors are considered with a view to their talents, it is not only the pleasure of that hour of action, which the spectators gain from their performance; but the opposition of right and wrong on the stage, would have its force in the assistance of our judgments on other occasions. I have at present under my tutelage a young poet[n], who, I design, shall entertain the town the ensuing winter. And as he does me the honour to let me see his comedy as he writes it, I shall endeavour to make the parts fit the geniuses of the several actors, as exactly as their habits can their bodies. And because the two I have mentioned are to perform the principal parts, I have prevailed with the house to let the 'Careless Husband[n]' be acted on Tuesday next, that my young author may have a view of the play, which is acted to perfection, both by them and all concerned in it; as being born within the walls of the theatre, and written with

an exact knowledge of the abilities of the performers. Mr. Wilks will do his best in this play, because it is for his own benefit; and Mr. Cibber, because he writ it. Besides which, all the great beauties we have left in town, or within call of it, will be present, because it is the last play this season. This opportunity will, I hope, inflame my pupil with such generous notions, from seeing so fair an assembly as will be then present, that his play may be composed of sentiments and characters proper to be presented to such an audience. His drama at present has only the outlines drawn. There are, I find, to be in it all the reverend offices of life (such as regard to parents, husbands, and honourable lovers) preserved with the utmost care; and, at the same time, that agreeableness of behaviour, with the intermixture of pleasing passions which arise from innocence and virtue, interspersed in such a manner, as that to be charming and agreeable, shall appear the natural consequence of being virtuous. This great end is one of those I propose to do in my censorship; but if I find a thin house on an occasion when such a work is to be promoted, my pupil shall return to his commons at Oxford, and Shire-lane and the theatres be no longer correspondents.

Tatler, No. 182.] [June 8, 1710.

No. 107. *A Letter from the lion at the Haymarket; Powell's Puppet-Show; Masquerades; Powell's Puppet-Show again.*

Teque his, infelix, exue monstris.—OVID, Met. iv. 590.

I was reflecting this morning upon the spirit and humour of the public diversions five-and-twenty years ago, and those of the present time; and lamented to myself, that though in those days they neglected their morality, they kept up their good sense; but that the beau monde, at present, is only grown more childish, not more innocent, than the former. While I was in this train of thought, an odd fellow, whose face I have often seen at the playhouse, gave me the following letter with these words: 'Sir,

the Lion[n] presents his humble service to you, and desired me to give this into your own hands.'

'From my Den in the Haymarket, March 15.

'SIR,

'I have read all your papers, and have stifled my resentment against your reflections upon operas, until that of this day, wherein you plainly insinuate, that Signior Grimaldi and myself have a correspondence more friendly than is consistent with the valour of his character, or the fierceness of mine. I desire you would, for your own sake, forbear such intimations for the future; and must say it is a great piece of ill-nature in you, to show so great an esteem for a foreigner, and to discourage a Lion that is your own countryman.

'I take notice of your fable of the lion and man[n], but am so equally concerned in that matter, that I shall not be offended to which soever of the animals the superiority is given. You have misrepresented me, in saying that I am a country gentleman, who act only for my diversion; whereas, had I still the same woods to range in which I once had when I was a fox-hunter, I should not resign my manhood for a maintenance; and assure you, as low as my circumstances are at present, I am so much a man of honour, that I would scorn to be any beast for bread, but a lion.

'Yours, &c.'

I had no sooner ended this, than one of my landlady's children brought me in several others, with some of which I shall make up my present paper, they all having a tendency to the same subject, viz. the elegance of our present diversions.

'Covent-garden, March 13.

'SIR,

'I have been for twenty years under-sexton of this parish of St. Paul's, Covent-garden, and have not missed tolling in to prayers six times in all those years; which office I have performed to my great satisfaction, until this fortnight last past, during which time I find my congregation take the warning of my bell, morning and evening, to go to a puppet-show set forth by one Powell[n], under the Piazzas. By this means I have not only lost my two customers, whom I used to place for sixpence a-piece over against Mrs. Rachael Eyebright, but Mrs. Rachael

herself is gone thither also. There now appear among us none but a few ordinary people, who come to church only to say their prayers, so that I have no work worth speaking of but on Sundays. I have placed my son at the Piazzas, to acquaint the ladies that the bell rings for church, and that it stands on the other side of the garden! but they only laugh at the child.

'I desire you would lay this before all the whole world, that I may not be made such a tool for the future, and that Punchinello may choose hours less canonical. As things are now, Mr. Powell has a full congregation, while we have a very thin house; which if you can remedy, you will very much oblige,

'Sir, yours, &c.'

The following epistle I find is from the undertaker of the masquerade[n]:

'SIR,

'I have observed the rules of my masque so carefully (in not inquiring into persons) that I cannot tell whether you were one of the company or not, last Tuesday; but if you were not, and still design to come, I desire you would, for your own entertainment, please to admonish the town, that all persons indifferently are not fit for this sort of diversion. I could wish, Sir, you could make them understand that it is a kind of acting to go in masquerade, and a man should be able to say or do things proper for the dress in which he appears. We have now and then rakes in the habit of Roman senators, and grave politicians in the dress of rakes. The misfortune of the thing is, that people dress themselves in what they have a mind to be, and not what they are fit for. There is not a girl in the town, but let her have her will in going to a masque, and she shall dress as a shepherdess. But let me beg of them to read the Arcadia[n], or some other good romance, before they appear in any such character at my house. The last day we presented, every body was so rashly habited, that when they came to speak to each other, a nymph with a crook had not a word to say but in the pert style of the pit; and a man in the habit of a philosopher was speechless, till an occasion offered of expressing himself in the refuse of the tiring rooms. We had a judge that danced a minuet with a quaker for his partner, while half-a-dozen harlequins stood by as spectators: a Turk drank me off two bottles

of wine, and a Jew eat me up half a ham of bacon. If I can bring my design to bear, and make the maskers preserve their characters in my assemblies, I hope you will allow there is a foundation laid for more elegant and improving gallantries than any the town at present affords, and consequently, that you will give your approbation to the endeavours of, Sir,

'Your most obedient humble servant.

I am very glad the following epistle obliges me to mention Mr. Powell a second time in the same paper; for indeed there cannot be too great encouragement given to his skill in motions[n], provided he is under proper restrictions.

'SIR,

'The opera at the Haymarket, and that under the little Piazza in Covent-garden, being at present the two leading diversions of the town, and Mr. Powell professing in his advertisements to set up Whittington and his Cat[n] against Rinaldo and Armida[n], my curiosity led me the beginning of last week to view both these performances, and make my observations upon them.

'First, therefore, I cannot but observe that Mr. Powell wisely forbearing to give his company a bill of fare before-hand, every scene is new and unexpected; whereas it is certain, that the undertakers of the Haymarket, having raised too great an expectation in their printed opera, very much disappoint their audience on the stage.

'The King of Jerusalem is obliged to come from the city on foot, instead of being drawn in a triumphant chariot by white horses, as my opera-book had promised me; and thus while I expected Armida's dragons should rush forward towards Argantes, I found the hero was obliged to go to Armida, and hand her out of her coach. We had also but a very short allowance of thunder and lightning; though I cannot in this place omit doing justice to the boy who had the direction of the two painted dragons, and made them spit fire and smoke. He flashed out his rosin in such just proportions, and in such due time, that I could not forbear conceiving hopes of his being one day a most excellent player. I saw, indeed, but two things wanting to render his whole action complete, I mean the keeping his head a little lower, and hiding his candle.

'I observe that Mr. Powell and the undertakers had both

the same thought, and I think much about the same time, of introducing animals on their several stages—though indeed, with very different success. The sparrows and chaffinches at the Haymarket fly as yet very irregularly over the stage; and instead of perching on the trees, and performing their parts, these young actors either get into the galleries, or put out the candles; whereas Mr. Powell has so well disciplined his pig, that in the first scene he and Punch dance a minuet together. I am informed, however, that Mr. Powell resolves to excel his adversaries in their own way; and introduces larks in his next opera of Susannah, or Innocence Betrayed, which will be exhibited next week, with a pair of new Elders.

'The moral of Mr. Powell's drama is violated, I confess, by Punch's national reflections on the French, and King Harry's laying his leg upon the Queen's lap, in too ludicrous a manner, before so great an assembly.

'As to the mechanism and scenery, every thing, indeed, was uniform, and of a piece, and the scenes were managed very dexterously; which calls on me to take notice, that at the Haymarket, the undertakers forgetting to change their side-scenes, we were presented with the prospect of the ocean in the midst of a delightful grove; and though the gentlemen on the stage had very much contributed to the beauty of the grove, by walking up and down between the trees, I must own I was not a little astonished to see a well-dressed young fellow in a full bottomed wig, appear in the midst of the sea, and without any visible concern taking snuff.

'I shall only observe one thing farther . . .; as the wit in both pieces is equal, I must prefer the performance of Mr. Powell, because it is in our own language.

'I am, &c.'

Spectator, No. 14.] [March 16, 1711.

No. 108. *On the Scornful Lady; character of Sir Roger the Chaplain.*

> Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud,
> Quod quis deridet, quam quod probat.
> HOR. Ep. ii. 1. 262.

I do not know that I have been in greater delight for these many years, than in beholding the boxes at the play the last

time *The Scornful Lady*[n] was acted. So great an assembly of ladies placed in gradual rows in all the ornaments of jewels, silks, and colours, gave so lively and gay an impression to the heart, that methought the season of the year was vanished; and I did not think it an ill expression of a young fellow who stood near me, that called the boxes those 'beds of tulips.' It was a pretty variation of the prospect, when any one of those fine ladies rose up and did honour[n] to herself and friend at a distance, by curtseying; and gave opportunity to that friend to show her charms to the same advantage in returning the salutation. Here that action is as proper and graceful, as it is at church unbecoming and impertinent. By the way I must take the liberty to observe that I did not see any one who is usually so full of civilities at church, offer at any such indecorum during any part of the action of the play. Such beautiful prospects gladden our minds, and when considered in general, give innocent and pleasing ideas. He that dwells upon any one object of beauty, may fix his imagination to his disquiet; but the contemplation of a whole assembly together is a defence against the encroachment of desire. At least to me, who have taken pains to look at beauty abstracted from the consideration of its being the object of desire; at power, only as it sits upon another, without any hopes of partaking any share of it; at wisdom and capacity, without any pretensions to rival or envy its acquisitions. I say to me, who am really free from forming any hopes by beholding the persons of beautiful women, or warming myself into ambition from the successes of other men, this world is not only a mere scene, but a very pleasant one. Did mankind but know the freedom which there is in keeping thus aloof from the world, I should have more imitators, than the powerfullest man in the nation has followers. To be no man's rival in love, or competitor in business, is a character which, if it does not recommend you as it ought to benevolence among those whom you live with, yet has it certainly this effect, that you do not stand so much in need of their approbation, as you would if you aimed at it more, in setting your heart on the same things which the generality doat on. By this means, and with this easy philosophy, I am never less at a play than when I am at the theatre; but indeed I am seldom so well pleased with action as in that place; for most men follow nature no longer

than while they are in their night-gowns[n], and all the busy part of the day are in characters which they neither become, nor act in with pleasure to themselves or their beholders. But to return to my ladies: I was very well pleased to see so great a crowd of them assembled at a play, wherein the heroine, as the phrase is, is so just a picture of the vanity of the sex in tormenting their admirers. The lady who pines for the man whom she treats with so much impertinence and inconstancy, is drawn with much art and humour. Her resolutions to be extremely civil, but her vanity rising just at the instant she resolved to express herself kindly, are described as by one who had studied the sex. But when my admiration is fixed upon this excellent character, and two or three others in the play, I must confess I was moved with the utmost indignation, at the trivial, senseless, and unnatural representation of the chaplain. It is possible there may be a pedant in holy orders, and we have seen one or two of them in the world: but such a driveller as Sir Roger[n], so bereft of all manner of pride, which is the characteristic of a pedant, is what one would not believe would come into the head of the same man who drew the rest of the play. The meeting between Welford and him shows a wretch without any notion of the dignity of his function; and it is out of all common sense that he should give an account of himself 'as one sent four or five miles in a morning, on foot, for eggs.' It is not to be denied, but this part, and that of the maid whom he makes love to, are excellently well performed; but a thing which is blameable in itself, grows still more so by the success in the execution of it. It is so mean a thing to gratify a loose age with a scandalous representation of what is reputable among men, not to say what is sacred, that no beauty, no excellence in an author ought to atone for it; nay, such excellence is an aggravation of his guilt, and an argument that he errs against the conviction of his own understanding and conscience. Wit should be tried by this rule, and an audience should rise against such a scene as throws down the reputation of any thing, which the consideration of religion or decency should preserve from contempt. But all this evil arises from this one corruption of mind, that makes men resent offences against their virtue, less than those against their understanding. An author shall write as if he thought there was not one man of honour or woman of

chastity in the house, and come off with applause: for an insult upon all the ten commandments with the little critics is not so bad as the breach of an unity of time and place. Half wits do not apprehend the miseries that must necessarily flow from degeneracy of manners; nor do they know that order is the support of society. Sir Roger and his mistress are monsters of the poet's own forming; the sentiments in both of them are such as do not arise in fools of their education. We all know that a silly scholar, instead of being below every one he meet with, is apt to be exalted above the rank of such as are really his superiors: his arrogance is always founded upon particular notions of distinction in his own head, accompanied with a pedantic scorn of all fortune and pre-eminence, when compared with his knowledge and learning. This very one character of Sir Roger, as silly as it really is, has done more towards the disparagement of holy orders [n], and consequently of virtue itself, than all the wit of that author, or any other, could make up for in the conduct of the longest life after it. I do not pretend, in saying this, to give myself airs of more virtue than my neighbours, but assert it from the principles by which mankind must always be governed. Sallies of imagination are to be overlooked, when they are committed out of warmth in the recommendation of what is praiseworthy; but a deliberate advancing of vice, with all the wit in the world, is as ill an action as any that comes before the magistrate, and ought to be received as such by the people.

Spectator, No. 270.] [January 9, 1712.

No. 109. *The Distrest Mother; Will Honeycomb on Stage-craft; Letters from George Powell and Sophia.*

Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba.
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 97.

The players, who know I am very much their friend, take all opportunities to express a gratitude to me for being so. They could not have a better occasion of obliging me, than one which

they lately took hold of. They desired my friend Will Honeycomb to bring me to the reading of a new tragedy; it is called *The Distrest Mother*[n]. I must confess, though some days are past since I enjoyed that entertainment, the passions of the several characters dwell strongly upon my imagination; and I congratulate the age, that they are at last to see truth and human life represented in the incidents which concern heroes and heroines. The style of the play is such as becomes those of the first education, and the sentiments worthy those of the highest figure. It was a most exquisite pleasure to me, to observe real tears drop from the eyes of those who had long made it their profession to dissemble affliction; and the player who read frequently throw down the book, until he had given vent to the humanity which rose in him at some irresistible touches of the imagined sorrow. We have seldom had any female distress on the stage, which did not, upon cool examination, appear to flow from the weakness rather than the misfortune of the person represented: but in this tragedy you are not entertained with the ungoverned passions of such as are enamoured of each other, merely as they are men and women, but their regards are founded upon high conceptions of each other's virtue and merit; and the character which gives name to the play, is one who has behaved herself with heroic virtue in the most important circumstances of a female life, those of a wife, a widow, and a mother. If there be those whose minds have been too attentive upon the affairs of life, to have any notion of the passion of love in such extremes as are known only to particular tempers, yet in the above-mentioned considerations, the sorrow of the heroine will move even the generality of mankind. Domestic virtues concern all the world, and there is no one living who is not interested that Andromache should be an inimitable character. The generous affection to the memory of her deceased husband, that tender care for her son, which is ever heightened with the consideration of his father, and these regards preserved in spite of being tempted with the possession of the highest greatness, are what cannot but be venerable even to such an audience as at present frequents the English theatre. My friend Will Honeycomb commended several tender things that were said, and told me they were very genteel; but whispered me, that he feared the

piece was not busy enough for the present taste. To supply this, he recommended to the players to be very careful in their scenes; and, above all things, that every part should be perfectly new dressed. I was very glad to find that they did not neglect my friend's admonition, because there are a great many in this class of criticism who may be gained by it; but indeed the truth is, that as to the work itself, it is every where Nature. The persons are of the highest quality in life, even that of princes; but their quality is not represented by the poet, with directions that guards and waiters should follow them in every scene, but their grandeur appears in greatness of sentiment, flowing from minds worthy their condition. To make a character truly great, this author understands, that it should have its foundation in superior thoughts and maxims of conduct. It is very certain, that many an honest woman would make no difficulty, though she had been the wife of Hector, for the sake of a kingdom, to marry the enemy of her husband's family and country; and indeed who can deny but she might be still an honest woman, but no heroine? That may be defensible, nay laudable, in one character, which would be in the highest degree exceptionable in another. When Cato Uticensis killed himself, Cottius, a Roman of ordinary quality and character, did the same thing; upon which one said, smiling, 'Cottius might have lived, though Cæsar has seized the Roman liberty.' Cottius's condition might have been the same, let things at the upper end of the world pass as they would. What is further very extraordinary in this work, is, that the persons are all of them laudable, and their misfortunes arise rather from unguarded virtue, than propensity to vice. The town has an opportunity of doing itself justice in supporting the representations of passion, sorrow, indignation, even despair itself, within the rules of decency, honour, and good-breeding; and since there is none can flatter himself his life will be always fortunate, they may here see sorrow, as they would wish to bear it whenever it arrives.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I am appointed to act a part in the new tragedy called *The Distrest Mother*. It is the celebrated grief of Orestes which I am to personate; but I shall not act it as I ought, for I

shall feel it too intimately to be able to utter it. I was last night repeating a paragraph to myself, which I took to be an expression of rage, and in the middle of the sentence there was a stroke of self-pity which quite unmanned me. Be pleased, Sir, to print this letter, that when I am oppressed in this manner at such an interval, a certain part of the audience may not think I am out; and I hope, with this allowance, to do it with satisfaction.

'I am, Sir,

'Your most humble Servant,

'GEORGE POWELL [n].'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'As I was walking the other day in the Park, I saw a gentleman with a very short face [n]; I desire to know whether it was you. Pray inform me as soon as you can, lest I become the most heroic Hecatissa's rival.

'Your humble Servant to command,

'SOPHIA.'

'DEAR MADAM,

'It is not me you are in love with, for I was very ill, and kept my chamber all that day.

'Your most humble Servant,

'THE SPECTATOR.'

Spectator, No. 290.] [February 1, 1712.

No. 110. *On the Self-Tormentor of Terence, and Doggett's Country Wake.*

Melius, pejus, prosit, obsit, nil vident, nisi quod lubet.
TER. Heaut. Act iv. Sc. 1.

When men read, they taste the matter with which they are entertained, according as their own respective studies and inclinations have prepared them, and make their reflections accordingly. Some, perusing Roman writers, would find in them, whatever the subject of the discourses were, parts which

implied the grandeur of that people in their warfare, or their politics. As for my part, who am a mere Spectator, I drew this morning conclusions of their eminence in what I think great, to wit, in having worthy sentiments, from the reading a comedy of Terence. The play was the *Self-Tormentor*[n]. It is from the beginning to the end a perfect picture of human life, but I did not observe in the whole one passage that could raise a laugh. How well disposed must that people be, who could be entertained with satisfaction by so sober and polite mirth! In the first scene of the comedy, when one of the old men accuses the other of impertinence for interposing in his affairs, he answers, 'I am a man, and cannot help feeling any sorrow that can arrive at man[n].' It is said this sentence was received with a universal applause. There cannot be a greater argument of the general good understanding of a people, than a sudden consent to give their approbation of a sentiment which has no emotion in it. If it were spoken with never so great skill in the actor, the manner of uttering that sentence could have nothing in it which could strike any but people of the greatest humanity, nay people elegant and skilful in observations upon it. It is possible he might have laid his hand on his breast, and, with a winning insinuation in his countenance, expressed to his neighbour that he was a man who made his case his own; yet I will engage a player in Covent-garden might hit such an attitude a thousand times before he would have been regarded. I have heard that a minister of state in the reign of Queen Elizabeth had all manner of books and ballads brought to him of what kind soever, and took great notice how much they took with the people[n]; upon which he would, and certainly might, very well judge of their present dispositions, and the most proper way of applying them according to his own purposes. What passes on the stage, and the reception it meets with from the audience, is a very useful instruction of this kind. According to what you may observe there on our stage, you see them often moved so directly against all common sense and humanity, that you would be apt to pronounce us a nation of savages. It cannot be called a mistake of what is pleasant, but the very contrary to it is what most assuredly takes with them. The other night an old woman carried off with a pain in her side, with all the distortions and

anguish of countenance which is natural to one in that condition, was laughed and clapped off the stage. Terence's comedy, which I am speaking of, is indeed written as if he hoped to please none but such as had as good a taste as himself. I could not but reflect upon the natural description of the innocent young woman[n] made by the servant to his master. 'When I came to the house,' said he, 'an old woman opened the door, and I followed her in, because I could, by entering upon them unawares, better observe what was your mistress's ordinary manner of spending her time, the only way of judging any one's inclinations and genius. I found her at her needle in a sort of second mourning, which she wore for an aunt she had lately lost. She had nothing on but what showed she dressed only for herself. Her hair hung negligently about her shoulders. She had none of the arts with which others used to set themselves off, but had that negligence of person which is remarkable in those who are careful of their minds. Then she had a maid who was at work near her that was a slattern, because her mistress was careless; which I take to be another argument of your security in her; for the go-betweens of women of intrigue are rewarded too well to be dirty. When you were named, and I told her you desired to see her, she threw down her work for joy, covered her face, and decently hid her tears.' He must be a very good actor, and draw attention rather from his own character than the words of the author, that could gain it among us for this speech, though so full of nature and good sense.

The intolerable folly and confidence of players putting in words of their own, does in a great measure feed the absurd taste of the audience. But however that is, it is ordinary for a cluster of coxcombs to take up the house to themselves, and equally insult both the actors and the company. These savages, who want all manner of regard and deference to the rest of mankind, come only to show themselves to us, without any other purpose than to let us know they despise us.

The gross of an audience is composed of two sorts of people, those who know no pleasure but of the body, and those who improve or command corporeal pleasures, by the addition of fine sentiments of the mind. At present the intelligent part of the company are wholly subdued by the insurrections of those

who know no satisfactions but what they have in common with all other animals. . . . .

I would not be understood in this talk to argue that nothing is tolerable on the stage but what has an immediate tendency to the promotion of virtue. On the contrary, I can allow, provided there is nothing against the interests of virtue, and is not offensive to good manners, that things of an indifferent nature may be represented. For this reason I have no exception to the well-drawn rusticities in the *Country Wake*[n]; and there is something so miraculously pleasant in Dogget's acting the awkward triumph and comic sorrow of Hob in different circumstances, that I shall not be able to stay away whenever it is acted. All that vexes me is, that the gallantry of taking the cudgels for Gloucestershire, with the pride of heart in tucking himself up, and taking aim at his adversary, as well as the other's protestation in the humanity of low romance, that he could not promise the 'squire to break Hob's head, but he would, if he could, do it in love; then flourish and begin: I say what vexes me is, that such excellent touches as these, as well as the 'squire's being out of all patience at Hob's success, and venturing himself into the crowd, are circumstances hardly taken notice of, and the height of the jest is only in the very point that heads are broken. I am confident were there a scene written, wherein Penkethman[n] should break his leg by wrestling with Bullock[n], and Dicky[n] come in to set it, without one word said but what should be according to the exact rules of surgery in making this extension, and binding up the leg, the whole house should be in a roar of applause at the dissembled anguish of the patient, the help given by him who threw him down, and the handy address and arch looks of the surgeon. To enumerate the entrance of ghosts, the embattling of armies, the noise of heroes in love, with a thousand other enormities, would be to transgress the bounds of this paper, for which reason it is possible they may have hereafter distinct discourses; not forgetting any of the audience who shall set up for actors, and interrupt the play on the stage; and players who shall prefer the applause of fools, to that of the reasonable part of the company.

Spectator, No. 502.] [October 6, 1712.

No. 111. *All the World a Stage'; Wilks, Cibber, Penkethman, Mrs. Bicknell.*

Totus mundus agit histrionem.

Many of my fair readers, as well as very gay and well-received persons of the other sex, are extremely perplexed at the Latin sentences at the head of my speculations. I do not know whether I ought not to indulge them with translations of each of them: however, I have to-day taken down from the top of the stage in Drury-lane a bit of Latin which often stands in their view, and signifies, that 'The whole world acts the player.' It is certain that if we look all round us, and behold the different employments of mankind, you hardly see one who is not, as the player is, in an assumed character. The lawyer who is vehement and loud in the cause wherein he knows he has not the truth of the question on his side, is a player as to the personated part, but incomparably meaner than he as to the prostitution of himself for hire: because the pleader's falsehood introduces injustice; the player feigns for no other end but to divert or instruct you. The divine, whose passions transport him to say any thing with any view but promoting the interests of true piety and religion, is a player with a still greater imputation of guilt, in proportion to his depreciating a character more sacred. Consider all the different pursuits and employments of men, and you will find half their actions tend to nothing else but disguise and imposture; and all that is done which proceeds not from a man's very self, is the action of a player. For this reason it is that I make so frequent mention of the stage. It is with me a matter of the highest consideration, what parts are well or ill performed, what passions or sentiments are indulged or cultivated, and consequently what manners and customs are transfused from the stage to the world, which reciprocally imitate each other. As the writers of epic poems introduce shadowy persons, and represent vices and virtues under the characters of men and women; so I, who am a Spectator in the world, may perhaps sometimes make use of the names of the actors on the stage, to represent or admonish those who transact affairs in the world. When I am commending Wilks[1] for

representing the tenderness of a husband and a father in *Macbeth*, the contrition of a reformed prodigal in *Harry the Fourth*, the winning emptiness of a young man of good-nature[n] and wealth in *The Trip to the Jubilee*, the officiousness of an artful servant[n] in the *Fox;* when thus I celebrate Wilks, I talk to all the world who are engaged in any of those circumstances. If I were to speak of merit neglected, misapplied, or misunderstood, might not I say Estcourt[n] has a great capacity? But it is not the interest of others who bear a figure on the stage, that his talents were understood; it is their business to impose upon him what cannot become him, or keep out of his hands any thing in which he would shine. Were one to raise a suspicion of himself in a man who passes upon the world for a fine thing, in order to alarm him, one might say, If Lord Foppington[n] was not on the stage (Cibber acts the false pretensions to a genteel behaviour so very justly), he would have in the generality of mankind more that would admire than deride him. When we come to characters directly comical, it is not to be imagined what effect a well-regulated stage would have upon men's manners. The craft of a usurer, the absurdity of a rich fool, the awkward roughness of a fellow of half courage, the ungraceful mirth of a creature of half wit, might for ever be put out of countenance by proper parts for Dogget[n]. Johnson[n], by acting Corbacchio the other night, must have given all who saw him, a thorough detestation of aged avarice. The petulancy of a peevish old fellow, who loves and hates he knows not why, is very excellently performed by the ingenious Mr. William Penkethman in the *Fop's Fortune*[n]; where, in the character of Don Choleric Snap Shorto de Testy, he answers no questions but to those whom he likes, and wants no account of any thing from those he approves. Mr. Penkethman is also master of as many faces in the dumb scene as can be expected from a man in the circumstances of being ready to perish out of fear and hunger. He wonders throughout the whole scene very masterly, without neglecting his victuals. If it be, as I have heard it sometimes mentioned, a great qualification for the world to follow business and pleasure too, what is it in the ingenious Mr. Penkethman to represent a sense of pleasure and pain at the same time—as you may see him do this evening?

As it is certain that a stage ought to be wholly suppressed, or

judiciously encouraged, while there is one in the nation, men turned for regular pleasure cannot employ their thoughts more usefully, for the diversion of mankind, than by convincing them that it is in themselves to raise this entertainment to the greatest height. It would be a great improvement, as well as embellishment to the theatre, if dancing were more regarded, and taught to all the actors. One who has the advantage of such an agreeable girlish person as Mrs. Bicknell[n], joined with her capacity of imitation, could in proper gesture and motion represent all the decent characters of female life. An amiable modesty in one aspect of a dancer, and assumed confidence in another, a sudden joy in another, a falling-off with an impatience of being beheld, a return towards the audience with an unsteady resolution to approach them, and a well-acted solicitude to please, would revive in the company all the fine touches of mind raised in observing all the objects of affection or passion they had before beheld. Such elegant entertainments as these would polish the town into judgment in their gratifications; and delicacy in pleasure is the first step people of condition take in reformation from vice. Mrs. Bicknell has the only capacity for this sort of dancing of any on the stage; and I dare say all who see her performance to-morrow night, when sure the romp will do her best for her own benefit, will be of my mind.

Spectator, No. 370.] [May 5, 1712.

No. 112. *On the funeral of Betterton; his Acting of Shakespeare; his Widow.*

> Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
> Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.
> HOR. Ars. Poet. 180.

Having received notice, that the famous actor, Mr. Betterton[n], was to be interred this evening in the cloisters near Westminster-abbey, I was resolved to walk thither; and see the last office done to a man whom I had always very much admired, and from whose action I had received more strong impressions of

what is great and noble in human nature, than from the arguments of the most solid philosophers, or the descriptions of the most charming poets I had ever read. As the rude and untaught multitude are no way wrought upon more effectually, than by seeing public punishments and executions[n]; so men of letters and education feel their humanity most forcibly exercised, when they attend the obsequies of men who had arrived at any perfection in liberal accomplishments. Theatrical action is to be esteemed as such, except it be objected that we cannot call that an art which cannot be attained by art. Voice, stature, motion, and other gifts, must be very bountifully bestowed by nature, or labour and industry will but push the unhappy endeavourer in that way the further off his wishes.

Such an actor as Mr. Betterton ought to be recorded with the same respect as Roscius among the Romans. The greatest orator has thought fit to quote his judgment, and celebrate his life. Roscius was the example to all that would form themselves into proper and winning behaviour. His action was so well adapted to the sentiments he expressed, that the youth of Rome thought they wanted only to be virtuous, to be as graceful in their appearance as Roscius. The imagination took a lovely impression of what was great and good; and they, who never thought of setting up for the art of imitation, became themselves inimitable characters.

There is no human invention so aptly calculated for the forming a free-born people as that of a theatre. Tully reports, that the celebrated player of whom I am speaking, used frequently to say, 'The perfection of an actor is only to become what he is doing.' Young men, who are too unattentive to receive lectures, are irresistibly taken with performances. Hence it is, that I extremely lament the little relish the gentry of this nation have, at present, for the just and noble representations in some of our tragedies. The operas, which are of late introduced, can leave no trace behind them that can be of service beyond the present moment. To sing and to dance, are accomplishments very few have any thoughts of practising; but to speak justly, and move gracefully, is what every man thinks he does perform, or wishes he did.

I have hardly a notion, that any performer of antiquity could surpass the action of Mr. Betterton in any of the occasions in

which he has appeared on our stage. The wonderful agony which he appeared in, when he examined the circumstance of the handkerchief in Othello; the mixture of love that intruded upon his mind, upon the innocent answers Desdemona makes, betrayed in his gesture such a variety and vicissitude of passions, as would admonish a man to be afraid of his own heart; and perfectly convince him, that it is to stab it, to admit that worst of daggers, jealousy. Whoever reads in his closet this admirable scene, will find that he cannot, except he has as warm an imagination as Shakspeare himself, find any but dry, incoherent, and broken sentences: but a reader that has seen Betterton act it, observes, there could not be a word added; that longer speeches had been unnatural, nay, impossible, in Othello's circumstances. The charming passage in the same tragedy, where he tells the manner of winning the affection of his mistress, was urged with so moving and graceful an energy, that, while I walked in the cloisters, I thought of him with the same concern as if I waited for the remains of a person who had in real life done all that I had seen him represent. The gloom of the place, and faint lights before the ceremony appeared, contributed to the melancholy disposition I was in; and I began to be extremely afflicted, that Brutus and Cassius had any difference; that Hotspur's gallantry was so unfortunate; and that the mirth and good humour of Falstaff could not exempt him from the grave. Nay, this occasion, in me who look upon the distinctions amongst men to be merely scenical, raised reflections upon the emptiness of all human perfection and greatness in general; and I could not but regret, that the sacred heads which lie buried in the neighbourhood of this little portion of earth, in which my poor old friend is deposited, are returned to dust as well as he, and that there is no difference in the grave between the imaginary and the real monarch. This made me say of human life itself, with Macbeth:

> To-morrow, to-morrow, and to-morrow,
> Creeps in a stealing pace from day to day
> To the last moment of recorded time!
> And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
> To their eternal night! Out, out, short candle,
> Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
> And then is heard no more.

The mention I have here made of Mr. Betterton, for whom I had, as long as I have known any thing, a very great esteem and gratitude for the pleasure he gave me, can do him no good; but it may possibly be of service to the unhappy woman[n] he has left behind him, to have it known, that this great tragedian was never in a scene half so moving, as the circumstances of his affairs created at his departure. His wife, after a cohabitation of forty years in the strictest amity, has long pined away with a sense of his decay, as well in his person as his little fortune; and, in proportion to that, she has herself decayed both in her health and reason. Her husband's death, added to her age and infirmities, would certainly have determined her life, but that the greatness of her distress has been her relief, by a present deprivation of her senses. This absence of reason is her best defence against age, sorrow, poverty, and sickness. I dwell upon this account so distinctly, in obedience to a certain great spirit[n], who hides her name, and has by letter applied to me to recommend to her some object of compassion, from whom she may be concealed.

This, I think, is a proper occasion for exerting such heroic generosity; and as there is an ingenuous shame in those who have known better fortune, to be reduced to receive obligations, as well as a becoming pain in the truly generous to receive thanks; in this case both those delicacies are preserved; for the person obliged is as incapable of knowing her benefactress, as her benefactress is unwilling to be known by her.

Tatler, No. 167.] [May 4, 1710.

No. 113. *On the death of Estcourt; his Powers of Mimicry; his Merits as a Man.*

Erat homo ingeniosus, acutus, acer, et qui plurimum et salis haberet et fellis, nec candoris minus.—PLIN. Epist.

My paper is, in a kind, a letter of news, but it regards rather what passes in the world of conversation than that of business. I am very sorry that I have at present a circumstance before me,

which is of very great importance to all who have a relish for gaiety, wit, mirth, or humour; I mean the death of poor Dick Estcourt[n]. I have been obliged to him for so many hours of jollity, that it is but a small recompense, though all I can give him, to pass a moment or two in sadness for the loss of so agreeable a man. Poor Estcourt! the last time I saw him, we were plotting to show the town his great capacity for acting in its full light, by introducing him as dictating to a set of young players, in what manner to speak this sentence, and utter the other passion. He had so exquisite a discerning of what was defective in any object before him, that in an instant he could show you the ridiculous side of what would pass for beautiful and just, even to men of no ill judgment, before he had pointed at the failure. He was no less skilful in the knowledge of beauty; and I dare say, there is no one who knew him well, but can repeat more well-turned compliments, as well as smart repartees of Mr. Estcourt's, than of any other man in England. This was easily to be observed in his inimitable faculty of telling a story, in which he would throw in natural and unexpected incidents to make his court to one part, and rally the other part of the company. Then he would vary the usage he gave them, according as he saw them bear kind or sharp language. He had the knack to raise up a pensive temper, and mortify an impertinently gay one, with the most agreeable skill imaginable. There are a thousand things which crowd into my memory, which make me too much concerned to tell on about him. Hamlet holding up the skull which the gravedigger threw to him, with an account that it was the head of the king's jester, falls into very pleasing reflections, and cries out to his companion, 'Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest, of most exquisite fancy; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times: and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? not one now to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come. Make her laugh at that[n].'

It is an insolence natural to the wealthy, to affix, as much as

in them lies, the character of a man to his circumstances. Thus it is ordinary with them to praise faintly the good qualities of those below them, and say, It is very extraordinary in such a man as he is, or the like, when they are forced to acknowledge the value of him whose lowness upbraids their exaltation. It is to this humour only, that it is to be ascribed, that a quick wit in conversation, a nice judgment upon any emergency that could arise, and a most blameless inoffensive behaviour, could not raise this man above being received only upon the foot of contributing to mirth and diversion. But he was as easy under that condition, as a man of so excellent talents was capable; and since they would have it, that to divert was his business, he did it with all the seeming alacrity imaginable, though it stung him to the heart that it was his business. Men of sense, who could taste his excellences, were well satisfied to let him lead the way in conversation, and play after his own manner; but fools, who provoked him to mimicry, found he had the indignation to let it be at their expense who called for it, and he would show the form of conceited heavy fellows as jests to the company at their own request, in revenge for interrupting him from being a companion to put on the character of a jester.

What was peculiarly excellent[n] in this memorable companion was, that in the accounts he gave of persons and sentiments, he did not only hit the figure of their faces, and manner of their gestures, but he would in his narrations fall into their very way of thinking, and this when he recounted passages wherein men of the best wit were concerned, as well as such wherein were represented men of the lowest rank of understanding. It is certainly as great an instance of self-love to a weakness, to be impatient of being mimicked, as any can be imagined. There were none but the vain, the formal, the proud, or those who were incapable of amending their faults, that dreaded him; to others he was in the highest degree pleasing; and I do not know any satisfaction of any indifferent kind I ever tasted so much, as having got over an impatience of my seeing myself in the air he could put me when I have displeased him. It is indeed to his exquisite talent this way, more than any philosophy I could read on the subject, that my person is very little of my care, and it is indifferent to me what is said of my shape,

my air, my manner, my speech, or my address. It is to poor Estcourt I chiefly owe that I am arrived at the happiness of thinking nothing a diminution to me, but what argues a depravity of my will.

It has as much surprised me as any thing in nature, to have it frequently said, that he was not a good player: but that must be owing to a partiality for former actors in the parts in which he succeeded them, and judging by comparison of what was liked before, rather than by the nature of the thing. When a man of his wit and smartness could put on an utter absence of common sense in his face, as he did in the character of Bullfinch in the *Northern Lass*[n], and an air of insipid cunning and vivacity in the character of Pounce in the *Tender Husband*[u], it is folly to dispute his capacity and success, as he was an actor.

Poor Estcourt! let the vain and proud be at rest, thou wilt no more disturb their admiration of their dear selves; and thou art no longer to drudge in raising the mirth of stupids, who know nothing of thy merit, for thy maintenance.

It is natural for the generality of mankind to run into reflections upon our mortality, when disturbers of the world are laid at rest, but to take no notice when they who can please and divert are pulled from us. But for my part, I cannot but think the loss of such talents, as the man of whom I am speaking was master of, a more melancholy instance of mortality than the dissolution of persons of never so high characters in the world, whose pretensions were that they were noisy and mischievous.

But I must grow more succinct, and, as a Spectator, give an account of this extraordinary man, who, in his way, never had an equal in any age before him, or in that wherein he lived. I speak of him as a companion, and a man qualified for conversation. His fortune exposed him to an obsequiousness towards the worst sort of company, but his excellent qualities rendered him capable of making the best figure in the most refined. I have been present with him among men of the most delicate taste a whole night, and have known him (for he saw it was desired) keep the discourse to himself the most part of it, and maintain his good-humour with a countenance, in a language so delightful, without offence to any person or thing upon earth; still preserving the distance his circumstances obliged him to;

I say, I have seen him do all this in such a charming manner, that I am sure none of those I hint at will read this without giving him some sorrow for their abundant mirth, and one gush of tears for so many bursts of laughter. I wish it were any honour to the pleasant creature's memory, that my eyes are too much suffused to let me go on—

Spectator, No. 468.] [August 27, 1712.

No. 114. *On the death of Peer, the Property Man; Revival of the 'Plotting Sisters.'*

Cedat uti conviva satur.—HOR. Sat. i. 1. 119.

Though men see every day people go to their long home, who are younger than themselves, they are not so apt to be alarmed at that, as at the decease of those who have lived longer in their sight. They miss their acquaintance, and are surprised at the loss of an habitual object. This gave me so much concern for the death of Mr. William Peer of the theatre-royal, who was an actor at the Restoration, and took his theatrical degree with Betterton, Kynaston, and Harris. Though his station was humble, he performed it well; and the common comparison with the stage and human life, which has been so often made, may well be brought out upon this occasion. It is no matter, say the moralists, whether you act a prince or a beggar, the business is to do your part well. Mr. William Peer distinguished himself particularly in two characters, which no man ever could touch but himself; one of them was the speaker of the prologue to the play, which is contrived in the tragedy of Hamlet, to awake the consciences of the guilty princes. Mr. William Peer spoke that preface to the play with such an air, as represented that he was an actor, and with such an inferior manner as only acting an actor, as made the others on the stage appear real great persons, and not representatives. This was a nicety in acting that none but the most subtle player could so much as conceive. I remember his speaking these words, in

which there is no great matter but in the right adjustment of the air of the speaker, with universal applause:

> For us and for our tragedy,
> Here stooping to your clemency,
> We beg your hearing patiently.

Hamlet says very archly upon the pronouncing of it, 'Is this a prologue, or a posy of a ring[n]?' However, the speaking of it got Mr. Peer more reputation, than those who speak the length of a puritan's sermon every night will ever attain to. Besides this, Mr. Peer got a great fame on another little occasion. He played the apothecary in Caius Marius[n], as it is called by Otway; but Romeo and Juliet, as originally in Shakspeare; it will be necessary to recite more out of the play than he spoke, to have a right conception of what Peer did in it. Marius, weary of life, recollects means to be rid of it after this manner:

> I do remember an apothecary
> That dwelt about this rendezvous of death!
> Meagre and very rueful were his looks,
> Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.

When this spectre of poverty appeared, Marius addresses him thus:

> I see thou art very poor,
> Thou may'st do any thing, here's fifty drachmas,
> Get me a draught of what will soonest free
> A wretch from all his cares.

When the apothecary objects that it is unlawful, Marius urges,

> Art thou so base and full of wretchedness
> Yet fear'st to die! Famine is in thy cheeks,
> Need and oppression stareth in thy eyes,
> Contempt and beggary hang on thy back;
> The world is not thy friend, nor the world's laws;
> The world affords no law to make thee rich;
> Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Without all this quotation the reader could not have a just idea of the visage and manner which Peer assumed, when in the most lamentable tone imaginable he consents; and delivering the poison, like a man reduced to the drinking it himself, if he did not vend it, says to Marius,

> My poverty, but not my will, consents;
> Take this and drink it off, the work is done.

It was an odd excellence, and a very particular circumstance this of Peer's, that his whole action of life depended upon speaking five lines better than any man else in the world. But this eminence lying in so narrow a compass, the governors of the theatre observing his talents to lie in a certain knowledge of propriety, and his person admitting him to shine only in the two above parts, his sphere of action was enlarged by the addition of the post of property-man. This officer has always ready, in a place appointed for him behind the prompter, all such tools and implements as are necessary in the play, and it is his business never to want billet-doux, poison, false money, thunderbolts, daggers, scrolls of parchment, wine, pomatum, truncheons, and wooden legs, ready at the call of the said prompter, according as his respective utensils were necessary for promoting what was to pass on the stage. The addition of this office, so important to the conduct of the whole affair of the stage, and the good economy observed by their present managers in punctual payments, made Mr. Peer's subsistence very comfortable. But it frequently happens, that men lose their virtue in prosperity, who were shining characters in the contrary condition. Good fortune indeed had no effect on the mind, but very much on the body of Mr. Peer. For in the seventieth year of his age he grew fat, which rendered his figure unfit for the utterance of the five lines above-mentioned. He had now unfortunately lost the wan distress necessary for the countenance of the apothecary, and was too jolly to speak the prologue with the proper humility[n]. It is thought this calamity went too near him. It did not a little contribute to the shortening his days; and, as there is no state of real happiness in this life, Mr. Peer was undone by his success, and lost all by arriving at what is the end of all other men's pursuits, his ease.

I could not forbear enquiring into the effects Mr. Peer left behind him, but find there is no demand due to him from the house, but the following bill:

	£	s.	d.
For hire of six case of pistols	0	4	0
A drum for Mrs. Bignall in the Pilgrim[n]	0	4	4
A truss of straw for the madmen	0	0	8
Pomatum and vermilion to grease the face of the stuttering cook	0	0	8

	£	s.	d.
For boarding a setting dog two days to follow Mr. Johnson in Epsom Wells[n] - - - - - -	0	0	6
For blood in Macbeth - - - - - - -	0	0	3
Raisins and almonds for a witch's banquet - -	0	0	8

This contemporary of mine, whom I have often rallied for the narrow compass of his singular perfections, is now at peace, and wants no further assistance from any man; but men of extensive genius, now living, still depend upon the good offices of the town.

I am therefore to remind my reader, that on this day, being the fifteenth of June, the Plotting Sisters[n] is to be acted for the benefit of the author, my old friend Mr. D'Urfey. This comedy was honoured with the presence of king Charles the Second three of its first five nights.

My friend has in this work shown himself a master, and made not only the characters of the play, but also the furniture of the house contribute to the main design. He has made excellent use of a table with a carpet, and the key of a closet. With these two implements, which would, perhaps, have been overlooked by an ordinary writer, he contrives the most natural perplexities (allowing only the use of these household goods in poetry) that ever were represented on a stage. He has also made good advantage of the knowledge of the stage itself; for in the nick of being surprised, the lovers are let down and escape at a trap-door. In a word, any who have the curiosity to observe what pleased in the last generation, and does not go to a comedy with a resolution to be grave, will find this evening ample food for mirth. Johnson, who understands what he does as well as any man, exposes the impertinence of an old fellow, who has lost his senses, still pursuing pleasures, with great mastery. The ingenious Mr. Pinkethman is a bashful rake, and is sheepish without having modesty with great success. Mr. Bullock succeeds Nokes in the part of Bubble, and in my opinion is not much below him: for he does excellently that sort of folly we call absurdity, which is the very contrary of wit, but, next to that, is of all things the properest to excite mirth. What is foolish is the object of pity; but absurdity often proceeds from an opinion of sufficiency, and consequently is an

honest occasion for laughter. These characters in this play cannot choose but make it a very pleasant entertainment, and the decorations of singing and dancing will more than repay the good-nature of those who make an honest man a visit of two merry hours to make his following year unpainful.

Guardian, No. 82.] [June 15, 1713.

IV

MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS.

No. 115. *On Raphael's Cartoons at Hampton-Court.*

Mutum est pictura poema.

I have very often lamented, and hinted my sorrow in several speculations, that the art of painting is made so little use of to the improvement of our manners. When we consider that it places the action of the person represented in the most agreeable aspect imaginable, that it does not only express the passion or concern as it sits upon him who is drawn, but has under those features the height of the painter's imagination, what strong images of virtue and humanity might we not expect would be instilled into the mind from the labours of the pencil? This is a poetry which would be understood with much less capacity, and less expense of time, than what is taught by writing; but the use of it is generally perverted, and that admirable skill prostituted to the basest and most unworthy ends. Who is the better man for beholding the most beautiful Venus, the best wrought Bacchanal, the images of sleeping Cupids, languishing Nymphs, or any of the representations of gods, goddesses, demi-gods, satyrs, Polyphemes, sphynxes, or fauns? But if the virtues and vices, which are sometimes pretended to be represented under such draughts, were given us by the painter in the characters of real life, and the persons of men and women whose actions have rendered them laudable or infamous; we should not see a good history-piece without receiving an instructive lecture. There needs no other proof of this truth, than the testimony of every reasonable creature who has seen the cartoons[n] in her majesty's gallery at Hampton-court. These are representations of no less actions than those of our blessed Saviour and his apostles. As I now

sit and recollect the warm images which the admirable Raphael has raised, it is impossible, even from the faint traces in one's memory of what one has not seen these two years, to be unmoved at the horror and reverence which appear in the whole assembly when the mercenary man fell down dead; at the amazement of the man born blind, when he first receives sight; or at the graceless indignation of the sorcerer, when he is struck blind. The lame, when they first find strength in their feet, stand doubtful of their new vigour. The heavenly apostles appear acting these great things with a deep sense of the infirmities which they relieve, but no value of themselves who administer to their weakness. They know themselves to be but instruments; and the generous distress they are painted in when divine honours are offered to them, is a representation in the most exquisite degree of the beauty of holiness. When St. Paul is preaching to the Athenians, with what wonderful art are almost all the different tempers of mankind represented in that elegant audience? You see one credulous of all that is said; another wrapped up in deep suspense; another saying, there is some reason in what he says; another angry that the apostle destroys a favourite opinion which he is unwilling to give up; another wholly convinced, and holding out his hands in rapture; while the generality attend, and wait for the opinion of those who are of leading characters in the assembly. I will not pretend so much as to mention that chart[11] on which is drawn the appearance of our blessed Lord after his resurrection. Present authority, late sufferings, humility, and majesty, despotic command, and divine love, are at once seated in his celestial aspect. The figures of the eleven apostles are all in the same passion of admiration, but discover it differently according to their characters. Peter receives his master's orders on his knees with an admiration mixed with a more particular attention: the two next with a more open ecstacy, though still constrained by an awe of the Divine presence. The beloved disciple, whom I take to be the right of the two first figures, has in his countenance wonder drowned in love: and the last personage, whose back is towards the spectator, and his side towards the presence, one would fancy to be St. Thomas, as abashed by the conscience of his former diffidence, which perplexed concern it is possible

Raphael thought too hard a task to draw, but by this acknowledgment of the difficulty to describe it.

The whole work is an exercise of the highest piety in the painter; and all the touches of a religious mind are expressed in a manner much more forcible than can possibly be performed by the most moving eloquence. These invaluable pieces are very justly in the hands of the greatest and most pious sovereign in the world; and cannot be the frequent object of every one at their own leisure: but as an engraver is to the painter what a printer is to the author, it is worthy her majesty's name that she has encouraged that noble artist Monsieur Dorigny [n], to publish these works of Raphael. We have of this gentleman a piece of the Transfiguration, which, I think, is held a work second to none in the world.

Methinks it would be ridiculous in our people of condition, after their large bounties to foreigners of no name or merit, should they overlook this occasion of having, for a trifling subscription, a work which it is impossible for a man of sense to behold, without being warmed with the noblest sentiments that can be inspired by love, admiration, compassion, contempt of this world, and expectation of a better.

It is certainly the greatest honour we can do our country, to distinguish strangers of merit who apply to us with modesty and diffidence, which generally accompanies merit. No opportunity of this kind ought to be neglected, and a modest behaviour should alarm us to examine whether we do not lose something excellent under that disadvantage in the possessor of that quality. My skill in paintings, where one is not directed by the passion of the picture, is so inconsiderable, that I am in very great perplexity when I offer to speak of any performances of painters of landscapes, buildings, or single figures. This makes me at a loss how to mention the pieces which Mr. Boul exposes to sale by auction on Wednesday next in Chandos-street: but having heard him commended by those who have bought of him heretofore, for great integrity in his dealing, and overheard him himself (though a laudable painter) say, nothing of his own was fit to come into the room with those he had to sell, I feared I should lose an occasion of serving a man of worth, in omitting to speak of his auction.

Spectator, No. 226.] [November 19, 1711.

No. 116. *A Ramble from Richmond to London.*

> Sine me, vacivum tempus ne quod dem mihi
> Laboris.—TER. Heaut. Act. i. Sc. 1.

It is an inexpressible pleasure to know a little of the world, and be of no character or significancy in it.

To be ever unconcerned, and ever looking on new objects with an endless curiosity, is a delight known only to those who are turned for speculation: nay, they who enjoy it must value things only as they are the objects of speculation; without drawing any worldly advantage to themselves from them, but just as they are what contribute to their amusement, or the improvement of the mind. I lay one night last week at Richmond; and being restless, not out of dissatisfaction, but a certain busy inclination one sometimes has, I rose at four in the morning, and took boat for London, with a resolution to rove by boat and coach for the next four-and-twenty hours, till the many different objects I must needs meet with should tire my imagination, and give me an inclination to a repose more profound than I was at that time capable of. I beg people's pardon for an odd humour I am guilty of, and was often that day, which is saluting any person whom I like, whether I know him or not. This is a particularity would be tolerated in me, if they considered that the greatest pleasure I know I receive at my eyes, and that I am obliged to an agreeable person for coming abroad into my view, as another is for a visit of conversation at their own houses.

The hours of the day and night are taken up in the cities of London and Westminster, by people as different from each other as those who are born in different centuries. Men of six o'clock give way to those of nine, they of nine to the generation of twelve; and they of twelve disappear, and make room for the fashionable world, who have made two o'clock the noon of the day.

When we first put off from shore, we soon fell in with a fleet of gardeners, bound for the several market ports of London; and it was the most pleasing scene imaginable to see the cheerfulness with which those industrious people plied their way to a certain sale of their goods. The banks on each side are as well

peopled, and beautified with as agreeable plantations, as any spot on the earth; but the Thames itself, loaded with the product of each shore, added very much to the landscape. It was very easy to observe by their sailing, and the countenances of the ruddy virgins, who were supercargoes, the parts of the town to which they were bound. There was an air in the purveyors for Covent-garden, who frequently converse with morning rakes, very unlike the seeming sobriety of those bound for Stocks-market [n].

Nothing remarkable happened in our voyage; but I landed with ten sail of apricot-boats, at Strand-bridge [n], after having put in at Nine-Elms, and taken in melons, consigned by Mr. Cuffe, of that place, to Sarah Sewell and Company, at their stall in Covent-garden. We arrived at Strand-bridge at six of the clock, and were unloading; when the hackney-coachmen of the foregoing night took their leave of each other at the Dark-house [n], to go to bed before the day was too far spent. Chimney-sweepers passed by us as we made up to the market, and some raillery happened between one of the fruit-wenches and those black men about the Devil and Eve, with allusion to their several professions. I could not believe any place more entertaining than Covent-garden; where I strolled from one fruit-shop to another, with crowds of agreeable young women [n] around me, who were purchasing fruit for their respective families. It was almost eight of the clock before I could leave that variety of objects. I took coach and followed a young lady, who tripped into another just before me, attended by her maid. I saw immediately she was of the family of the Vainloves. There are a set of these, who, of all things, affect the play of Blindman's-buff, and leading men into love for they know not whom, who are fled they know not where. This sort of woman is usually a jaunty slattern; she hangs on her clothes, plays her head, varies her posture, and changes place incessantly, and all with an appearance of striving at the same time to hide herself, and yet give you to understand she is in humour to laugh at you. You must have often seen the coachmen make signs with their fingers, as they drive by each other, to intimate how much they have got that day. They can carry on that language to give intelligence where they are driving. In an instant my coachman took the wink to pursue; and the lady's driver gave

the hint that he was going through Long-acre towards St. James's; while he whipped up James-street [11], we drove for King-street, to save the pass at St. Martin's-lane. The coachmen took care to meet, jostle, and threaten each other for way, and be entangled at the end of Newport-street and Long-acre. The fright, you must believe, brought down the lady's coach-door, and obliged her, with her mask off, to inquire into the bustle,—when she sees the man she would avoid. The tackle of the coach-window is so bad she cannot draw it up again, and she drives on sometimes wholly discovered, and sometimes half escaped, according to the accident of carriages in her way. One of these ladies keeps her seat in a hackney-coach, as well as the best rider does on a managed horse. The laced shoe on her left foot, with a careless gesture, just appearing on the opposite cushion, held her both firm, and in a proper attitude to receive the next jolt.

As she was an excellent coach-woman, many were the glances at each other which we had for an hour and a half, in all parts of the town, by the skill of our drivers; till at last my lady was conveniently lost, with notice from her coachman to ours to make off, and he should hear where she went. This chase was now at an end: and the fellow who drove her came to us, and discovered that he was ordered to come again in an hour, for that she was a silk-worm [12]. I was surprised with this phrase, but found it was a cant among the hackney fraternity for their best customers, women who ramble twice or thrice a week from shop to shop, to turn over all the goods in town without buying any thing. The silk-worms are, it seems, indulged by the tradesmen; for, though they never buy, they are ever talking of new silks, laces, and ribbons, and serve the owners in getting them customers, as their common dunners do in making them pay.

The day of people of fashion began now to break, and carts and hacks were mingled with equipages of show and vanity; when I resolved to walk it, out of cheapness; but my unhappy curiosity is such, that I find it always my interest to take coach; for some odd adventure among beggars, ballad-singers, or the like, detains and throws me into expense. It happened so immediately: for at the corner of Warwick-street, as I was listening to a new ballad, a ragged rascal, a beggar who knew me, came up to me, and began to turn the eyes of the good

company upon me, by telling me he was extremely poor, and should die in the street for want of drink, except I immediately would have the charity to give him six-pence to go into the next ale-house and save his life. He urged, with a melancholy face, that all his family had died of thirst. All the mob have humour, and two or three began to take the jest; by which Mr. Sturdy carried his point, and let me sneak off to a coach. As I drove along, it was a pleasing reflection to see the world so prettily checkered since I left Richmond, and the scene still filling with children of a new hour. This satisfaction increased as I moved towards the city; and gay signs, well-disposed streets, magnificent public structures, and wealthy shops adorned with contented faces, made the joy still rising till we came into the centre of the city, and centre of the world of trade, the Exchange of London. As other men in the crowds about me were pleased with their hopes and bargains, I found my account in observing them, in attention to their several interests. I, indeed, looked upon myself as the richest man that walked the Exchange that day; for my benevolence made me share the gains of every bargain that was made. It was not the least of my satisfaction in my survey, to go up stairs[11], and pass the shops of agreeable females; to observe so many pretty hands busy in the folding of ribbons, and the utmost eagerness of agreeable faces in the sale of patches, pins, and wires, on each side of the counters, was an amusement in which I could longer have indulged myself, had not the dear creatures called to me, to ask what I wanted, when I could not answer, only 'To look at you.' I went to one of the windows which opened to the area below, where all the several voices lost their distinction, and rose up in a confused humming; which created in me a reflection that could not come into the mind of any but of one a little too studious; for I said to myself with a kind of pun in thought, 'What nonsense is all the hurry of this world to those who are above it?' In these, or not much wiser thoughts, I had like to have lost my place at the chop-house, where every man, according to the natural bashfulness or sullenness of our nation, eats in a public room a mess of broth, or chop of meat, in dumb silence, as if they had no pretence to speak to each other on the foot of being men, except they were of each other's acquaintance.

I went afterward to Robin's[n], and saw people, who had dined with me at the five-penny ordinary just before, give bills for the value of large estates; and could not but behold with great pleasure, property lodged in, and transferred in a moment from, such as would never be masters of half as much as is seemingly in them, and given from them, every day they live. But before five in the afternoon I left the city, came to my common scene of Covent-garden, and passed the evening at Will's[n] in attending the discourses of several sets of people, who relieved each other within my hearing on the subjects of cards, dice, love, learning, and politics. The last subject kept me till I heard the streets in the possession of the bellman, who had now the world to himself, and cried, 'Past two o'clock.' This roused me from my seat; and I went to my lodgings, led by a light, whom I put into the discourse of his private economy, and made him give me an account of the charge, hazard, profit, and loss, of a family that depended upon a link, with a design to end my trivial day with the generosity of six-pence, instead of a third part of that sum. When I came to my chambers, I writ down these minutes; but was at a loss what instruction I should propose to my reader from the enumeration of so many insignificant matters and occurrences; and I thought it of great use, if they could learn with me to keep their minds open to gratification, and ready to receive it from any thing it meets with. This one circumstance will make every face you see give you the satisfaction you now take in beholding that of a friend; will make every object a pleasing one; will make all the good which arrives to any man, an increase of happiness to yourself.

Spectator, No. 454.] [August 11, 1712.

No. 117. *On the Humours of the Bath.*

Salve Pæoniæ largitor nobilis undæ,
Salve Dardanii gloria magna soli:
Publica morborum requies, commune medentum
Auxilium, præsens numen, inempta salus.—CLAUD.

In public assemblies there are generally some envious splenetic people, who having no merit to procure respect, are ever finding

fault with those who distinguish themselves. This happens more frequently at those places, where this season of the year calls persons of both sexes together for their health. I have had reams of letters from Bath, Epsom, Tunbridge, and St. Wenifred's well[n]; wherein I could observe that a concern for honour and virtue, proceeded from the want of health, beauty, or fine petticoats. A lady who subscribes herself Eudosia, writes a bitter invective against Chloe, the celebrated dancer; but I have learned, that she herself is lame of the rheumatism. Another, who hath been a prude even since she had the small-pox, is very bitter against the coquettes and their indecent airs; and a sharp wit hath sent me a keen epigram against the gamesters; but I took notice, that it was not written upon gilt paper.

Having had several strange pieces of intelligence from the Bath; as, that more constitutions were weakened there than repaired; that the physicians were not more busy in destroying old bodies, than the young fellows in producing new ones; with several other common-place strokes of raillery; I resolved to look upon the company there, as I returned lately out of the country[n]. It was a great jest to see such a grave ancient person as I am, in an embroidered cap and brocade night-gown. But, besides the necessity of complying with the custom, by these means I passed undiscovered, and had a pleasure I much covet, of being alone in a crowd. It was no little satisfaction to me, to view the mixed mass of all ages and dignities upon a level, partaking of the same benefits of nature, and mingling in the same diversions. I sometimes entertained myself by observing what a large quantity of ground was hid under spreading petticoats; and what little patches of earth were covered by creatures with wigs and hats, in comparison to those spaces that were distinguished by flounces, fringes, and furbelows. From the earth my fancy was diverted to the water, where the distinctions of sex and condition are concealed; and where the mixture of men and women hath given occasion to some persons of light imaginations, to compare the Bath to the fountain of Salmacis, which had the virtue of joining the two sexes into one person; or to the stream wherein Diana washed herself when she bestowed horns on Actæon; but by one of a serious turn, these healthful springs may rather be likened to the Stygian waters,

which made the body invulnerable; or to the river of Lethe, one draught of which washed away all pain and anguish in a moment.

As I have taken upon me a name which ought to abound in humanity, I shall make it my business, in this paper, to cool and assuage those malignant humours of scandal which run throughout the body of men and women there assembled; and after the manner of those famous waters, I will endeavour to wipe away all foul aspersions, to restore bloom and vigour to decayed reputations, and set injured characters upon their legs again. I shall herein regulate myself by the example of that good man, who used to talk with charity of the greatest villains; nor was ever heard to speak with rigour of any one, until he affirmed with severity that Nero was a wag.

Having thus prepared thee, gentle reader, I shall not scruple to entertain thee with a panegyric upon the gamesters. I have indeed spoken incautiously heretofore of that class of men[n]; but I should forfeit all titles to modesty, should I any longer oppose the common sense of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom. Were we to treat all those with contempt, who are the favourites of blind chance, few levees would be crowded. It is not the height of sphere in which a man moves, but the manner in which he acts, that makes him truly valuable. When therefore I see a gentleman lose his money with serenity, I recognise in him all the great qualities of a philosopher.

If he storms, and invokes the gods, I lament that he is not placed at the head of a regiment. The great gravity of the countenances round Harrison's table[n], puts me in mind of a council board; and the indefatigable application of the several combatants furnishes me with an unanswerable reply to those gloomy mortals, who censure this as an idle life. In short, I cannot see any reason why gentlemen should be hindered from raising a fortune by those means, which at the same time enlarge their minds. Nor shall I speak dishonourably of some little artifice and finesse used upon these occasions; since the world is so just to any man who is become a possessor of wealth, as not to respect him the less, for the methods he took to come by it.

Upon considerations like these, the ladies share in these diversions. I must own, that I receive great pleasure in seeing

my pretty countrywomen engaged in an amusement which puts them upon producing so many virtues. Hereby they acquire such a boldness, as raises them near the lordly creature man. Here they are taught such contempt of wealth, as may dilate their minds, and prevent many curtain lectures. Their natural tenderness is a weakness here easily unlearned ; and I find my soul exalted, when I see a lady sacrifice the fortune of her children with as little concern as a Spartan or a Roman dame. In such a place as the Bath I might urge, that the casting of a die is indeed the properest exercise for a fair creature to assist the waters ; not to mention the opportunity it gives to display the well-turned arm, and to scatter to advantage the rays of the diamond. But I am satisfied, that the gamester ladies have surmounted the little vanities of showing their beauty, which they so far neglect, as to throw their features into violent distortions, and wear away their lilies and roses in tedious watching, and restless lucubrations. I should rather observe that their chief passion is an emulation of manhood ; which I am the more inclined to believe, because, in spite of all slanders, their confidence in their virtue keeps them up all night, with the most dangerous creatures of our sex. It is to me an undoubted argument of their ease of conscience, that they go directly from church to the gaming-table ; and so highly reverence play, as to make it a great part of their exercise on Sundays.

The water poets are an innocent tribe, and deserve all the encouragement I can give them. It would be barbarous to treat those authors with bitterness, who never write out of the season, and whose works are useful with the waters. I made it my care therefore to sweeten some sour critics who were sharp upon a few sonnets, which, to speak in the language of the Bath, were mere alkalies. I took particular notice of a lenitive electuary, which was wrapped up in some of these gentle compositions ; and am persuaded that the pretty one who took it, was as much relieved by the cover as the medicine. There are a hundred general topics put into metre every year, viz. 'The lover is inflamed in the water ; or, he finds his death where he sought his cure ; or, the nymph feels her own pain, without regarding her lover's torment.' These being for ever repeated, have at present a very good effect ; and a physician assures me, that laudanum is almost out of doors at the Bath.

Thy physicians here are very numerous, but very good-natured. To these charitable gentlemen I owe, that I was cured, in a week's time, of more distempers than I ever had in my life. They had almost killed me with their humanity. A learned fellow-lodger prescribed me a little something, at my first coming, to keep up my spirits; and the next morning I was so much enlivened by another, as to have an order to bleed for my fever. I was proffered a cure for the scurvy by a third, and had a recipe for the dropsy gratis before night. In vain did I modestly decline these favours; for I was awakened early in the morning by an apothecary, who brought me a dose from one of my well-wishers. I paid him, but withal told him severely, that I never took physic. My landlord hereupon took me for an Italian merchant that suspected poison; but the apothecary, with more sagacity, guessed that I was certainly a physician myself.

The oppression of civilities which I underwent from the sage gentlemen of the faculty, frightened me from making such inquiries into the nature of these springs, as would have furnished out a nobler entertainment upon the Bath, than the loose hints I have now thrown together. Every man who hath received any benefit there, ought, in proportion to his abilities, to improve, adorn, or recommend it. A prince should found hospitals, the noble and rich may diffuse their ample charities. Mr. Tompion[n] gave a clock to the Bath; and I, Nestor Ironside, have dedicated a Guardian.

Guardian, No. 174.] [September 30, 1713.

No. 118. *On a Contest in Dancing, and Don Saltero's.*

Quicquid agunt homines . . . .
. . . . nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. Sat. i. 85, 86.

Having taken upon me to cure all the distempers which proceed from affections of the mind, I have laboured, since I first kept this public stage, to do all the good I could, and

have perfected many cures at my own lodgings; carefully avoiding the common method of mountebanks, to do their most eminent operations in the sight of the people; but must be so just to my patients as to declare, they have testified under their hands, their sense of my poor abilities, and the good I have done them, which I publish for the benefit of the world, and not out of any thoughts of private advantage.

I have cured fine Mrs. Spy of a great imperfection in her eyes, which made her eternally rolling them from one coxcomb to another in public places, in so languishing a manner, that it at once lessened her own power, and her beholders' vanity. Twenty drops of my ink, placed in certain letters on which she attentively looked for half an hour, have restored her to the true use of her sight; which is, to guide and not mislead us. Ever since she took the liquor, which I call "Bickerstaff's circumspection-water," she looks right forward, and can bear being looked at for half a day without returning one glance. This water has a peculiar virtue in it, which makes it the only true cosmetic or beauty-wash in the world: the nature of it is such, that if you go to a glass with a design to admire your face, it immediately changes it into downright deformity. If you consult it only to look with a better countenance upon your friends, it immediately gives an alacrity to the visage, and new grace to the whole person. There is, indeed, a great deal owing to the constitution of the person to whom it is applied: it is in vain to give it when the patient is in the rage of the distemper; a bride in her first month, a lady soon after her husband's being knighted, or any person of either sex, who has lately obtained any new good fortune or preferment, must be prepared some time before they use it. It has an effect upon others, as well as the patient, when it is taken in due form. Lady Petulant has by the use of it cured her husband of jealousy, and Lady Gad her whole neighbourhood of detraction.

The fame of these things, added to my being an old fellow, makes me extremely acceptable to the fair sex. You would hardly believe me, when I tell you there is not a man in town so much their delight as myself. They make no more of visiting me, than going to madam Depingle's; there were two of them, namely, Damia and Clidamira, (I assure you women of distinction) who came to see me this morning in their way to

prayers; and being in a very diverting humour (as innocence always makes people cheerful,) they would needs have me, according to the distinction of Pretty and Very Pretty Fellows, inform them if I thought either of them had a title to the Very Pretty among those of their own sex; and if I did, which was the more deserving of the two?

To put them to the trial, 'Look ye,' said I, 'I must not rashly give my judgment in matters of this importance; pray let me see you dance, I play upon the kit.' They immediately fell back to the lower end of the room (you may be sure they curtsied low enough to me) and began. Never were two in the world so equally matched, and both scholars to my namesake Isaac[n]. Never was man in so dangerous a condition as myself, when they began to expand their charms. 'Oh! ladies, ladies,' cried I, 'not half that air, you will fire the house.' Both smiled; for, by the bye, there is no carrying a metaphor too far, when a lady's charms are spoken of. Somebody, I think, has called a fine woman dancing, 'a brandished torch of beauty.' These rivals moved with such an agreeable freedom, that you would believe their gesture was the necessary effect of the music, and not the product of skill and practice. Now Clidamira came on with a crowd of graces, and demanded my judgment with so sweet an air—and she had no sooner carried it, but Damia made her utterly forgot, by a gentle sinking, and a rigadoon step[n]. The contest held a full half-hour; and, I protest, I saw no manner of difference in their perfections, until they came up together, and expected sentence. 'Look ye, ladies,' said I, 'I see no difference in the least in your performance; but you, Clidamira, seem to be so well satisfied that I shall determine for you, that I must give it to Damia, who stands with so much diffidence and fear, after showing an equal merit to what she pretends to. Therefore, Clidamira, you are a pretty; but, Damia, you are a *very* pretty lady: for,' said I, 'beauty loses its force, if not accompanied with modesty. She that has an humble opinion of herself, will have every body's applause, because she does not expect it; while the vain creature loses approbation through too great a sense of deserving it.'

Being of a very spare and hective[n] constitution, I am forced to make frequent journeys of a mile or two for fresh air;

and indeed by this last, which was no farther than the village of Chelsea, I am farther convinced of the necessity of travelling to know the world; for, as it is usual with young voyagers, as soon as they land upon a shore, to begin their accounts of the nature of the people, their soil, their government, their inclinations, and their passions; so really I fancied I could give you an immediate description of this village, from the five fields[n] where the robbers lie in wait, to the coffee-house where the Literati sit in council. A great ancestor of ours by the mother's side, Mr. Justice Overdo[n] (whose history is written by Ben Jonson), met with more enormities by walking incognito than he was capable of correcting; and found great mortifications in observing also persons of eminence, whom he before knew nothing of. Thus it fared with me, even in a place so near the town as this. When I came into the coffee-house[n], I had not time to salute the company, before my eye was diverted by ten thousand gimcracks round the room, and on the ceiling. When my first astonishment was over, comes to me a sage of a thin and meagre countenance; which aspect made me doubt, whether reading or fretting had made it so philosophic: but I very soon perceived him to be of that sect which the ancients call Gingivistæ; in our language, tooth-drawers. I immediately had a respect for the man; for these practical philosophers go upon a rational hypothesis, not to cure, but take away the part affected. My love of mankind made me very benevolent to Mr. Salter; for such is the name of this eminent barber and antiquary. Men are usually, but unjustly distinguished rather by their fortunes than their talents, otherwise this personage would make a great figure in that class of men which I distinguish under the title of Odd Fellows. But it is the misfortune of persons of great genius to have their faculties dissipated by attention to too many things at once. Mr. Salter is an instance of this: if he would wholly give himself up to the string[n], instead of playing twenty beginnings to tunes, he might, before he dies, play Roger de Caubly[n] quite out. I heard him go through his whole round, and indeed I think he does play the merry 'Christ Church Bells[n]' pretty justly; but he confessed to me, he did that rather to show he was orthodox, than that he valued himself upon the music itself. Or, if he did proceed in his anatomy, why might he not hope in time to cut

off legs, as well as draw teeth? The particularity of this man put me into a deep thought, whence it should proceed, that of all the lower order, barbers should go further in hitting the ridiculous than any other set of men. Watermen brawl, cobblers sing: but why must a barber be for ever a politician, a musician, an anatomist, a poet, and a physician? The learned Vossius[n] says his barber used to comb his head in Iambics. And indeed, in all ages, one of this useful profession, this order of cosmetic philosophers, has been celebrated by the most eminent hands. You see the barber in Don Quixote is one of the principal characters in the history; which gave me satisfaction in the doubt, why Don Saltero writ his name with a Spanish termination[n]: for he is descended in a right line, not from John Tradescant[n], as he himself asserts, but from that memorable companion of the knight of Mancha. And I hereby certify all the worthy citizens who travel to see his rarities, that his double-barrelled pistols, targets, coats of mail, his Sclopeta and sword of Toledo, were left to his ancestor by the said Don Quixote, and by the said ancestor to all his progeny down to Don Saltero. Though I go thus far in favour of Don Saltero's great merit, I cannot allow a liberty he takes of imposing several names (without my licence) on the collections he has made, to the abuse of the good people of England; one of which is particularly calculated to deceive religious persons, to the great scandal of the well-disposed, and may introduce heterodox opinions. He shows you a straw-hat, which I know to be made by Madge Peskad, within three miles of Bedford; and tells you, 'It is Pontius Pilate's wife's chambermaid's sister's hat.' To my knowledge of this very hat it may be added, that the covering of straw was never used among the Jews, since it was demanded of them to make bricks without it. Therefore this is really nothing but, under the specious pretence of learning and antiquities, to impose upon the world. There are other things which I cannot tolerate among his rarities: as, the china figure of a lady in the glass-case; the Italian engine for the imprisonment of those who go abroad with it: both which I hereby order to be taken down, or else he may expect to have his letters patent for making punch superseded, be debarred wearing his muff[n] next winter, or ever coming to London without his wife[n]. It may perhaps be thought, I have

dwelt too long upon the affairs of this operator; but I desire the reader to remember, that it is my way to consider men as they stand in merit, and not according to their fortune or figure; and if he is in a coffee-house at the reading hereof, let him look round, and he will find, there may be more characters drawn in this account than that of Don Saltero; for half the politicians about him, he may observe, are by their place in nature, of the class of tooth-drawers.

Tatler, No. 34.] [June 28, 1709.

No. 119. *On the Indian Kings.*

Alter rixatur de lana sæpe caprina,
Propugnat nugis armatus.—HOR. Ep. i. 18. 15.

It hath happened to be for some days the deliberation at the learnedest board in this house, whence honour and title had its first original. Timoleon, who is very particular in his opinion, but is thought particular for no other cause but that he acts against depraved custom by the rules of nature and reason, in a very handsome discourse gave the company to understand, that in those ages which first degenerated from the simplicity of life and natural justice, the wise among them thought it necessary to inspire men with the love of virtue, by giving those who adhered to the interests of innocence and truth some distinguishing name to raise them above the common level of mankind. This way of fixing appellations of credit upon eminent merit, was what gave being to titles and terms of honour. 'Such a name,' continued he, 'without the qualities which should give a man pretence to be exalted above others, does but turn him to jest and ridicule. Should one see another cudgelled, or scurvily treated, do you think a man so used would take it kindly to be called Hector or Alexander? Every thing must bear a proportion with the outward value that is set upon it; or, instead of being long had in veneration, that very term of esteem will become a word of reproach.' When Timoleon had

done speaking, Urbanus pursued the same purpose, by giving an account of the manner in which the Indian kings[11], who were lately in Great Britain, did honour to the person where they lodged. 'They were placed,' said he, 'in a handsome apartment at an upholsterer's in King-street, Covent-garden[12]. The man of the house, it seems, had been very observant of them, and ready in their service. These just and generous princes, who act according to the dictates of natural justice, thought it proper to confer some dignity upon their landlord before they left his house. One of them had been sick during his residence there, and having never before been in a bed, had a very great veneration for him who made that engine of repose, so useful and so necessary in his distress. It was consulted among the four princes, by what name to dignify his great merit and services. The emperor of the Mohocks and the other three kings stood up, and in that posture recounted the civilities they had received; and particularly repeated the care which was taken of their sick brother. This, in their imagination, who are used to know the injuries of weather, and the vicissitudes of cold and heat, gave them very great impressions of a skilful upholsterer, whose furniture was so well contrived for their protection on such occasions. It is with these less instructed, I will not say less knowing people, the manner of doing honour, to impose some name significant of the qualities of the person they distinguish, and the good offices received from him. It was therefore resolved to call their landlord *Cadaroque*, which is the name of the strongest fort in their part of the world. When they had agreed upon the name, they sent for their landlord; and as he entered into their presence, the emperor of the Mohocks, taking him by the hand, called him *Cadaroque*. After which the other three princes repeated the same word and ceremony.'

Timoleon appeared much satisfied with this account; and, having a philosophic turn, began to argue against the modes and manners of those nations which we esteem polite, and *to* express himself with disdain at our usual method of calling such as are strangers to our innovations barbarous. 'I have,' says he, 'so great a difference for the distinction given by these princes, that *Cadaroque* shall be my upholsterer——.' He was going on; but the intended discourse was interrupted by

Minucio, who sat near him, a small philosopher, who is also somewhat of a politician; one of those who sets up for knowledge by doubting, and has no other way of making himself considerable, but by contradicting all he hears said. He has, besides much doubt and spirit of contradiction, a constant suspicion as to state affairs. This accomplished gentleman, with a very awful brow, and a countenance full of weight, told Timoleon, 'that it was a great misfortune men of letters seldom looked into the bottom of things. Will any man,' continued he, 'persuade me, that this was not, from the beginning to the end, a concerted affair? Who can convince the world, that four kings shall come over here, and lie at the two Crowns and Cushion[n], and one of them fall sick, and the place be called King-street, and all this by mere accident? No, no. To a man of very small penetration it appears, that *Tee Yee Neen Ho Ga Row*[n], emperor of the Mohocks, was prepared for this adventure beforehand. I do not care to contradict any gentleman in his discourse; but I must say, however *Sa Ga Yeath Rua Geth Ton* and *E Tow Oh Koam* might be surprised in this matter; nevertheless, *Ho Nec Yeth Taw No Row* knew it before he set foot on the English shore.

Timoleon looked stedfastly at him for some time; then shaked his head, paid for his tea, and marched off. Several others, who sat round him, were in their turns attacked by this ready disputant. A gentleman, who was at some distance, happened in discourse to say it was four miles to Hammersmith. 'I must beg your pardon,' says Minucio; 'when we say a place is so far off, we do not mean exactly from the very spot of earth we are in, but from the town where we are; so that you must begin your account from the end of Piccadilly; and if you do so, I will lay any man ten to one, it is not above three good miles off.' Another, about Minucio's level of understanding, began to take him up in this important argument; and maintained, that, considering the way from Pimlico at the end of St. James's-park, and the crossing from Chelsea by Earl's-court, he would stand to it that it was full four miles. But Minucio replied with great vehemence, and seemed so much to have the better of the dispute, that his adversary quitted the field, as well as the other. I sat until I saw the table almost all vanished; when, for want of discourse, Minucio asked me,

'How I did?' to which I answered, 'Very well.' 'That is very much,' said he; 'I assure you, you look paler than ordinary.' Nay, thought I, if he will not allow me to know whether I am well or not, there is no staying for me neither. Upon which I took my leave, pondering, as I went home, at this strange poverty of imagination, which makes men run into the fault of giving contradiction. They want in their minds entertainment for themselves or their company, and therefore build all they speak upon what is started by others; and since they cannot improve that foundation, they strive to destroy it. The only way of dealing with these people is to answer in monosyllables, or by way of question. When one of them tells you a thing that he thinks extraordinary, I go no farther than, 'Say you so, Sir? Indeed! Heyday!' or, 'Is it come to that?' These little rules, which appear but silly in the repetition, have brought me with great tranquillity to this age. And I have made it an observation, that as assent is more agreeable than flattery, so contradiction is more odious than calumny.

Tatler, No. 171.] [May 13, 1710.

No. 120. *On a Trial of Skill at Hockley-in-the-Hole.*

Verso pollice vulgi
Quemlibet occidunt populariter.
Juv. Sat. iii. 36.

Being a person of insatiable curiosity, I could not forbear going on Wednesday last to a place of no small renown for the gallantry of the lower order of Britons, namely, to the Bear-garden, at Hockley-in-the-Hole[n]: where (as a whitish-brown paper, put into my hands in the street, informed me) there was to be a trial of skill exhibited between two masters of the noble science of defence, at two of the clock precisely. I was not a little charmed with the solemnity of the challenge, which ran thus:

'I, James Miller[n], serjeant (lately come from the frontiers of Portugal) master of the noble science of defence, hearing in

most places where I have been of the great fame of Timothy Buck, of London, master of the said science, do invite him to meet me and exercise at the several weapons, following, viz.

'Backsword,	Single falchion,
'Sword and dagger,	Case of falchions,
'Sword and buckler,	Quarter staff.'

If the generous ardour in James Miller to dispute the reputation of Timothy Buck had something resembling the old heroes of romance, Timothy Buck returned answer in the same paper with the like spirit, adding a little indignation at being challenged, and seeming to condescend to fight James Miller, not in regard to Miller himself, but in that, as the fame went out, he had fought Parkes of Coventry. The acceptance of the combat ran in these words:

'I, Timothy Buck, of Clare-market, master of the noble science of defence, hearing he did fight Mr. Parkes [n] of Coventry, will not fail (God willing) to meet this fair inviter at the time and place appointed, desiring a clear stage and no favour.—*Vivat Regina.*'

I shall not here look back on the spectacles of the Greeks and Romans of this kind, but must believe this custom took its rise from the ages of knight-errantry; from those who loved one woman so well, that they hated all men and women else; from those who would fight you, whether you were or were not of their mind; from those who demanded the combat of their contemporaries, both for admiring their mistress or discommending her. I cannot therefore but lament, that the terrible part of the ancient fight is preserved, when the amorous side of it is forgotten. We have retained the barbarity, but lost the gallantry of the old combatants. I could wish, methinks, these gentlemen had consulted me in the promulgation of the conflict. I was obliged by a fair young maid, whom I understood to be called Elizabeth Preston [n], daughter of the keeper of the garden, with a glass of water; who I imagined might have been, for form's sake, the general representative of the lady fought for, and from her beauty the proper Amaryllis on these occasions. It would have run better in the challenge, 'I, James Miller, serjeant, who have travelled parts abroad, and came last from

the frontiers of Portugal, for the love of Elizabeth Preston, do assert that the said Elizabeth is the fairest of women.' Then the answer; 'I, Timothy Buck, who have stayed in Great Britain during all the war in foreign parts, for the sake of Susannah Page, do deny that Elizabeth Preston is so fair as the said Susannah Page. Let Susannah Page look on, and I desire of James Miller no favour.'

This would give the battle quite another turn; and a proper station for the ladies, whose complexion was disputed by the sword, would animate the disputants with a more gallant incentive than the expectation of money from the spectators; though I would not have that neglected, but thrown to that fair one whose lover was approved by the donor.

Yet, considering the thing wants such amendments, it was carried with great order. James Miller came on first, preceded by two disabled drummers, to show, I suppose, that the prospect of maimed bodies did not in the least deter him. There ascended with the daring Miller a gentleman, whose name I could not learn, with a dogged air, as unsatisfied that he was not principal. This son of anger lowered at the whole assembly, and, weighing himself as he marched around from side to side, with a stiff knee and shoulder, he gave intimations of the purpose he smothered till he saw the issue of this encounter. Miller had a blue ribbon tied round the sword arm; which ornament I conceive to be the remain of that custom of wearing a mistress's favour on such occasions of old.

Miller is a man of six foot eight inches in height, of a kind but bold aspect, well-fashioned, and ready of his limbs, and such a readiness as spoke his ease in them was obtained from a habit of motion in military exercise.

The expectation of the spectators was now almost at its height; and the crowd pressing in, several active persons thought they were placed rather according to their fortune than their merit, and took it in their heads to prefer themselves from the open area or pit to the galleries. This dispute between desert and property brought many to the ground, and raised others in proportion to the highest seats by turns, for the space of ten minutes, till Timothy Buck came on, and the whole assembly, giving up their disputes, turned their eyes upon the champions. Then it was that every man's affection turned to

one or the other irresistibly. A judicious gentleman near me said, 'I could, methinks, be Miller's second, but I had rather have Buck for mine.' Miller had an audacious look that took the eye; Buck a perfect composure, that engaged the judgment. Buck came on in a plain coat, and kept all his air till the instant of engaging; at which time he undressed to his shirt, his arm adorned with a bandage of red ribbon. No one can describe the sudden concern in the whole assembly; the most tumultuous crowd in nature was as still and as much engaged as if all their lives depended on the first blow. The combatants met in the middle of the stage, and shaking hands, as removing all malice, they retired with much grace to the extremities of it; from whence they immediately faced about, and approached each other, Miller with a heart full of resolution, Buck with a watchful untroubled countenance: Buck regarding principally his own defence, Miller chiefly thoughtful of annoying his opponent. It is not easy to describe the many escapes and imperceptible defences between two men of quick eyes and ready limbs; but Miller's heat laid him open to the rebuke of the calm Buck, by a large cut on the forehead. Much effusion of blood covered his eyes in a moment, and the huzzas of the crowd undoubtedly quickened the anguish. The assembly was divided into parties upon their different ways of fighting; while a poor nymph in one of the galleries apparently suffered for Miller, and burst into a flood of tears. As soon as his wound was wrapped up, he came on again with a little rage, which still disabled him further. But what brave man can be wounded into more caution and patience? The next was a warm eager onset, which ended in a decisive stroke on the left leg of Miller. The lady in the gallery, during this second strife, covered her face, and for my part, I could not keep my thoughts from being mostly employed on the consideration of her unhappy circumstance that moment, hearing the clash of swords, and apprehending life or victory concerned her lover in every blow, but not daring to satisfy herself on whom they fell. The wound was exposed to the view of all who could delight in it, and sewed up on the stage. The surly second of Miller declared at this time that he would that day fortnight fight Mr. Buck at the same weapons, declaring himself the master of the renowned Gorman; but Buck denied him the honour of that courageous disciple, and, assert-

ing that he himself had taught that champion, accepted the challenge.

There is something in nature very unaccountable on such occasions, when we see the people take a certain painful gratification in beholding these encounters. Is it cruelty that administers this sort of delight? or is it a pleasure that is taken in the exercise of pity? It was, methought, pretty remarkable that the business of the day being a trial of skill, the popularity did not run so high as one would have expected on the side of Buck. Is it that people's passions have their rise in self-love, and thought themselves (in spite of all the courage they had) liable to the fate of Miller, but could not so easily think themselves qualified like Buck?

Tully speaks[n] of this custom with less horror than one would expect, though he confesses it was much abused in his time, and seems directly to approve of it under its first regulations, when criminals only fought before the people. '*Crudele Gladiatorum spectaculum et inhumanum nonnullis videri solet; et haud scio annon ita sit ut nunc fit; cùm verò sontes ferro depugnabant, auribus fortasse multa, oculis quidem nulla, poterat esse fortior contra dolorem et mortem disciplina.*' 'The shows of gladiators may be thought barbarous and inhuman, and I know but it is so as it is now practised; but in those times when only criminals were combatants, the ear perhaps might receive many better instructions, but it is impossible that any thing which affects our eyes should fortify us so well against pain and death.'

Spectator, No. 436.] [July 21, 1712.

No. 121. *On a Letter from Serjeant Hall of the Foot-Guards.*

There is nothing which I contemplate with greater pleasure than the dignity of human nature, which often shows itself in all conditions of life. For, notwithstanding the degeneracy and meanness that is crept into it, there are a thousand occasions in

which it breaks through its original corruption, and shows what it once was, and what it will be hereafter. I consider the soul of man as the ruin of a glorious pile of building; where, amidst great heaps of rubbish, you meet with noble fragments of sculpture, broken pillars and obelisks, and a magnificence in confusion. Virtue and wisdom are continually employed in clearing the ruins, removing these disorderly heaps, recovering the noble pieces that lie buried under them, and adjusting them as well as possible according to their ancient symmetry and beauty. A happy education, conversation with the finest spirits, looking abroad into the works of nature, and observations upon mankind, are the great assistances to this necessary and glorious work. But even among those who have never had the happiness of any of these advantages, there are sometimes such exertions of the greatness that is natural to the mind of man, as show capacities and abilities, which only want these accidental helps to fetch them out, and show them in a proper light. A plebeian soul is still the ruin of this glorious edifice, though encumbered with all its rubbish. This reflection rose in me from a letter which my servant dropped as he was dressing me, and which he told me was communicated to him, as he is an acquaintance of some of the persons mentioned in it. The epistle is from one serjeant Hall of the foot-guards. It is directed: 'To serjeant Cabe, in the Coldstream regiment of foot-guards [n], at the Red-Lettice [n], in the Butcher-row [n], near Temple-bar.'

I was so pleased with several touches in it, that I could not forbear showing it to a cluster of critics, who, instead of considering it in the light I have done, examined it by the rules of epistolary writing. For as these gentlemen are seldom men of any great genius, they work altogether by mechanical rules, and are able to discover no beauties that are not pointed out by Bouhours and Rapin [n]. The letter is as follows:

'From the camp before Mons,
September 26.

'COMRADE,

'I received yours, and am glad yourself and your wife are in good health, with all the rest of my friends. Our battalion suffered more than I could wish in the action [n]. But who can withstand fate? Poor Richard Stephenson had his fate with a great many more. He was killed dead before we entered

the trenches. We had above two hundred of our battalion killed and wounded. We lost ten serjeants, six are as followeth: Jennings, Castles, Roach, Sherring, Meyrick, and my son Smith. The rest are not your acquaintance. I have received a very bad shot in my head myself, but I am in hopes, and please God, I shall recover. I continue in the field, and lie at my colonel's quarters. Arthur is very well; but I can give you no account of Elms; he was in the hospital before I came into the field. I will not pretend to give you any account of the battle, knowing you have a better in the prints. Pray, give my service to Mrs. Cook and her daughter, to Mr. Stoffet and his wife, and to Mr. Lyver and Thomas Hogsdon, and to Mr. Ragdell, and to all my friends and acquaintance in general who do ask after me. My love to Mrs. Stephenson. I am sorry for the sending such ill news. Her husband was gathering a little money together to send to his wife, and put it into my hands. I have seven shillings and three pence, which I shall take care to send her. Wishing your wife a safe delivery, and both of you all happiness, rest

'Your assured friend and comrade,

'JOHN HALL.

'We had but an indifferent breakfast; but the mounseers never had such a dinner in all their lives.

'My kind love to my comrade Hinton, and Mrs. Morgan, and to John Brown and his wife. I sent two shillings, and Stephenson sixpence, to drink with you at Mr. Cook's; but I have heard nothing from him. It was by Mr. Edgar.

'Corporal Hartwell desires to be remembered to you, and desires you to enquire of Edgar, what is become of his wife Pegg; and when you write, to send word in your letter what trade she drives.

'We have here very bad weather, which I doubt will be a hinderance to the siege[n]; but I am in hopes we shall be masters of the town in a little time, and then, I believe, we shall go to garrison.'

I saw the critics prepared to nibble at my letter; therefore examined it myself, partly in their way, and partly my own. This is, said I, truly a letter, and an honest representation of that cheerful heart which accompanies the poor soldier in his

warfare. Is not there in this all the topic of submitting to our destiny as well discussed as if a greater man had been placed, like Brutus, in his tent at midnight, reflecting on all the occurrences of past life, and saying fine things on Being itself? What serjeant Hall knows of the matter is, that he wishes there had not been so many killed; and he had himself a very bad shot in the head, and should recover if it pleased God. But be that as it will, he takes care, like a man of honour as he certainly is, to let the widow Stevenson know, that he has seven and threepence for her, and that, if he lives, he is sure he shall go into garrison at last. I doubt not but all the good company at the Red-Lettice drank his health with as much real esteem as we do of any of our friends. All that I am concerned for is, that Mrs. Peggy Hartwell may be offended at showing this letter, because her conduct in Mr. Hartwell's absence is a little enquired into. But I could not sink that circumstance, because you critics would have lost one of the parts which I doubt not but you have much to say upon, whether the familiar way is well hit in this style or not? As for myself, I take a very particular satisfaction in seeing any letter that is fit only for those to read who are concerned in it, but especially on such a subject.

If we consider the heap of an army, utterly out of all prospect of rising and preferment, as they certainly are, and such great things executed by them, it is hard to account for the motive of their gallantry. But to me, who was a cadet at the battle of Coldstream[n] in Scotland, when Monk charged at the head of the regiment, now called Coldstream, from the victory of that day; I remember it as well as if it were yesterday, I stood on the left of old West, who I believe is now at Chelsea; I say, to me, who know very well this part of mankind, I take the gallantry of private soldiers to proceed from the same, if not from a nobler impulse than that of gentlemen and officers. They have the same taste of being acceptable to their friends, and go through the difficulties of that profession by the same irresistible charm of fellowship, and the communication of joys and sorrows, which quickens the relish of pleasure, and abates the anguish of pain. Add to this, that they have the same regard to fame, though they do not expect so great a share as men above them hope for; but I will engage serjeant Hall would die ten thousand deaths, rather than a word should be

spoken at the Red-Lettice, or any part of the Butcher-row, in prejudice to his courage or honesty. If you will have my opinion, then, of the serjeant's letter, I pronounce the style to be mixed, but truly epistolary; the sentiment relating to his own wound is in the sublime; the postscript of Pegg Hartwell, in the gay; and the whole, the picture of the bravest sort of men, that is to say, a man of great courage and small hopes.

Tatler, No. 87.] [October 29, 1709.

No. 122. *On Flogging at Schools.*

Genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum,
Naturæ Deus humanæ mortalis in unum
Quodque caput.—HOR. Ep. ii. 2. 187.

I am very much at a loss to express by any word that occurs to me in our language, that which is understood by *indoles* in Latin. The natural disposition to any particular art, science, profession, or trade, is very much to be consulted in the care of youth, and studied by men for their own conduct when they form to themselves any scheme of life. It is wonderfully hard, indeed, for a man to judge of his own capacity impartially. That may look great to me which may appear little to another; and I may be carried by fondness towards myself so far, as to attempt things too high for my talents and accomplishments. But it is not, methinks, so very difficult a matter to make a judgment of the abilities of others, especially of those who are in their infancy. My common-place book directs me on this occasion to mention the dawning of greatness in Alexander, who being asked in his youth to contend for a prize in the Olympic games, answered he would, if he had kings to run against him. Cassius, who was one of the conspirators against Cæsar, gave as great a proof of his temper, when in his childhood he struck a play-fellow, the Son of Sylla, for saying his father was master of the Roman people. Scipio is reported to have answered, when some flatterers at supper were asking him what the Romans should do for a general after his death, 'Take

Marius. Marius was then a very boy, and had given no instances of his valour; but it was visible to Scipio, from the manners of the youth, that he had a soul formed for the attempt and execution of great undertakings. I must confess I have very often, with much sorrow, bewailed the misfortune of the children of Great Britain, when I consider the ignorance and undiscerning of the generality of schoolmasters. The boasted liberty we talk of, is but a mean reward for the long servitude, the many heart-aches and terrors, to which our childhood is exposed in going through a grammar-school. Many of these stupid tyrants exercise their cruelty without any manner of distinction of the capacities of children, or the intention of parents in their behalf. There are many excellent tempers which are worthy to be nourished and cultivated with all possible diligence and care, that were never designed to be acquainted with Aristotle, Tully, or Virgil; and there are as many who have capacities for understanding every word those great persons have writ, and yet were not born to have any relish of their writings. For want of this common and obvious discerning in those who have the care of youth, we have so many hundred unaccountable creatures every age whipped up into great scholars, that are for ever near a right understanding and will never arrive at it. These are the scandal of letters, and these are generally the men who are to teach others. The sense of shame and honour is enough to keep the world itself in order without corporal punishment, much more to train the minds of uncorrupted and innocent children. It happens, I doubt not, more than once in a year, that a lad is chastised for a blockhead, when it is good apprehension that makes him incapable of knowing what his teacher means. A brisk imagination very often may suggest an error, which a lad could not have fallen into, if he had been as heavy in conjecturing as his master in explaining. But there is no mercy even towards a wrong interpretation of his meaning; the sufferings of the scholar's body are to rectify the mistakes of his mind.

I am confident that no boy, who will not be allured to letters without blows, will ever be brought to any thing with them. A great or good mind must necessarily be the worse for such indignities; and it is a sad change, to lose of its virtue for the improvement of its knowledge. No one who has gone through

what they call a great school, but must remember to have seen children of excellent and ingenuous natures (as has afterwards appeared in their manhood): I say no man has passed through this way of education but must have seen an ingenuous creature, expiring with shame—with pale looks, beseeching sorrow, and silent tears, throw up its honest eyes, and kneel on its tender knees to an inexorable blockhead to be forgiven the false quantity of a word in making a Latin verse. The child is punished, and the next day he commits a like crime, and so a third with the same consequence. I would fain ask any reasonable man, whether this lad, in the simplicity of his native innocence, full of shame, and capable of any impression from that grace of soul, was not fitter for any purpose in this life, than after that spark of virtue is extinguished in him, though he is able to write twenty verses in an evening?

Seneca says, after his exalted way of talking, 'As the immortal gods never learnt any virtue, though they are endued with all that is good; so there are some men who have so natural a propensity to what they should follow, that they learn it almost as soon as they hear it.' Plants and vegetables are cultivated into the production of finer fruits than they would yield without that care; and yet we cannot entertain hopes of producing a tender conscious spirit into acts of virtue, without the same methods as are used to cut timber, or give new shape to a piece of stone.

It is wholly to this dreadful practice, that we may attribute a certain hardiness and ferocity which some men, though liberally educated, carry about them in all their behaviour. To be bred like a gentleman, and punished like a malefactor, must, as we see it does, produce that illiberal sauciness which we see sometimes in men of letters.

The Spartan boy who suffered the fox (which he had stolen and hid under his coat) to eat into his bowels, I dare say had not half the wit or petulance which we learn at great schools among us; but the glorious sense of honour, or rather fear of shame, which he demonstrated in that action, was worth all the learning in the world without it.

It is, methinks, a very melancholy consideration, that a little negligence can spoil us, but great industry is necessary to improve us; the most excellent natures are soon depreciated,

but evil tempers are long before they are exalted into good habits. To help this by punishments, is the same thing as killing a man to cure him of a distemper; when he comes to suffer punishment in that one circumstance, he is brought below the existence of a rational creature, and is in the state of a brute that moves only by the admonition of stripes. But since this custom of educating by the lash is suffered by the gentry of Great Britain, I would prevail only that honest heavy lads may be dismissed from slavery sooner than they are at present, and not whipped on to their fourteenth or fifteenth year, whether they expect any progress from them or not. Let the child's capacity be forthwith examined, and he sent to some mechanic way of life, without respect to his birth, if nature designed him for nothing higher: let him go before he has innocently suffered, and is debased into a dereliction of mind for being what it is no guilt to be, a plain man. I would not here be supposed to have said, that our learned men of either robe who have been whipped at school, are not still men of noble and liberal minds; but I am sure they would have been much more so than they are, had they never suffered that infamy[n]. . . .

Spectator, No. 157.] [August 30, 1711.

No. 123. *An Editor's Troubles; Anecdote of an old Soldier.*

Qui promittit cives, urbem sibi curæ,
Imperium fore et Italiam, delubra Deorum,
Quo patre sit natus, num ignota matre inhonestus,
Omnes mortales curare et quærere cogit.
HOR. Sat. i. 6. 34.

I have lately been looking over the many packets of letters which I have received from all quarters of Great Britain, as well as from foreign countries, since my entering upon the office of Censor; and indeed am very much surprised to see so great a number of them, and pleased to think that I have so far increased the revenue of the post-office. As this collection will grow daily, I have digested it into several bundles, and made proper in-

dorsements on each particular letter ; it being my design, when I lay down the work that I am now engaged in, to erect a paper-office [n], and give it to the public.

I could not but make several observations upon reading over the letters of my correspondents. As, first of all, on the different tastes that reign in the different parts of this city. I find by the approbations which are given me, that I am seldom famous on the same days on both sides of Temple-bar ; and that when I am in the greatest repute within the liberties [n], I dwindle at the court-end of the town. Sometimes I sink in both these places at the same time ; but, for my comfort, my name hath then been up in the districts of Wapping and Rotherhithe. Some of my correspondents desire me to be always serious, and others to be always merry. Some of them entreat me to go to bed and fall into a dream, and like me better when I am asleep than when I am awake : others advise me to sit all night upon the stars, and be more frequent in my astrological observations ; for that a vision is not properly a lucubration. Some of my readers thank me for filling my paper with the flowers of antiquity, others desire news from Flanders. Some approve my criticisms on the dead, and others my censures on the living. For this reason, I once resolved, in the new edition of my works, to range my several papers under distinct heads, according as their principal design was to benefit and instruct the different capacities of my readers ; and to follow the example of some very great authors, by writing at the head of each discourse, *Ad Aulam*, *Ad Academiam*, *Ad Populum*, *Ad Clerum*.

There is no particular in which my correspondents of all ages, conditions, sexes, and complexions, universally agree, except only in their thirst after scandal. It is impossible to conceive, how many have recommended their neighbours to me upon this account, or how unmercifully I have been abused by several unknown hands, for not publishing the secret histories. . . that I have received from almost every street in town.

It would indeed be very dangerous for me to read over the many praises and eulogiums, which come post to me from all the corners of the nation, were they not mixed with many checks, reprimands, scurrilities, and reproaches ; which several of my good-natured countrymen cannot forbear sending me, though it often costs them twopence or a groat before they can

convey them to my hands: so that sometimes when I am put into the best humour in the world, after having read a panegyric upon my performances, and looked upon myself as a benefactor to the British nation, the next letter, perhaps, I open, begins with, 'You old doting scoundrel!——Are not you a sad dog? ——Sirrah, you deserve to have your nose slit;' and the like ingenious conceits. These little mortifications are necessary to suppress that pride and vanity which naturally arise in the mind of a received author, and enable me to bear the reputation which my courteous readers bestow upon me, without becoming a coxcomb by it. It was for the same reason, that when a Roman general entered the city in the pomp of a triumph, the commonwealth allowed of several little drawbacks to his reputation, by conniving at such of the rabble as repeated libels and lampoons upon him within his hearing; and by that means engaged his thoughts upon his weakness and imperfections, as well as on the merits that advanced him to so great honours. The conqueror, however, was not the less esteemed for being a man in some particulars, because he appeared as a god in others.

There is another circumstance in which my countrymen have dealt very perversely with me; and that is, in searching not only into my life, but also into the lives of my ancestors. If there has been a blot in my family for these ten generations, it hath been discovered by some or other of my correspondents. In short, I find the ancient family of the Bickerstaffs has suffered very much through the malice aud prejudice of my enemies. Some of them twit me in the teeth with the conduct of my aunt Margery[n]. Nay, there are some who have been so disingenuous, as to throw Maud the milkmaid[n] into my dish, notwithstanding I myself was the first who discovered that alliance. I reap however many benefits from the malice of these enemies, as they let me see my own faults, and give me a view of myself in the worst light; as they hinder me from being blown up by flattery and self-conceit; as they make me keep a watchful eye over my own actions; and at the same time make me cautious how I talk of others, and particularly of my friends and relations, or value myself upon the antiquity of my family.

But the most formidable part of my correspondents are those, whose letters are filled with threats and menaces. I have been

treated so often after this manner, that, not thinking it sufficient to fence well [n], in which I am now arrived at the utmost perfection, and carry pistols about me, which I have always tucked within my girdle; I several months since made my will, settled my estate, and took leave of my friends, looking upon myself as no better than a dead man. Nay, I went so far as to write a long letter to the most intimate acquaintance I have in the world, under the character of a departed person, giving him an account of what brought me to that untimely end, and of the fortitude with which I met it. This letter being too long for the present paper, I intend to print it by itself very suddenly; and, at the same time, I must confess I took my hint of it from the behaviour of an old soldier in the civil wars, who was corporal of a company in a regiment of foot, about the same time that I myself was a cadet [n] in the king's army.

This gentleman was taken by the enemy; and the two parties were upon such terms at that time, that we did not treat each other as prisoners of war, but as traitors and rebels. The poor corporal, being condemned to die, wrote a letter to his wife when under sentence of execution. He writ on the Thursday, and was to be executed on the Friday: but, considering that the letter would not come to his wife's hands until Saturday, the day after execution, and being at that time more scrupulous than ordinary in speaking exact truth, he formed his letter rather according to the posture of his affairs when she should read it, than as they stood when he sent it: though, it must be confessed, there is a certain perplexity in the style of it, which the reader will easily pardon, considering his circumstances.

'DEAR WIFE,

'Hoping you are in good health, as I am at this present writing; this is to let you know, that yesterday, between the hours of eleven and twelve, I was hanged, drawn, and quartered. I died very penitently, and every body thought my case very hard. Remember me kindly to my poor fatherless children.

'Yours until death,

'W. B.'

It so happened, that this honest fellow was relieved by a party of his friends, and had the satisfaction to see all the rebels hanged who had been his enemies. I must not omit a circum-

stance which exposed him to raillery his whole life after. Before the arrival of the next post, that would have set all things clear, his wife was married to a second husband, who lived in the peaceable possession of her; and the corporal, who was a man of plain understanding, did not care to stir in the matter, as knowing that she had the news of his death under his own hand, which she might have produced upon occasion.

Tatler, No. 164.] [April 27, 1710.

No. 124. *On a Poetical Stock in Trade.*

Invenias disjecti membra poetæ.—HOR. Sat. i. 4. 62.

I was this evening sitting at the side-table and reading one of my own papers with great satisfaction, not knowing that I was observed by any in the room. I had not long enjoyed this secret pleasure of an author, when a gentleman[n], some of whose works I have been highly entertained with, accosted me after the following manner. 'Mr. Bickerstaff, you know I have for some years devoted myself wholly to the muses, and, perhaps, you will be surprised when I tell you I am resolved to take up, and apply myself to business. I shall therefore beg you will stand my friend, and recommend a customer to me for several goods that I have now upon my hands.'—'I desired him to let me have a particular, and I would do my utmost to serve him.' —'I have first of all,' says he, 'the progress of an amour digested into sonnets, beginning with a poem to the unknown fair, and ending with an epithalamium. I have celebrated in it her cruelty, her pity, her face, her shape, her wit, her good humour, her dancing, her singing'—I could not forbear interrupting him; 'This is a most accomplished lady,' said I; 'but has she really, with all these perfections, a fine voice?'—'Pugh,' says he, 'you do not believe there is such a person in nature. This was only my employment in solitude last summer, when I had neither friends nor books to divert me.'—'I was going,' said I, 'to ask her name, but I find it is only an imaginary

mistress.'—'That's true,' replied my friend, 'but her name is Flavia. I have,' continued he, 'in the second place, a collection of lampoons, calculated either for the Bath, Tunbridge, or any place where they drink waters, with blank spaces for the names of such person or persons as may be inserted in them on occasion. Thus much I have told only of what I have by me proceeding from love and malice. I have also at this time the sketch of a heroic poem upon the next peace: several, indeed, of the verses are either too long or too short, it being a rough draught of my thoughts upon that subject.' I thereupon told him, 'That, as it was, it might probably pass for a very good Pindaric, and I believe I knew one who would be willing to deal with him for it upon that foot[n].' 'I must tell you also,' said he, 'I have made a dedication to it, which is about four sides close written, that may serve any one that is tall, and understands Latin. I have further about fifty similes, that were never yet applied, besides three-and-twenty descriptions of the sun rising, that might be of great use to an epic poet. These are my more bulky commodities; besides which, I have several small wares that I would part with at easy rates; as, observations upon life, and moral sentences, reduced into several couplets, very proper to close up acts of plays, and may be easily introduced by two or three lines of prose, either in tragedy or comedy. If I could find a purchaser curious in Latin poetry, I could accommodate him with two dozen of epigrams, which, by reason of a few false quantities, should come for little, or nothing.'

I heard the gentleman with much attention, and asked him, 'Whether he would break bulk, and sell his goods by retail, or designed they should all go in a lump?' He told me, 'That he should be very loath to part them, unless it was to oblige a man of quality, or any person for whom I had a particular friendship.'—'My reason for asking,' said I, 'is, only because I know a young gentleman who intends to appear next spring in a new jingling chariot, with the figures of the nine muses on each side of it; and, I believe, would be glad to come into the world in verse.' We could not go on in our treaty, by reason of two or three critics that joined us. They had been talking, it seems, of the two letters which were found in the coffin, and mentioned in one of my late lucubrations[n], and came with a

request to me, that I would communicate any others of them that were legible. One of the gentlemen was pleased to say 'that it was a very proper instance of a widow's constancy;' and said, 'he wished I had subjoined, as a foil to it, the following passage in Hamlet.' The young prince was not yet acquainted with all the guilt of his mother, but turns his thoughts on her sudden forgetfulness of his father, and the indecency of her hasty marriage:

That it should come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not so much, not two!
So excellent a king! that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother:
That he might not let e'en the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? Why she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet within a month!
Let me not think on't—Frailty, thy name is Woman!
A little month! or ere those shoes were old,
With which she followed my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears, why she, even she,
O heaven! a brute, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourned longer—married with mine uncle!
My father's brother! but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules. Within a month!
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes,
She married—O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good.
But, break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue!

The several emotions of mind, and breaks of passion, in this speech, are admirable. He has touched every circumstance that aggravated the fact, and seemed capable of hurrying the thoughts of a son into distraction. His father's tenderness for his mother, expressed in so delicate a particular: his mother's fondness for his father, no less exquisitely described: the great and amiable figure of his dead parent drawn by a true filial piety: his disdain of so unworthy a successor to his bed; but, above all, the shortness of the time between his father's death and his mother's second marriage, brought together with so much disorder, make up as noble a part as any in that celebrated tragedy. The circumstance of time, I never could enough admire. The widowhood had lasted two months. This

is his first reflection; but, as his indignation rises, he sinks to scarce two months: afterwards, into a month; and at last into a little month: but all this so naturally, that the reader accompanies him in the violence of his passion, and finds the time lessen insensibly, according to the different workings of his disdain. I have not mentioned the incest of her marriage, which is so obvious a provocation; but cannot forbear taking notice, that when his fury is at its height, he cries, 'Frailty, thy name is Woman!' as railing at the sex in general, rather than giving himself leave to think his mother worse than others—*Desiderantur multa.*

Tatler, No. 106.] [December 12, 1709.

No. 125. *On Singularity: proposals for a receptacle for persons out of their wits.*

> Quem mala stultitia, et quæcunque inscitia veri
> Cæcum agit: insanum Chrysippi porticus, et grex
> Autumat; hæc populos, hæc magnos formula reges,
> Excepto sapiente, tenet.—HOR. Sat. ii. 3. 43.

There is a sect of ancient philosophers, who, I think, have left more volumes behind them, and those better written, than any other of the fraternities in philosophy. It was a maxim of this sect, that all those who do not live up to the principles of reason and virtue are madmen. Every one who governs himself by these rules, is allowed the title of wise, and reputed to be in his senses: and every one, in proportion as he deviates from them, is pronounced frantic and distracted. Cicero having chosen this maxim for his theme, takes occasion to argue from it very agreeably with Clodius, his implacable adversary, who had procured his banishment. 'A city,' says he, 'is an assembly distinguished into bodies of men, who are in possession of their respective rights and privileges, cast under proper subordinations, and in all its parts obedient to the rules of law and equity.' He then represents the government from whence he was banished, at a time when the consul, senate, and laws had lost their authority, as a commonwealth

of lunatics. For this reason, he regards his expulsion from Rome, as a man would, being turned out of Bedlam, if the inhabitants of it should drive him out of their walls as a person unfit for their community. We are, therefore, to look upon every man's brain to be touched, however he may appear in the general conduct of his life, if he has an unjustifiable singularity in any part of his conversation or behaviour, or if he swerves from right reason, however common his kind of madness may be, we shall not excuse him for its being epidemical; it being our present design to clap up all such as have the marks of madness upon them, who are now permitted to go about the streets for no other reason but because they do no mischief in their fits. Abundance of imaginary great men are put in straw to bring them to a right sense of themselves. And is it not altogether as reasonable, that an insignificant man, who has an immoderate opinion of his merits, and a quite different notion of his own abilities from what the rest of the world entertain, should have the same care taken of him as a beggar who fancies himself a duke or a prince? Or why should a man, who starves in the midst of plenty, be trusted with himself, more than he who fancies he is an emperor in the midst of poverty? I have several women of quality in my thoughts, who set so exorbitant a value upon themselves, that I have often most heartily pitied them, and wished them for their recovery under the same discipline with the pewterer's wife. I find, by several hints in ancient authors, that when the Romans were in the height of power and luxury, they assigned out of their vast dominions an island called Anticyra [n], as an habitation for madmen. This was the Bedlam of the Roman empire, whither all persons who had lost their wits used to resort from all parts of the world in quest of them. Several of the Roman emperors were advised to repair to this island; but most of them, instead of listening to such sober counsels, gave way to their distraction, until the people knocked them on the head as despairing of their cure. In short, it was as usual for men of distempered brains to take a voyage to Anticyra in those days, as it is in ours for persons who have a disorder in their lungs to go to Montpelier [n].

The prodigious crops of hellebore [n] with which this whole island abounded, did not only furnish them with incomparable

tea, snuff, and Hungary-water[n]; but impregnated the air of the country with such sober and salutiferous steams, as very much comforted the heads, and refreshed the senses of all that breathed in it. A discarded statesman, that, at his first landing appeared stark-staring mad, would become calm in a week's time; and, upon his return home, live easy and satisfied in his retirement. A moping lover would grow a pleasant fellow by that time he had rid thrice about the island; and a hair-brained rake, after a short stay in the country, go home again a composed, grave, worthy gentleman.

I have premised these particulars before I enter on the main design of this paper, because I would not be thought altogether notional in what I have to say, and pass only for a projector in morality. I could quote Horace, and Seneca, and some other ancient writers of good repute, upon the same occasion; and make out by their testimony, that our streets are filled with distracted persons; that our shops and taverns, private and public houses, swarm with them; and that it is very hard to make up a tolerable assembly without a majority of them. But what I have already said is, I hope, sufficient to justify the ensuing project, which I shall therefore give some account of without any further preface.

1. It is humbly proposed, that a proper receptacle, or habitation, be forthwith erected for all such persons as, upon due trial and examination, shall appear to be out of their wits.

2. That, to serve the present exigency, the college in Moorfields[n] be very much extended at both ends; and that it be converted into a square, by adding three other sides to it.

3. That nobody be admitted into these three additional sides, but such whose frenzy can lay no claim to an apartment in that row of building which is already erected.

4. That the architect, physician, apothecary, surgeon, keepers, nurses, and porters, be all and each of them cracked; provided that their frenzy does not lie in the profession or employment to which they shall severally and respectively be assigned.

N.B. It is thought fit to give the foregoing notice, that none may present himself here for any post of honour or profit, who is not duly qualified.

5. That over all the gates of the additional buildings, there be figures placed in the same manner as over the entrance of the

edifice already erected[n]; provided they represent such distractions only as are proper for those additional buildings; as of an envious man gnawing his own flesh; a gamester pulling himself by the ears, and knocking his head against a marble pillar; a covetous man warming himself over a heap of gold; a coward flying from his own shadow, and the like.

'Having laid down this general scheme of my design, I do hereby invite all persons who are willing to encourage so public-spirited a project, to bring in their contributions as soon as possible; and to apprehend forthwith any politician whom they shall catch raving in a coffee-house, or any free-thinker whom they shall find publishing his deliriums, or any other person who shall give the like manifest signs of a crazed imagination: and I do at the same time give this public notice to all the madmen about this great city, that they may return to their senses with all imaginable expedition, lest, if they should come into my hands, I should put them into a regimen which they should not like: for if I find any one of them persist in his frantic behaviour, I will make him in a month's time as famous as ever Oliver's porter was[n].

Tatler, No. 125.] [January 26, 1710.

No. 126. *On Alethes and Verisimilis, or the shades of Conscience and Honour.*

Virtutem verba putant, ut
Lucum ligna.—HOR. Ep. i. 6. 31.

This day I obliged Pacolet to entertain me with matters which regarded persons of his own character and occupation. We chose to take our walk on Tower-hill, and as we were coming from thence, in order to stroll as far as Garraway's[n], I observed two men, who had but just landed, coming from the water-side. I thought there was something uncommon in their mien and aspect; but though they seemed by their visage to be related, yet there was a warmth in their manner, as if they differed very much in their sentiments of the subject on which

they were talking. One of them seemed to have a natural confidence mixed with an ingenuous freedom, in his gesture; his dress very plain, but very graceful and becoming; the other, in the midst of an overbearing carriage, betrayed, by frequently looking round him, a suspicion that he was not enough regarded by those he met, or that he feared they would make some attack upon him. This person was much taller than his companion, and added to that height the advantage of a feather in his hat, and heels to his shoes so monstrously high, that he had three or four times fallen down, had he not been supported by his friend. They made a full stop as they came within a few yards of the place where we stood. The plain gentleman bowed to Pacolet; the other looked upon him with some displeasure: upon which I asked him who they both were? when he thus informed me of their persons and circumstances:

'You may remember, Isaac, that I have often told you, there are beings of a superior rank to mankind; who frequently visit the habitations of men, in order to call them from some wrong pursuits in which they are actually engaged, or divert them from methods which will lead them into errors for the future. He that will carefully reflect upon the occurrences of his life, will find he has been sometimes extricated out of difficulties, and received favours where he could never have expected such benefits; as well as met with cross events from some unseen hand, which has disappointed his best laid designs. Such accidents arrive from the interventions of aerial beings, as they are benevolent or hurtful to the nature of man; and attend his steps in the tracks of ambition, of business, and of pleasure. Before I ever appeared to you in the manner I do now, I have frequently followed you in your evening-walks; and have often, by throwing some accident in your way, as the passing by of a funeral, or the appearance of some other solemn object, given your imagination a new turn, and changed a night you have destined to mirth and jollity, into an exercise of study and contemplation. I was the old soldier who met you last summer in Chelsea-fields, and pretended that I had broken my wooden-leg, and could not get home; but I snapped it short off, on purpose that you might fall into the reflections you did on that subject, and take me into your hack. If you

remember, you made yourself very merry on that fracture, and asked me whether I thought I should next winter feel cold in the toes of that leg? as is usually observed, that those who lose limbs are sensible of pains in the extreme parts, even after those limbs are cut off. . . .

'To be short: those two persons whom you see yonder are such as I am; they are not real men, but are mere shades and figures, one is named Alethes, the other Verisimilis. Their office is to be the guardians and representatives of conscience and honour. They are now going to visit the several parts of the town, to see how their interests in the world decay or flourish, and to purge themselves from the many false imputations they daily meet with in the commerce and conversation of men. You observed Verisimilis frowned when he first saw me. What he is provoked at is, that I told him one day, though he strutted and dressed with so much ostentation, if he kept himself within his own bounds, he was but a lackey, and wore only that gentleman's livery whom he is now with. This frets him to the heart; for you must know, he has pretended a long time to set up for himself, and gets among a crowd of the more unthinking part of mankind, who take him for a person of the first quality; though his introduction into the world was wholly owing to his present companion.

This encounter was very agreeable to me, and I was resolved to dog them, and desired Pacolet to accompany me. I soon perceived what he told me in the gesture of the persons; for, when they looked at each other in discourse, the well-dressed man suddenly cast down his eyes, and discovered that the other had a painful superiority over him. After some further discourse, they took leave. The plain gentleman went down towards Thames-street, in order to be present, at least, at the oaths taken at the custom-house; and the other made directly for the heart of the city. It is incredible how great a change there immediately appeared in the man of honour, when he got rid of his uneasy companion: he adjusted the cock of his hat anew, settled his sword-knot, and had an appearance that attracted a sudden inclination for him and his interests in all who beheld him. 'For my part,' said I to Pacolet, 'I cannot but think you are mistaken in calling this person of the lower quality; for he looks much more like a gentleman than the

other. Do not you observe all eyes are upon him, as he advances? how each sex gazes at his stature, aspect, address and motion?' Pacolet only smiled and shaked his head; as leaving me to be convinced by my own further observation. We kept on our way after him until we came to Exchange-alley, where the plain gentleman again came up to the other; and they stood together after the manner of eminent merchants, as if ready to receive application; but I could observe no man talk to either of them. The one was laughed at as a fop; and I heard many whispers against the other, as a whimsical sort of a fellow, and a great enemy to trade. They crossed Cornhill together, and came into the full Exchange, where some bowed, and gave themselves airs in being known to so fine a man as Verisimilis, who, they said, had great interest in all prince's courts; and the other was taken notice of by several, as one they had seen somewhere long before. One more particularly said, he had formerly been a man of consideration in the world; but was so unlucky, that they who dealt with him, by some strange infatuation or other, had a way of cutting off their own bills, and were prodigiously slow in improving their stock. But as much as I was curious to observe the reception these gentlemen met with upon the Exchange, I could not help being interrupted by one that came up towards us, to whom every body made their compliments. He was of the common height, and in his dress there seemed to be great care to appear no way particular, except in a certain exact and feat[n] manner of behaviour and circumspection. He was wonderfully careful that his shoes and clothes should be without the least speck upon them; and seemed to think, that on such an accident depended his very life and fortune. There was hardly a man on the Exchange who had not a note upon him; and each seemed very well satisfied that their money lay in his hands, without demanding payment. I asked Pacolet, what great merchant that was, who was so universally addressed to, yet made too familiar an appearance to command that extra-ordinary deference? Pacolet answered, 'This person is the demon or genius of credit; his name is Umbra. If you observe, he follows Alethes and Verisimilis at a distance; and indeed has no foundation for the figure he makes in the world, but that he is thought to keep their cash; though, at the same

time, none who trust him would trust the others for a groat.' As the company rolled about, the three spectres were jumbled into one place: when they were so, and all thought there was an alliance between them, they immediately drew upon them the business of the whole Exchange. But their affairs soon increased to such an unwieldy bulk, that Alethes took his leave, and said, 'he would not engage further than he had an immediate fund to answer. Verisimilis pretended, 'that though he had revenues large enough to go on his own bottom, yet it was below one of his family to condescend to trade in his own name; therefore he also retired.' I was extremely troubled to see the glorious mart of London left with no other guardian but him of credit. But Pacolet told me, 'that traders had nothing to do with the honour or conscience of their correspondents, provided they supported a general behaviour in the world, which could not hurt their credit or their purses: for,' said he, 'you may, in this one tract of building of London and Westminster see the imaginary motives on which the greatest affairs move, as well as in rambling over the face of the earth. For though Alethes is the real governor, as well as legislator of mankind, he has very little business but to make up quarrels; and is only a general referee, to whom every man pretends to appeal, but is satisfied with his determinations no further than they promote his own interest. Hence it is, that the soldier and the courtier model their actions according to Verisimilis's manner, and the merchant according to that of Umbra. Among these men, honour and credit are not valuable possessions in themselves, or pursued out of a principle of justice; but merely as they are serviceable to ambition and to commerce. But the world will never be in any manner of order or tranquillity, until men are firmly convinced that conscience, honour, and credit, are all in one interest; and that, without the concurrence of the former, the latter are but impositions upon ourselves and others . . . Were men so enlightened and studious of their own good, as to act by the dictates of their reason and reflection, and not the opinion of others, conscience would be the steady ruler of human life; and the words truth, law, reason, equity, and religion, would be but synonymous terms for that only guide which makes us pass our days in our own favour and approbation.'

Tatler, No. 48.] [July 30, 1709.

No. 127. *The Vision of Parnassus.*

Me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor: juvat ire jugis, qua nulla priorum
Castalium molli divertitur orbita clivo.
VIRG. Georg. iii. 291.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I came home a little later than usual the other night; and, not finding myself inclined to sleep, I took up Virgil to divert me until I should be more disposed to rest. He is the author whom I always choose on such occasions; no one writing in so divine, so harmonious, nor so equal a strain, which leaves the mind composed and softened into an agreeable melancholy: the temper in which, of all others, I choose to close the day. The passages I turned to were those beautiful raptures in his Georgics, where he professes himself entirely given up to the Muses, and smit with the love of poetry, passionately wishing to be transported to the cool shades and retirements of the mountain Hæmus. I closed the book and went to bed. What I had just before been reading made so strong an impression on my mind, that fancy seemed almost to fulfil to me the wish of Virgil, in presenting to me the following vision:—

'Methought I was on a sudden placed in the plains of Bœotia, where at the end of the horizon I saw the mountain Parnassus rising before me. The prospect was of so large an extent, that I had long wandered about to find a path which should directly lead me to it, had I not seen at some distance a grove of trees, which, in a plain that had nothing else remarkable enough in it to fix my sight, immediately determined me to go thither. When I arrived at it, I found it parted out into a great number of walks and alleys, which often widened into beautiful openings, as circles or ovals, set round with yews and cypresses, with niches, grottos, and caves, placed on the sides, encompassed with ivy. There was no sound to be heard in the whole place, but only that of a gentle breeze passing over the leaves of the forest; everything beside was buried in a profound silence. I was captivated with the beauty and retirement of the place, and never so much, before that hour, was pleased

with the enjoyment of myself. I indulged the humour, and suffered myself to wander without choice or design. At length, at the end of a range of trees, I saw three figures seated on a bank of moss, with a silent brook creeping at their feet. I adored them as the tutelary divinities of the place, and stood still to take a particular view of each of them. The middlemost, whose name was Solitude, sat with her arms across each other, and seemed rather pensive, and wholly taken up with her own thoughts, than any ways grieved or dis-
10 pleased. The only companions which she admitted into that retirement were, the goddess Silence, who sat on her right hand with her finger on her mouth, and on her left Contemplation, with her eyes fixed upon the heavens. Before her lay a celestial globe, with several schemes of mathematical theorems. She prevented my speech with the greatest affability in the world. "Fear not," said she, "I know your request before you speak it, you would be led to the mountain of the Muses; the only way to it lies through this place, and no one is so often employed in conducting persons thither as myself."
20 When she had thus spoken, she arose from her seat, and I immediately placed myself under her direction; but whilst I passed through the grove I could not help inquiring of her who were the persons admitted into that sweet retirement. "Surely," said I, "there can nothing enter here but virtue and virtuous thoughts; the whole wood seems designed for the reception and reward of such persons as have spent their lives according to the dictates of their conscience, and the commands of the gods." "You imagine right," said she: "assure yourself this place was at first designed for no other: such it continued to be
30 in the reign of Saturn, when none entered here but holy priests, deliverers of their country from oppression and tyranny, who reposed themselves here after their labours, and those whom the study and love of wisdom had fitted for divine conversation. But now it is become no less dangerous than it was before desirable: vice has learned so to mimic virtue, that it often creeps in hither under its disguise. See there; just before you, Revenge stalking by, habited in the robe of Honour. Observe not far from him Ambition standing alone; if you ask him his name, he will tell you it is Emulation, or Glory.
40 But the most frequent intruder we have is Lust, who succeeds

now the deity to whom in better days this grove was entirely devoted. Virtuous Love, with Hymen and the Graces attending him, once reigned over this happy place; a whole train of virtues waited on him, and no dishonourable thought durst presume for admittance. But now, how is the whole prospect changed! and how seldom renewed by some few who dare despise sordid wealth, and imagine themselves fit companions for so charming a divinity."

'The goddess had no sooner said thus, but we were arrived at the utmost boundaries of the wood, which lay contiguous to a plain that ended at the foot of the mountain. Here I kept close to my guide, being solicited by several phantoms, who assured me they would show me a nearer way to the mountain of the Muses. Among the rest, Vanity was extremely importunate, having deluded infinite numbers, whom I saw wandering at the foot of the hill. I turned away from this despicable troop with disdain; and, addressing myself to my guide, told her that, as I had some hopes I should be able to reach up part of the ascent, so I despaired of having strength enough to attain the plain on the top. But, being informed by her that it was impossible to stand upon the sides, and that if I did not proceed onwards I should irrevocably fall down to the lowest verge, I resolved to hazard any labour and hardship in the attempt: so great a desire had I of enjoying the satisfaction I hoped to meet with at the end of my enterprise.

'There were two paths, which led up by different ways to the summit of the mountain: the one was guarded by the genius which presides over the moment of our births. He had it in charge to examine the several pretensions of those who desired to pass that way, but to admit none excepting those only on whom Melpomene had looked with a propitious eye at the hour of their nativity. The other way was guarded by diligence, to whom many of those persons applied who had met with a denial the other way; but he was so tedious in granting their request, and indeed after admittance the way was so very intricate and laborious, that many, after they had made some progress, chose rather to return back than proceed, and very few persisted so long as to arrive at the end they proposed. Besides these two paths, which at length severally led to the top of the mountain, there was a third made up of these two, which

a little after the entrance joined in one. This carried those happy few, whose good fortune it was to find it, directly to the throne of Apollo. I do not know whether I should even now have had the resolution to have demanded entrance at either of these doors, had I not seen a peasant-like man (followed by a numerous and lovely train of youth of both sexes) insist upon entrance for all whom he led up. He put me in mind of the country-clown[n] who is painted in the map for leading Prince Eugene over the Alps. He had a bundle of papers in his hand; and, producing several, which he said were given to him by hands which he knew Apollo would allow as passes; among which, methought I saw some of my own writing; the whole assembly was admitted, and gave by their presence a new beauty and pleasure to these happy mansions. I found the man did not pretend to enter himself, but served as a kind of forester in the lawns, to direct passengers, who, by their own merit, or instructions he procured for them, had virtue enough to travel that way. I looked very attentively upon this kind homely benefactor; and, forgive me, Mr. Spectator, if I own to you I took him for yourself. We were no sooner entered, but we were sprinkled three times with the water of the fountain Aganippe, which had power to deliver us from all harms, but only envy, which reached even to the end of our journey. We had not proceeded far in the middle path, when we arrived at the summit of the hill, where there immediately appeared to us two figures, which extremely engaged my attention: the one was a young nymph in the prime of her youth and beauty; she had wings on her shoulders and feet, and was able to transport herself to the most distant regions in the smallest space of time. She was continually varying her dress, sometimes into the most natural and becoming habits in the world, and at others into the most wild and freakish garb that can be imagined. There stood by her a man full-aged and of great gravity, who corrected her inconsistencies by showing them in this mirror, and still flung her affected and unbecoming ornaments down the mountain, which fell in the plain below, and were gathered up and worn with great satisfaction by those that inhabited it. The name of the nymph was Fancy, the daughter of Liberty, the most beautiful of all the mountain nymphs: the other was Judgment, the offspring of Time, and

the only child he acknowledged to be his. A youth, who sat upon a throne just between them, was their genuine offspring: his name was Wit, and his seat was composed of the works of the most celebrated authors. I could not but see with a secret joy, that, though the Greeks and Romans made the majority, yet our own countrymen were the next both in number and dignity. I was now at liberty to take a full prospect of that delightful region. I was inspired with new vigour and life, and saw everything in nobler and more pleasing view than before: I breathed a purer ether in a sky which was a continual azure, gilded with perpetual sunshine. The two summits of the mountain rose on each side, and formed in the midst a most delicious vale, the habitation of the Muses, and of such as had composed works worthy of immortality. Apollo was seated upon a throne of gold, and for a canopy an aged laurel spread its boughs and its shade over his head. His bow and quiver lay at his feet. He held his harp in his hand, whilst the Muses round about him celebrated with hymns his victory over the serpent Python, and sometimes sang in softer notes the loves of Leucothoe and Daphnis. Homer, Virgil, and Milton, were seated the next to them. Behind were a great number of others; among whom I was surprised to see some in the habit of Laplanders[n], who, notwithstanding the uncouthness of their dress, had lately obtained a place upon the mountain. I saw Pindar walking all alone, no one daring to accost him, until Cowley[n] joined himself to him; but growing weary of one who almost walked him out of breath, he left him for Horace and Anacreon, with whom he seemed infinitely delighted.

'A little further I saw another group of figures: I made up to them, and found it was Socrates dictating to Xenophon, and the spirit of Plato; but most of all, Musæus had the greatest audience about him. I was at too great a distance to hear what he said, or to discover the faces of his hearers; only I thought I now perceived Virgil, who had joined them, and stood in a posture full of admiration at the harmony of his words.

'Lastly, at the very brink of the hill, I saw Boccalini sending dispatches to the world below of what happened upon Parnassus; but I perceived he did it without leave of the Muses, and by stealth, and was unwilling to have them revised by Apollo. I could now, from this height and serene sky, behold

the infinite cares and anxieties with which mortals below sought out their way through the maze of life. I saw the path of Virtue lie straight before them, whilst Interest, or some malicious demon, still hurried them out of the way. I was at once touched with pleasure at my own happiness, and compassion at the sight of their inextricable errors. Here the two contending passions rose so high, that they were inconsistent with the sweet repose I enjoyed; and, awaking with a sudden start, the only consolation I could admit of for my loss, was the hopes that this relation of my dream will not displease you.'

Spectator, No. 514.] [October 20, 1712.

No. 128. *On Wit; with the Life of a Greek Poet.*

Frange, miser, calamos, vigilataque prœlia dele,
Qui facis in parva sublimia carmina cella,
Ut dignus venias hederis, et imagine macra.
JUV. Sat. vii. 27.

'Wit,' saith the bishop of Rochester[n] in his elegant sermon against the scorner, 'as it implies a certain uncommon reach and vivacity of thought, is an excellent talent, very fit to be employed in the search of truth, and very capable of assisting us to discern and embrace it.' I shall take leave to carry this observation farther into common life, and remark, that it is a faculty, when properly directed, very fit to recommend young persons to the favour of such patrons as are generously studious to promote the interest of politeness, and the honour of their country. I am therefore much grieved to hear the frequent complaints of some rising authors whom I have taken under my guardianship. Since my circumstances will not allow me to give them due encouragement, I must take upon me the person of a philosopher, and make them a present of my advice. I would not have any poet whatsoever, who is not born to five hundred a year, deliver himself up to wit, but as it is subservient to the improvement of his fortune. This talent is useful in all professions, and should be considered not as a

wife, but as an attendant. Let them take an old man's word; the desire of fame grows languid in a few years, and thoughts of ease and convenience erase the fairy images of glory and honour. Even those who have succeeded both in fame and fortune, look back on the petty trifles of their youth with some regret, when their minds are turned to more exalted and useful speculations. This is admirably expressed in the following lines, by an author[n] whom I have formerly done justice to on the account of his pastoral poems.

> In search of Wisdom, far from Wit I fly;
> Wit is a harlot beauteous to the eye,
> In whose bewitching arms our early time
> We waste, and vigour of our youthful prime.
> But when Reflection comes with riper years,
> And Manhood with a thoughtful brow appears;
> We cast the mistress off to take a wife,
> And, wed to Wisdom, lead a happy life.

A passage which happened to me some years ago confirmed several maxims of frugality in my mind. A woollen-draper[n] of my acquaintance, remarkable for his learning and good-nature, pulled out his pocket-book, wherein he showed me at the one end several well-chosen mottos, and several patterns of cloth at the other.—I, like a well-bred man, praised both sorts of goods; whereupon he tore out the mottos, and generously gave them to me: but, with great prudence, put up the patterns in his pocket again.

I am sensible that any accounts of my own secret history can have but little weight with young men of sanguine expectations. I shall therefore take this opportunity to present my wards with the history of an ancient Greek poet, which was sent me from the library of Fez, and is to be found there in the end of a very ancient manuscript of Homer's works, which was brought by the barbarians from Constantinople. The name of the poet is torn out, nor have the critics yet determined it. I have faithfully translated part of it, and desire that it may be diligently perused by all men who design to live by their wits.

'I was born[n] at the foot of a certain mountain in Greece called Parnassus, where the country is remarkably delicious. My mother, while she was with child of me, longed for laurel leaves; and as I lay in my cradle, a swarm of bees[n] settled about my mouth, without doing me any injury. These were

looked upon as presages of my being a great man; and the early promises I gave of a quick wit, and lively fancy, confirmed the high opinion my friends had conceived of me. It would be an idle tale to relate the trifling adventures of my youth, until I arrived at my twentieth year. It was then that the love I bore to a beautiful young virgin, with whom I had innocently and familiarly conversed from my childhood, became the public talk of our village. I was so taken up with my passion, that I entirely neglected all other affairs: and though the daughter of Machaon[n] the physician, and a rich heiress, the daughter of a famous Grecian orator, were offered me in marriage, I peremptorily refused both the matches, and rashly vowed to live and die with the lovely Polyhymnia. In vain did my parents remonstrate to me, that the tradition of her being descended from the gods was too poor a portion for one of my narrow fortunes; that except her fine green-house and garden, she had not one foot of land; and though she should gain the law-suit about the summit of Parnassus, (which yet had many pretenders to it) that the air was so bleak there, and the ground so barren, that it would certainly starve the possessor. I fear my obstinacy in this particular broke my mother's heart, who died a short time after, and was soon followed by my father.

'I now found myself at liberty, and notwithstanding the opposition of a great many rivals, I won and enjoyed Polyhymnia. Our amour was known to the whole country, and all who saw, extolled the beauty of my mistress, and pronounced me happy in the possession of so many charms. We lived in great splendour and gayety, I being persuaded that high living was necessary to keep up my reputation, and the beauty of my mistress; from whom I had daily expectations given me of a post in the government, or some lavish present from the great men of our commonwealth. I was so proud of my partner, that I was perpetually bringing company to see her, and was a little tiresome to my acquaintance, by talking continually of her several beauties. She herself had a most exalted conceit of her charms, and often invited the ladies to ask their opinions of her dress; which if they disapproved in any particular, she called them a pack of envious insipid things, and ridiculed them in all companies. She had a delicate set of teeth, which appeared most to advantage when she was angry; and therefore she was

very often in a passion. By this imprudent behaviour, when we had run out of our money, we had no living soul to befriend us; and every body cried out, it was a judgment upon me for being a slave to such a proud minx, such a conceited hussy.

'I loved her passionately, and exclaimed against a blind and injudicious world. Besides I had several children by her, and was likely still to have more; for I always thought the youngest the most beautiful. I must not forget that a certain great lord offered me a considerable sum in my necessity, to have the reputation of fathering one of them; but I rejected his offer with disdain. In order to support her family and vanities, she carried me to Athens; where she put me upon a hundred pranks to get money. Sometimes she drest me in an antique robe, and placed a diadem on my head, and made me gather a mob about me by talking in a blustering tone, and unintelligible language. Sometimes she made me foam at the mouth, roll my eyes, invoke the gods, and act a sort of madness which the Athenians call the Pindarism. At another time she put a sheep-hook into my hand, and drove me round my garret, calling it the plains of Arcadia. When these projects failed, she gave out, with good success, that I was an old astrologer[y]; after that a dumb man[n]; and last of all she made me pass for a lion[n].

'It may seem strange, that after so tedious a slavery, I should ever get my freedom. But so it happened, that during the three last transformations, I grew acquainted with the lady Sophia, whose superior charms cooled my passion for Polyhymnia; insomuch that some envious dull fellows gave it out, my mistress had jilted and left me. But the slanders of my enemies were silenced by my public espousal of Sophia; who, with a greatness of soul, void of all jealousy, hath taken Polyhymnia for her woman, and is dressed by her every day.'

Guardian, No. 141.] [August 22, 1713.

No. 129. *A Discourse on Trade.*

Hæc memini, et victum frustra contendere Thyrsim.
VIRG. Ecl. vii. 69.

There is scarce any thing more common than animosities between parties that cannot subsist but by their agreement: this

was well represented in the sedition of the members of the human body in the old Roman fable[n]. It is often the case of lesser confederate states against a superior power, which are hardly held together though their unanimity is necessary for their common safety; and this is always the case of the landed and trading interests of Great Britain: the trader is fed by the product of the land, and the landed man cannot be clothed but by the skill of the trader; and yet those interests are ever jarring.

We had last winter an instance of this at our club, in Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Freeport, between whom there is generally a constant, though friendly, opposition of opinions: It happened that one of the company, in an historical discourse, was observing that Carthaginian faith[n] was a proverbial phrase to intimate breach of leagues. Sir Roger said it could hardly be otherwise: that the Carthaginians were the greatest traders in the world; and as gain is the chief end of such a people, they never pursue any other; the means to it are never regarded: they will, if it comes easily, get money honestly; but if not, they will not scruple to attain it by fraud, or cozenage: and indeed, what is the whole business of the trader's account, but to overreach him who trusts to his memory? But were that not so, what can there great and noble be expected from him whose attention is for ever fixed upon balancing his books, and watching over his expenses? And at best, let frugality and parsimony be the virtues of the merchant, how much is his punctual dealing below a gentleman's charity to the poor, or hospitality among his neighbours!

Captain Sentry observed Sir Andrew very diligent in hearing Sir Roger, and had a mind to turn the discourse, by taking notice—in general, from the highest to the lowest parts of human society, there was a secret, though unjust way, among men, of indulging the seeds of ill-nature and envy, by comparing their own state of life to that of another, and grudging the approach of their neighbour to their own happiness; and, on the other side, he, who is less at his ease, repines at the other, who he thinks has unjustly the advantage over him. Thus the civil and military lists look upon each other with much ill-nature; the soldier repines at the courtier's power, and the courtier rallies the soldier's honour; or, to come to

lower instances, the private men in the horse and foot of an army, the carmen and coachmen in the city streets, mutually look upon each other with ill-will, when they are in competition for quarters, or the way in their respective motions.

'It is very well, good captain,' interrupted Sir Andrew: 'you may attempt to turn the discourse if you think fit; but I must however have a word or two with Sir Roger, who, I see, thinks he has paid me off, and been very severe upon the merchant[B]. I shall not,' continued he, 'at this time remind Sir Roger of the great and noble monuments of charity and public spirit, which have been erected by merchants since the reformation, but at present content myself with what he allows us, parsimony and frugality. If it were consistent with the quality of so ancient a baronet as Sir Roger, to keep an account, or measure things by the most infallible way, that of numbers, he would prefer our parsimony to his hospitality. If to drink so many hogsheads is to be hospitable, we do not contend for the fame of that virtue: but it would be worth while to consider, whether so many artificers at work ten days together by my appointment, or so many peasants made merry on Sir Roger's charge, are the men more obliged? I believe the families of the artificers will thank me more than the household of the peasants shall Sir Roger. Sir Roger gives to his men, but I place mine above the necessity or obligation of my bounty. I am in very little pain for the Roman proverb upon the Carthaginian traders; the Romans were their professed enemies; I am only sorry no Carthaginian histories have come to our hands; we might have been taught perhaps by them some proverbs against the Roman generosity, in fighting for, and bestowing, other people's goods. But since Sir Roger has taken occasion, from an old proverb, to be out of humour with merchants, it should be no offence to offer one not quite so old in their defence. When a man happens to break in Holland, they say of him that "he has not kept true accounts." This phrase, perhaps, among us would appear a soft or humorous way of speaking, but with that exact nation it bears the highest reproach. For a man to be mistaken in the calculation of his expense, in his ability to answer future demands, or to be impertinently sanguine in putting his credit to too good adventure, are all instances of as much infamy, as with gayer nations to be failing in courage, or common honesty.

'Numbers are so much the measure of every thing that is valuable, that it is not possible to demonstrate the success of any action, or the prudence of any undertaking without them. I say this in answer to what Sir Roger is pleased to say, "that little that is truly noble can be expected from one who is ever poring on his cash-book, or balancing his accounts." When I have my returns from abroad, I can tell to a shilling, by the help of numbers, the profit or loss by my adventure; but I ought also to be able to show that I had reason for making it, either from my own experience, or that of other people, or from a reasonable presumption that my returns will be sufficient to answer my expense and hazard; and this is never to be done without the skill of numbers. For instance, if I am to trade to Turkey, I ought beforehand to know the demand of our manufactures there, as well as of their silks, in England, and the customary prices that are given for both in each country. I ought to have a clear knowledge of these matters beforehand, that I may presume upon sufficient returns to answer the charge of the cargo I have fitted out, the freight and assurance out and home, the customs to the queen, and the interest of my own money, and besides all these expenses a reasonable profit to myself. Now what is there of scandal in this skill? What has the merchant done, that he should be so little in the good graces of Sir Roger? He throws down no man's enclosures, and tramples upon no man's corn; he takes nothing from the industrious labourer; he pays the poor man for his work; he communicates his profit with mankind; by the preparation of his cargo, and the manufacture of his returns, he furnishes employment and subsistence to greater numbers than the richest nobleman; and even the nobleman is obliged to him for finding out foreign markets for the produce of his estate, and for making a great addition to his rents; and yet it is certain that none of all these things could be done by him without the exercise of his skill in numbers.

'This is the economy of the merchant; and the conduct of the gentleman must be the same, unless, by scorning to be the steward, he resolves the steward shall be the gentleman. The gentleman, no more than the merchant, is able, without the help of numbers, to account for the success of any action, or the prudence of any adventure. If, for instance, the chase is

his whole adventure, his only returns must be the stag's horns in the great hall, and the fox's nose upon the stable-door. Without doubt Sir Roger knows the full value of these returns; and if beforehand he had computed the charges of the chase, a gentleman of his discretion would certainly have hanged up all his dogs; he would never have brought back so many fine horses to the kennel; he would never have gone so often, like a blast, over fields of corn. If such too had been the conduct of all his ancestors, he might truly have boasted at this day, that the antiquity of his family had never been sullied by a trade; a merchant [n] had never been permitted with his whole estate to purchase room for his picture in the gallery of the Coverleys, or to claim his descent from the maid of honour. But it is very happy for Sir Roger that the merchant paid so dear for his ambition. It is the misfortune of many other gentlemen to turn out of the seats of their ancestors, to make way for such new masters as have been more exact in their accounts than themselves; and certainly he deserves the estate a great deal better who has got it by his industry, than he who has lost it by his negligence.'

Spectator, No. 174.] [September 19, 1711.

No. 130. *On the Lottery.*

> Ex humili magna ad fastigia rerum
> Extollit, quoties voluit fortuna jocari.
>
> JUV. Sat. iii. 39.

I went on Saturday last to make a visit in the city; and as I passed through Cheapside, I saw crowds of people turning down towards the Bank, and struggling who should first get their money into the new-erected lottery [n]. It gave me a great notion of the credit of our present government and administration, to find people press as eagerly to pay money as they would to receive it; and, at the same time, a due respect for that body of men who have found out so pleasing an expedient for carrying on the common cause, that they have turned a tax into a

diversion. The cheerfulness of spirit, and the hopes of success, which this project has occasioned in this great city, lightens the burden of the war, and put me in mind of some games, which, they say, were invented by wise men, who were lovers of their country, to make their fellow-citizens undergo the tediousness and fatigues of a long siege. I think there is a kind of homage due to Fortune, if I may call it so; and that I should be wanting to myself, if I did not lay in my pretences to her favour, and pay my compliments to her by recommending a ticket to her disposal. For this reason, upon my return to my lodgings, I sold off a couple of globes and a telescope, which, with the cash I had by me, raised the sum that was requisite for that purpose. I find by my calculations, that it is but an hundred and fifty thousand[n] to one against my being worth a thousand pounds per annum for thirty-two years; and if any plumb[n] in the city will lay me an hundred and fifty thousand pounds to twenty shillings, which is an even bet, that I am not this fortunate man, I will take the wager, and shall look upon him as a man of singular courage and fair dealing; having given orders to Mr. Morphew[n] to subscribe such a policy in my behalf, if any person accepts of the offer. I must confess, I have had such private intimations from the twinkling of a certain star in some of my astronomical observations, that I should be unwilling to take fifty pounds a year for my chance, unless it were to oblige a particular friend. My chief business at present is to prepare my mind for this change of fortune: for as Seneca, who was a greater moralist, and a much richer man than I shall be with this addition to my present income, says—'*Munera ista Fortunæ putatis? Insidiæ sunt.*' 'What we look upon as gifts and presents of Fortune, are traps and snares which she lays for the unwary.' I am arming myself against her favours with all my philosophy; and that I may not lose myself in such a redundance of unnecessary and superfluous wealth, I have determined to settle an annual pension out of it upon a family of Palatines, and by that means give these unhappy strangers a taste of British property. At the same time, as I have an excellent servant-maid, whose diligence in attending me has increased in proportion to my infirmities, I shall settle upon her the revenue arising out of the ten pounds, and amounting to fourteen shillings per annum; with which she may retire into

Wales, where she was born a gentlewoman, and pass the re maining part of her days in a condition suitable to her birth anc quality. It was impossible for me to make an inspection intc my own fortune on this occasion, without seeing, at the samc time, the fate of others who are embarked in the same adven ture. And indeed it was a great pleasure to me to observe, tha the war, which generally impoverishes those who furnish ou the expense of it, will by this means give estates to some, with out making others the poorer for it. I have lately seen severa in liveries, who will give as good of their own very suddenly and took a particular satisfaction in the sight of a young countr wench, whom I this morning passed by as she was whirling he mop[n], with her petticoats tucked up very agreeably, who, if ther is any truth in my art, is within ten months[n] of being the hand somest great fortune in town. I must confess, I was so struc with the foresight of what she is to be, that I treated her accord ingly, and said to her—'Pray, young lady, permit me to pas by.' I would for this reason advise all masters and mistresse to carry it with great moderation and condescension toward their servants until next Michaelmas, lest the superiority at tha time should be inverted. I must likewise admonish all m brethren and fellow-adventurers to fill their minds with pro arguments for their support and consolation in case of ill suc cess. It so happens in this particular, that though the gainc will have no reason to rejoice, the losers will have no reason t complain. I remember, the day after the thousand pound pr was drawn in the penny lottery[n], I went to visit a splendi acquaintance of mine, who was under much dejection, and seemed to me to have suffered some great disappointmen Upon enquiry, I found he had put two-pence for himself and his son into the lottery, and that neither of them had drawn th thousand pound. Hereupon this unlucky person took occasio to enumerate the misfortunes of his life, and concluded wit telling me that he never was successful in any of his under takings. I was forced to comfort him with the common reflec tion upon such occasions, that men of the greatest merit ar not always men of the greatest success, and that persons of hi character must not expect to be as happy as fools. I shall pro ceed in the like manner with my rivals and competitors for th thousand pounds a year, which we are now in pursuit of; anc

that I may give general content to the whole body of candidates, I shall allow all that draw prizes to be fortunate, and all that miss them to be wise.

I must not here omit to acknowledge that I have received several letters upon this subject, but find one common error running through them all, which is, that the writers of them believe their fate in these cases depends upon the astrologer, and not upon the stars; as in the following letter from one who, I fear, flatters himself with hopes of success, which are altogether groundless, since he does not seem to me so great a fool as he takes himself to be.

'SIR,

'Coming to town, and finding my friend Mr. Partridge[11] dead and buried, and you the only conjurer in repute, I am under a necessity of applying myself to you for a favour, which, nevertheless, I confess it would better become a friend to ask, than one who is, as I am, altogether a stranger to you; but poverty, you know, is impudent; and as that gives me the occasion, so that alone could give me the confidence to be thus unfortunate.

'I am, Sir, very poor, and very desirous to be otherwise: I have got ten pounds, which I design to venture in the lottery now on foot. What I desire of you is, that by your art, you will choose such a ticket for me as shall arise[11] a benefit sufficient to maintain me. I must beg leave to inform you, that I am good for nothing, and must therefore insist upon a larger lot than would satisfy those who are capable, by their own abilities, of adding something to what you should assign them; whereas I must expect an absolute independent maintenance, because, as I said, I can do nothing. It is possible, after this free confession of mine, you may think I do not deserve to be rich; but I hope you will likewise observe, I can ill afford to be poor. My own opinion is, that I am well qualified for an estate, and have a good title to luck in a lottery; but I resign myself wholly to your mercy, not without hopes that you will consider, the less I deserve, the greater the generosity in you. If you reject me, I have agreed with an acquaintance of mine to bury me for my ten pounds. I once more recommend myself to your favour, and bid you adieu!'

I cannot forbear publishing another letter which I have received, because it redounds to my own credit, as well as to that of a very honest footman.

Jan. 23, 1710.

'MR. BICKERSTAFF,

'I am bound in justice to acquaint you, that I put an advertisement into your last paper about a watch that was lost, and was brought to me on the very day your paper came out, by a footman; who told me, that he would have brought it if he had not read your discourse on that day against avarice; but that since he had read it, he scorned to take a reward for doing what in justice he ought to do.

'I am, Sir, your most humble Servant,

'JOHN HAMMOND.'

Tatler, No. 124.] [January 24, 1710.

No. 131. *The Story of Alexander Selkirk.*

Talia monstrabat, relegens errata retrorsum.—VIRG. Æn. iii. 690.

Under the title of this paper, I do not think it foreign to my design, to speak of a man born in Her Majesty's dominions, and relate an adventure in his life so uncommon, that it is doubtful whether the like has happened to any of human race. The person I speak of is Alexander Selkirk, whose name is familiar to men of curiosity, from the fame of his having lived four years and four months alone in the island of Juan Fernandez. I had the pleasure frequently to converse with the man soon after his arrival in England, in the year 1711. It was matter of great curiosity to hear him, as he is a man of good sense, give an account of the different revolutions in his own mind in that long solitude. When we consider how painful absence from company for the space of but one evening is to the generality of mankind, we may have a sense how painful this necessary and constant solitude was to a man bred a sailor, and ever accustomed to enjoy and suffer, eat, drink, and sleep,

and perform all offices of life, in fellowship and company. He was put ashore from a leaky vessel, with the captain of which he had had an irreconcileable difference; and he chose rather to take his fate in this place, than in a crazy vessel, under a disagreeable commander. His portion were a sea-chest, his wearing clothes and bedding, a firelock, a pound of gunpowder, a large quantity of bullets, a flint and steel, a few pounds of tobacco, an hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a bible, and other books of devotion, together with pieces that concerned navigation, and his mathematical instruments. Resentment against his officer, who had ill-used him, made him look forward on this change of life, as the more eligible one, till the instant in which he saw the vessel put off; at which moment, his heart yearned within him, and melted at the parting with his comrades and all human society at once. He had in provisions for the sustenance of life but the quantity of two meals, the island abounding only with wild goats, cats and rats. He judged it most probable that he should find more immediate and easy relief, by finding shell-fish on the shore, than seeking game with his gun. He accordingly found great quantities of turtles, whose flesh is extremely delicious, and of which he frequently ate very plentifully on his first arrival, till it grew disagreeable to his stomach, except in jellies. The necessities of hunger and thirst, were his greatest diversions from the reflection on his lonely condition. When those appetites were satisfied, the desire of society was as strong a call upon him, and he appeared to himself least necessitous when he wanted everything; for the supports of his body were easily attained, but the eager longings for seeing again the face of man during the interval of craving bodily appetites, were hardly supportable. He grew dejected, languid, and melancholy, scarce able to refrain from doing himself violence, till by degrees, by the force of reason, and frequent reading of the Scriptures, and turning his thoughts upon the study of navigation, after the space of eighteen months, he grew thoroughly reconciled to his condition. When he had made this conquest, the vigour of his health, disengagement from the world, a constant, cheerful, serene sky, and a temperate air, made his life one continual feast, and his being much more joyful than it had before been irksome. He now taking delight in everything, made the hut in which he lay, by ornaments

which he cut down from a spacious wood, on the side of which it was situated, the most delicious bower, fanned with continual breezes, and gentle aspirations of wind, that made his repose after the chase equal to the most sensual pleasures.

I forgot to observe, that during the time of his dissatisfaction, monsters of the deep, which frequently lay on the shore, added to the terrors of his solitude; the dreadful howlings and voices seemed too terrible to be made for the human ears; but upon the recovery of his temper, he could with pleasure not only hear their voices, but approach the monsters themselves with great intrepidity. He speaks of sea-lions, whose jaws and tails were capable of seizing or breaking the limbs of a man, if he approached them: but at that time his spirits and life were so high, and he could act so regularly and unconcerned, that merely from being unruffled in himself, he killed them with the greatest ease imaginable: for observing, that though their jaws and tails were so terrible, yet the animals being mighty slow in working themselves round, he had nothing to do but place himself exactly opposite to their middle, and as close to them as possible, he dispatched them with his hatchet at will.

The precautions which he took against want, in case of sickness, was to lame kids when very young, so as that they might recover their health, but never be capable of speed. These he had in great numbers about his hut; and when he was himself in full vigour, he could take at full speed the swiftest goat running up a promontory, and never failed of catching them but on a descent.

His habitation was extremely pester'd with rats, which gnawed his clothes and feet when sleeping. To defend him against them, he fed and tamed numbers of young kitlings[n], who lay about his bed, and preserved him from the enemy. When his clothes[n] were quite worn out, he dried and tacked together the skins of goats, with which he clothed himself, and was enured to pass through woods, bushes, and brambles with as much carelessness and precipitance as any other animal. It happened, once to him, that running on the summit of a hill, he made a stretch to seize a goat, with which under him, he fell down a precipice, and lay helpless for the space of three days, the length of which time he measured by the moon's growth since his last observation. This manner of life grew so exquisitely

pleasant, that he never had a moment heavy upon his hands; his nights were untroubled, and his days joyous, from the practice of temperance and exercise. It was his manner to use stated hours and places for exercises of devotion, which he performed aloud, in order to keep up the faculties of speech, and to utter himself with greater energy.

When I first saw him, I thought, if I had not been let into his character and story, I could have discerned that he had been much separated from company, from his aspect and gesture; there was a strong but cheerful seriousness in his look, and a certain disregard to the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in thought. When the ship which brought him off the island came in, he received them with the greatest indifference, with relation to the prospect of going off with them, but with great satisfaction in an opportunity to refresh and help them. The man frequently bewailed his return to the world, which could not, he said, with all its enjoyments, restore him to the tranquillity of his solitude. Though I had frequently conversed with him, after a few months absence he met me in the street, and though he spoke to me, I could not recollect that I had seen him; familiar converse in this town had taken off the loneliness of his aspect, and quite altered the air of his face.

This plain man's story is a memorable example, that he is happiest who confines his wants to natural necessities; and he that goes further in his desires, increases his wants in proportion to his acquisitions; or to use his own expression, 'I am now worth £800, but shall never be so happy, as when I was not worth a farthing.'

Englishman, No. 26.] [December 3, 1713.

No. 132. *On the Character of Prince Eugene.*

> Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes?
> Quem sese ore ferens! quam forti pectore et armis!
> VIRG. Æn. iv. 10.

I take it to be the highest instance of a noble mind, to bear great qualities without discovering in a man's behaviour any

consciousness that he is superior to the rest of the world. Or, to say it otherwise, it is the duty of a great person so to demean himself, as that whatever endowments he may have, he may appear to value himself upon no qualities but such as any man may arrive at. He ought to think no man valuable but for his public spirit, justice, and integrity: and all other endowments to be esteemed only as they contribute to the exerting those virtues. Such a man, if he is wise or valiant, knows it is of no consideration to other men that he is so, but as he employs those high talents for their use and service. He who affects the applauses and addresses of a multitude, or assumes to himself a pre-eminence upon any other consideration, must soon turn admiration into contempt. It is certain that there can be no merit in any man who is not conscious of it; but the sense that it is valuable only according to the application of it, makes that superiority amiable, which would otherwise be invidious. In this light it is considered as a thing in which every man bears a share. It annexes the ideas of dignity, power, and fame, in an agreeable and familiar manner, to him who is possessor of it; and all men who are strangers to him are naturally incited to indulge a curiosity in beholding the person, behaviour, feature, and shape of him in whose character, perhaps, each man had formed something in common with himself.

Whether such, or any other, are the causes, all men have a yearning curiosity to behold a man of heroic worth; and I have had many letters from all parts of this kingdom, that request I would give them an exact account of the stature, the mien, the aspect of the prince[11] who lately visited England, and has done such wonders for the liberty of Europe. It would puzzle the most curious to form to himself the sort of man my several correspondents expect to hear of by the action mentioned, when they desire a description of him. There is always something that concerns themselves, and growing out of their own circumstances, in all their inquiries. A friend of mine in Wales beseeches me to be very exact in my account of that wonderful man, who had marched an army and all its baggage over the Alps; and, if possible, to learn whether the peasant who showed him the way, and is drawn in the map, be yet living. A gentleman from the university, who is deeply intent on the study of humanity, desires me to be as particular, if I had opportunity,

in observing the whole interview between his highness and our late general. Thus do men's fancies work according to their several educations and circumstances; but all pay a respect, mixed with admiration, to this illustrious character. I have waited for his arrival in Holland, before I would let my correspondents know that I have not been so uncurious a Spectator as not to have seen Prince Eugene. It would be very difficult, as I said just now, to answer every expectation of those who have written to me on that head; nor is it possible for me to find words to let one know what an artful glance there is in his countenance who surprised Cremona[n]; how daring he appears who forced the trenches of Turin[n]; but in general I can say that he who beholds him will easily expect from him any thing that is to be imagined, or executed, by the wit or force of man. The prince is of that stature[n] which makes a man most easily become all parts of exercise; has height to be graceful on occasions of state and ceremony, and no less adapted for agility and dispatch: his aspect is erect and composed; his eye lively and thoughtful, yet rather vigilant than sparkling; his action and address the most easy imaginable, and his behaviour in an assembly[n] peculiarly graceful in a certain art of mixing insensibly with the rest, and becoming one of the company, instead of receiving the court-ship of it. The shape of his person, and composure of his limbs, are remarkably exact and beautiful. There is in his looks something sublime, which does not seem to arise from his quality or character, but the innate disposition of his mind. It is apparent that he suffers the presence of much company, instead of taking delight in it; and he appeared in public, while with us, rather to return good-will, or satisfy curiosity, than to gratify any taste he himself had of being popular. As his thoughts are never tumultuous in danger, they are as little discomposed on occasions of pomp and magnificence. A great soul is affected, in either case, no further than in considering the properest methods to extricate itself from them. If this hero has the strong incentives to uncommon enterprises that were remarkable in Alexander, he prosecutes and enjoys the fame of them with the justness, propriety, and good sense of Cæsar. It is easy to observe in him a mind as capable of being entertained with contemplation as enterprise; a mind ready for

great exploits, but not impatient for occasions to exert itself. The prince has wisdom, and valour in as high perfection as man can enjoy it; which noble faculties, in conjunction, banish all vain-glory, ostentation, ambition, and all other vices which might intrude upon his mind, to make it unequal. These habits and qualities of soul and body, render this personage so extraordinary, that he appears to have nothing in him but what every man should have in him, the exertion of his very self, abstracted from the circumstances in which fortune has placed him. Thus, were you to see Prince Eugene, and were told he was a private gentleman, you would say he is a man of modesty and merit. Should you be told that was Prince Eugene, he would be diminished no otherwise, than that part of your distant admiration would turn into a familiar good-will.

This I thought fit to entertain my reader with, concerning a hero who never was equalled but by one man[n]; over whom also he has this advantage, that he has had an opportunity to manifest an esteem for him in his adversity.

Spectator, No. 340.] [March 31, 1712.

No. 133. *On the Demolition of Dunkirk.*

Delenda est Carthago.

It is usually thought, with great justice, a very impertinent thing in a private man to intermeddle in matters which regard the state. But the memorial which is mentioned in the following letter is so daring, and so apparently designed for the most traitorous purpose imaginable, than I do not care what misinterpretation I suffer, when I expose it to the resentment of all men who value their country, or have any regard for the honour, safety, or glory of their queen. It is certain there is not much danger in delaying the demolition of Dunkirk[n] during the life of his present most Christian majesty, who is renowned for the most inviolable regard to treaties; but that pious prince is aged, and in case of his decease, now the power of France and Spain[n] is in the same family, it is possible an ambitious suc-

cessor (or his ministry in a king's minority) might dispute his being bound by the act of his predecessor in so weighty a particular.

'MR. IRONSIDE,

'You employ your important moments, methinks, a little too frivolously, when you consider so often little circumstances of dress and behaviour, and never make mention of matters wherein you and all your fellow-subjects in general are concerned. I give you now an opportunity, not only of manifesting your loyalty to your queen, but your affection to your country, if you treat an insolence done to them both with the disdain it deserves. The inclosed printed paper in French and English has been handed about the town, and given gratis to passengers in the streets at noon-day. You see the title of it is, "A most humble address, or memorial, presented to her majesty the queen of Great Britain, by the deputy of the magistrates of Dunkirk[n]." The nauseous memorialist, with the most fulsome flattery, tells the queen of her thunder, and of wisdom and clemency adored by all the earth; at the same time that he attempts to undermine her power, and escape her wisdom, by beseeching her to do an act which will give a well-grounded jealousy to her people. What the sycophant desires is, That the mole and dikes of Dunkirk may be spared; and it seems the sieur Tugghe, for so the petitioner is called, was thunderstruck by the denunciation (which he says) "the lord viscount Bolingbroke made to him," that her majesty did not think to make any alteration in the dreadful sentence she had pronounced against the town. Mr. Ironside, I think you would do an act worthy your general humanity, if you would put the sieur Tugghe right in this matter; and let him know, that her majesty has pronounced no sentence against the town, but his most Christian majesty has agreed that the town and harbour shall be demolished.

'That the British nation expect the immediate demolition of it.

'That the very common people know, that within three months after the signing of the peace, the works towards the sea, were to be demolished; and, within three months[n] after it, the works towards the land.

'That the said peace was signed the last of March, O. S.

'That the parliament has been told from the queen, that the equivalent for it is in the hands of the French king.

'That the sieur Tugghe has the impudence to ask the queen to remit the most material part of the articles of peace between her majesty and his master.

'That the British nation received more damage in their trade from the port of Dunkirk, than from almost all the ports of France, either in the ocean, or in the Mediterranean.

'That fleets of above thirty sail have come together out of Dunkirk, during the late war, and taken ships of war as well as merchantmen.

'That the pretender sailed from thence to Scotland; and that it is the only port the French have until you come to Brest, for the whole length of St. George's channel, where any considerable naval armament can be made.

'That destroying the fortifications of Dunkirk is an inconsiderable advantage to England, in comparison to the advantage of destroying the mole, dikes, and harbour; it being the naval force from thence which only can hurt the British nation.

'That the British nation expect the immediate demolition of Dunkirk.

'That the Dutch, who suffered equally with us from those of Dunkirk, were probably induced to sign the treaty with France from this consideration, That the town and harbour of Dunkirk should be destroyed.

'That the situation of Dunkirk is such, as that it may always keep runners to observe all ships sailing on the Thames and Medway.

'That all the suggestions which the sieur Tugghe brings concerning the Dutch, are false and scandalous.

'That whether it may be advantageous to the trade of Holland or not, that Dunkirk should be demolished; it is necessary for the safety, honour, and liberty of England, that it should be so.

'That when Dunkirk is demolished, the power of France, on that side, should it ever be turned against us, will be removed several hundred miles further off of Great Britain than it is at present.

'That after the demolition, there can be no considerable pre-

paration made at sea by the French on all the channel, but at Brest; and that Great Britain being an island, which cannot be attacked but by a naval power, we may esteem France effectually removed, by the demolition, from Great Britain, as far as the distance from Dunkirk to Brest.

'Pray, Mr. Ironside, repeat this last particular, and put it in a different letter, *That the demolition of Dunkirk will remove France many hundred miles further off from us;* and then repeat again, *That the British nation expects the demolition of Dunkirk.*

'I demand of you, as you love and honour your queen and country, that you insert this letter, or speak to this purpose, your own way; for in this all parties must agree, that however bound in friendship one nation is with another, it is but prudent that in case of a rupture, they should be, if possible, upon equal terms.

'Be honest, old Nestor, and say all this; for whatever half-witted hot whigs may think, we all value our estates and liberties, and every true man of each party must think himself concerned that Dunkirk should be demolished.

'It lies upon all who have the honour to be in the ministry to hasten this matter, and not let the credulity of an honest brave people be thus infamously abused in our open streets.

'I cannot go on for indignation; but pray God that our mercy to France may not expose us to the mercy of France.

'Your humble servant,

'ENGLISH TORY [2].'

Guardian, No. 128.] [August 7, 1713.

LION'S HEAD AT BUTTON'S COFFEE HOUSE.

(See Note to p. 430, l. 22.)

NOTES.

I.

MORAL AND DIDACTIC PAPERS.

P. 1, l. 17. *prevent*=to anticipate. 'It is no Grace to a *Iudge* . . . to prevent Information, by Questions though Pertinent.' (Bacon, *Essays*, 1625; No. lvi.) Cf. also *Psalms*, cxix. 148.

P. 2, l. 32. *this illustrious day*. This paper is dated February 6th, which was Queen Anne's birthday.

P. 3, l. 30. *St. Bride's church*. St. Bride's, or St. Bridget's, Fleet Street. In the parish of St. Bride's is a Charity School for 50 Boys and 50 Girls, who are clothed, taught and placed apprentices by the voluntary subscriptions of the inhabitants, and by a Collection at the Church Door once a year. Steele's paper was doubtless in aid of this collection. At this date the school seems to have been for boys only; the girls' school was added afterwards. (See *Spectator*, No. 380.)

l. 37. *Dr. Snape*. Dr. Andrew Snape, d. 1742, was one of Hoadly's adversaries in the Bangorian Controversy. His sermons were published in 1745.

P. 4, l. 29. *my beloved author*. Cicero, a motto from whom heads the paper.

P. 7, l. 20. *York-buildings* was the general name for the streets and houses erected upon the site of old York House, when it was pulled down in 1672. Steele himself lived in Villiers Street, York Buildings, from 1721 to 1724; and here he built his 'Censorium.' (See *Introduction*, p. xxxvii.)

l. 22. *George Powell* (see note to p. 359, l. 11) acted the part of Falstaff (*Henry IV*, Pt. I) at his benefit, April 7, 1712. From Chetwood's *History of the Stage*, it appears that he modelled himself upon Betterton, mimicking not only his merits as an actor, but, less judiciously, his infirmities as a man.

P. 9, l. 16. *a city romance*. The 'eminent trader' here intended was a Mr. John Moreton; the 'generous merchant' Sir William Scawen. In *Spectator*, No. 546 (Nov. 26, 1712) Steele makes further reference to this incident. 'It was no small Pleasure to me . . . to remark, as I passed by *Cornhill*, that the Shop of that worthy, honest, tho' lately unfortunate Citizen Mr. *John Moreton*, so well known in the Linnen Trade, is fitting up anew.'

P. 10, l. 5. *It has been heretofore urged.* In the *Spectator*, No. 218, not included in this volume.

l. 11. *a custom of choosing kings.* The person referred to is Richard Nash, afterwards Master of the Ceremonies at Bath. He was a Member of the Middle Temple in the reign of William the Third. Goldsmith retells this story upon the authority of the *Spectator*, in his *Life of Richard Nash, of Bath, Esq.* 1762, p. 14.

P. 11, l. 5. *the Satirist.* The quotation is from the 4th Satire of Persius, ll. 51–2 :—

'Tollat sua munera cerdo:
Tecum habita.'

l. 27. *the Lacedæmonians.* 'For this cause therefore in all their warres, when they should geue battell, the King dyd first sacrifice to the Muses, to put his souldiers in minde (as it should seeme) of the discipline & wisdome of the Muses that they had bene brought vp in, to the end than when his souldiers were in the most extreme daunger, the Muses should present them selues before the souldiers eyes, to pricke them forward to doe some noble actes of worthy memorie.' (North's *Plutarch*, 1579, p. 59.)

P. 12, l. 15. *the objects of ridicule.* See *Guardian*, No. 4, which is an admirable paper on fulsome dedications, ascribed to Pope.

l. 16. *Bulfinch.* A character in Brome's *Northern Lasse*, 1632. (Cf. *Spectator*, No. 468, p. 368 in this volume.)

Droll. A Droll or Drollery was a dramatic piece made up of scenes from different plays, and acted chiefly at booths by strolling companies. It is said to have been invented by an actor named Cox. Cf. Swift, *On Poetry*, 1733 :—

'Some as justly Fame extols
For lofty Lines in *Smithfield Drols*.'

l. 28. *Phocion.* 'Another time he chaunced to say his opinion before all the people, the which they all praised and approued: but he saw they were so sodeinly become of his minde, he turned backe to his friendes and asked them: alas, hath not some evill thing slipped my mouth unwares.' (North's *Plutarch*, 1579, p. 800.)

P. 14, l. 37. *as pages*, etc. The royal children, at one time, were punished by proxy. Burnet (*History of his Own Time*, ed. 1823, i. 102) gives an account of one Mr. Murray, of the bed-chamber, who had been whipping-boy to King Charles I. See also *Spectator*, No. 313, for Budgell's pretty story of the Westminster Scholar who was flogged by Dr. Busby in the place of his friend.

l. 39. *pasquils* = pasquinades, from Pasquin (v. Note to p. 218, l. 20.) 'He never valued any *pasquils* that were dropped up and down, to think them worthy of his revenge.' (Howell, in Johnson, where Steele's sentence is also quoted.) Cf. also Swift to Sheridan :—

'Tom, for a goose you keep but base quills,
They're fit for nothing else but *pasquils*.'

P. 16, l. 15. *Undeserved praise*, etc. This is a translation of the motto from Horace which heads the paper.

P. 17, l. 11. *Sir Francis Bacon.* See Bacon's *Essays*, No. ix, 'Of Envy,' par. 1.

P. 19, l. 20. *a description of my face.* Cf. *Spectator*, No. 17, p. 173 of this volume, ll. 2–11.

P. 20, l. 36. *a led friend*, i.e. a parasite, a hanger-on. Thackeray gives the title of 'led captain' to Lord Steyne's toady and trencher-man Mr. Wagg. (*Vanity Fair*, 1847, ch. li.)

P. 22, l. 20. *this pleasant remark.* See the *Eunuchus* of Terence, Act ii, Sc. 2, l. 23:—'*Hic homines prorsus ex stultis insanos facit.*' Steele also uses this quotation in *Tatler*, No. 127, p. 24 in this volume.

l. 28. *a droll.* (See note to p. 12, l. 16.) Here the word means a jester, a funny fellow. Cf. Prior's *Democritus and Heraclitus*:—

'Democritus, dear *Droll*, revisit Earth,
And with our Follies glut Thy heighten'd Mirth.'

l. 39. *Sir Jeffery.* Sir Jeffery or Jeoffery Notch of the 'Trumpet Club.' See p. 169 of this volume.

P. 24, l. 25. *an admirable reflection.* See note to p. 22, l. 20.

l. 36. *that magnificent palace.* Bedlam, it must be remembered, was one of the sights of London in the last century. See *Tatler*, No. 30, p. 156, l. 13 in this volume. Cf. also Hogarth's *Rake's Progress*, 1735, Pl. viii, and *World*, 1753, No. 23.

P. 25, l. 34. *the Trumpet.* See note to p. 169, l. 6.

P. 26, l. 34. *Belinda.* The lady here intended is supposed to have been Mary-Ann, daughter of the Prussian Ambassador, Ezekiel, Baron of Spanheim. She was a Kit-Cat toast for whom Halifax wrote verses; and 'as beautiful as Madam Spanheim' seems to have been a proverbial expression. On April 21, 1710, shortly after the date of this paper, she was married to Francis de la Rochefoucauld, Marquis de Montandre, then a Lieut.-General in the English Army. Her father died in November of the same year; and Queen Anne, who greatly esteemed him, was 'generously pleas'd to honour his Memory, by giving to his only Daughter (the Marchioness of *Montandre*) the sum of one thousand Guineas, the usual Present of this Court to Ambassadors Extraordinary, when they take their Leaves.' (Boyer's *Reign of Queen Anne*, in the *Annual List of the Deaths of Eminent Persons.*)

P. 27, l. 14. *One of the greatest souls.* John, Lord Somers (1650–1716). Swift, who dedicated the *Tale of a Tub* to him, specially refers to 'his evenness of temper.' Addison published a panegyric of him in No. 39 of the *Free-Holder*, 'published on the Day of his Interment' (May 4, 1716).

P. 28, l. 17. *Nat Lee.* Lee (1650–1690) was four years in Bedlam. The quotation is from Act iii, Sc. 1 of *The Rival Queens; or, the Death of Alexander the Great*, 1677.

P. 29, l. 27. *chapman* here = customer. Cf. Swift, *Directions to Servants*, 1746, p. 4:—'Your Father sent a Cow to you to sell, and you could not get a *Chapman* till Nine at Night.'

P. 30, l. 25. *Captain Sentry.* See *Spectator*, No. 2, p. 109 in this volume.

P. 32, l. 9. *a gay Frenchman.* The Chevalier de Flourilles, who was killed at the battle of Senelf in 1674. The anecdote is told in the *Memoirs of Condé.*

l. 29. *trow?*, a corruption of 'think you?'—'believe you?' (Singer). Cf. *Cymbeline*, Act. i, Sc. 6:—'What is the matter, *trow?*'

P. 33, l. 7. *the fine gentleman.* This and the ensuing character has been supposed to indicate Lieutenant-General Cornelius Wood 'an excellent Officer of Horse, and a very just and charitable Man.' He died in May, 1712, aged 74. Prior refers to him and Lord Cutts in the *Letter to Monsieur Boileau Despreaux; Occasion'd by the Victory at Blenheim*, 1704:—

> 'CUTTS is in Meeter something harsh to read:
> Place me the valiant GOURAM[1] in his stead:
> Let the Intention make the Number good:
> Let generous SYLVIUS speak for honest WOOD.'

See also *Tatler*, No. 144.

P. 35, l. 34. *My author.* See Bossu, *Traité du Poëme Epique*, Ed. 1708, liv. iv.

P. 43, l. 34. *Long-lane.* Long Lane, West Smithfield, was a place of note for second-hand clothes. Cf. Congreve, *Way of the World*, 1700, Act iii, Sc. 5, where Lady Wishfort says—'I hope to see him hung with Tatters, like a *Long-lane* Penthouse;' and Tom Brown's *Amusements of London*, 1700, p. 37—'I . . . was mortally frighted in my Passage through *Barbican* and *Long-Lane*, by the Impudent *Ragsellers*, in those Scandalous Climates, who laid hold of my Arm to ask me, *What I lack'd.*'

P. 44, l. 3. *St. John-street*, i. e. St. John's Street, Clerkenwell.

l. 4. *bands*, or band. A neckcloth. 'The next that mounted the Stage was an Under-Citizen of the *Bath*, a Person remarkable among the inferior People of that Place for his great Wisdom and his Broad *Band.*' (*Spectator*, No. 179.) Later in the century the term was restricted to the neckcloth worn by students in colleges, lawyers, and clergymen.

l. 38. *the author of them.* For account of Estcourt the player, see *Spectator*, No. 468, p. 368, in this volume and notes. On January 1, 1712, he opened the Bumper Tavern in James Street, Covent Garden, having duly advertised his intention to do so in Nos. 260 and 261 of the *Spectator.* Steele's Coverley letter is a kindly puff of his friend's enterprize.

[1] He was created Baron Cutts of Gowran, in Ireland, Dec. 6, 1690.

P. 45, l. 4. *Sir Roger.* See *Spectator*, No. 2, p. 107 in this volume, and notes.

P. 46, l. 1. *John Sly's best.* John Sly, mentioned in note to p. 169, l. 6, also sold tobacco. In *Spectator*, No. 526, he is styled 'Haberdasher of Hats and Tobacconist.'

P. 47, l. 40. *Sir Richard Blackmore says*, etc. These passages, which are not textual, are from the Preface to *Prince Arthur*, an Heroick Poem in ten Books, 1695. Blackmore (1650–1729), a voluminous writer, author of several epics, had been physician to William the Third, by whom he was knighted. He was a Whig and a pious well-meaning man; but a poet *invita Minerva*. In the above Preface he had anticipated Jeremy Collier in attacking the stage; and in his *Satyr against Wit*, 1700, he carried the war into Will's Coffee-House itself. The whole hive rose at him in a series of *Commendatory Verses;* and Captain Steele, taking up the cudgels for the absent Addison, was among the assailants. In the preface to the collection is an oft-repeated gibe against Blackmore's fruitless fluency. 'When he is in his Coach . . he is still list'ning to the Chimes to put his Ear in tune, and stumbles upon a Distich every Kennel he is jolted over.' Dryden, whom he had impugned among the rest, uses the same idea in the Prologue to *The Pilgrim*, 1700,—

'At leisure Hours, in Epique Song he deals,
Writes to the rumbling of his Coaches Wheels.'

At the date of the present *Spectator*, however, these quarrels, at least as far as Addison and Steele were concerned, were of the past, and Addison gave Blackmore's *Creation*, 1712, a laudatory paragraph in *Spectator*, No. 339.

P. 50, l. 30. *Cæsar*, etc. See Lucan, *Pharsalia*, ii. 657.

P. 52, l. 6. *Ludgate* was used as a prison for such debtors as were freemen of the city of London, clergymen or attorneys. In 1762, when it was pulled down, the inmates were removed to the London Workhouse in Bishopsgate Street. It was the duty of some of the prisoners in turn to stand at the window-grating, shaking a box, and crying 'Remember the poor Debtors.'

P. 53, l. 15. *verses of Denham.* The couplet is from *Cooper's Hill*, 1642.

P. 54, l. 19. *Sir Andrew* Freeport, the merchant of the 'Spectator Club' (cf. *Spectator*, No. 2, p. 109 in this volume).

l. 26. *Jack Truepenny.* In 'Jack Truepenny,' Steele, to some extent, intended to describe himself, if we may believe a note in the early editions, ascribed to Dr. John Hoadly, the son of Sir Richard's friend, the Bishop of Bangor. 'The author fell here under his own censure, but on a much reduced income, he retired first to Hertfordshire [Hereford], and afterwards to Carmarthen in Wales, from a principle of doing justice to his creditors.' (See *Introduction*, p. xlii.)

P. 61, l. 17. *A priest.* This story is founded upon a note in Bayle's account of Leo X.

P. 63, l. 19. *the character.* Rochester said this of Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset. In the epitaph on Caleb Whitefoord, which was added to the 5th edition of Goldsmith's *Retaliation*, 1774, pp. 19–22, it is misquoted as the final line:—

'This debt to thy mem'ry I cannot refuse,
"Thou best humour'd man with the worst humour'd muse."'

P. 67, l. 10. *It is to be allowed,* etc. This almost reads as if Callisthenes were modelled on Addison. Cf. 'Ned Softly,' *Tatler*, No. 163: and Swift's *Character of Mrs. Johnson* (Stella), 'She was never positive in arguing; and she usually treated those who were so, in a manner which well enough gratified that unhappy disposition; yet in such a sort as made it very contemptible, and at the same time did some hurt to the owners. Whether this proceeded from her easiness in general, or from her indifference to persons, or from her despair of mending them, or *from the same practice which she much liked in Mr. Addison*[1], I cannot determine; but when she saw any of the company very warm in a wrong opinion, she was more inclined to confirm them in it than oppose them.' Cf. also Macaulay, *Essays*, 1860, ii. 337, and Pope's exaggeration of the same characteristic (*Prologue to the Satires*, ll. 201–2):—

'Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer.'

P. 68, l. 29. *Mr. Congreve's Doris.* See the entire poem in Congreve's *Works*, 1710, iii. 992–5. Steele extravagantly praised these verses. In his Dedication to Congreve of the *Poetical Miscellanies*, 1714 (see *Introduction*, p. xxxv), he refers to 'Your inimitable *Doris*, which excels, for Politeness, fine Raillery, and courtly Satyr, any Thing we can meet with in any Language.'

P. 69, l. 15. *Mr. Hart.* Hart was a distinguished tragic actor, and says Cibber (*Apology*, 1740, p. 55) 'famous for *Othello*.' He is often mentioned in Pepys. He was the lover of Nell Gwyn, and one of the many favourites of Lady Castlemaine.

P. 70, l. 20. *Tully.* See Cicero, *De Officiis*, iii. 9.

P. 71, l. 14. *Mr. Rayner.* In *Tatler*, No. 135, original folio, is advertised the following:—'The Paul's Scholars Copy-Book, containing the Round and Round-Text Hands, with Alphabets at large of the Greek and Hebrew, and Joyning Pieces of each. Embellished with proper Ornaments of Command of Hand. By J. Rayner, at the Hand and Pen in St. Paul's Churchyard, London . . . Price 1*s.*'

l. 19. *Mr. Morphew.* John Morphew, near Stationer's Hall, who sold the *Tatler*, and received advertisements.

Mr. Lillie. Charles Lillie, a perfumer at the corner of Beaufort

[1] The italics are the editor's.

Buildings, Strand. [He was also an agent for the sale of the paper.

P. 72, l. 9. *It is to me*, etc. Cf. Thackeray's *Book of Snobs*, 1848, *passim*.

l. 22. *It is not*, etc. See the *Encheiridion*, Sect. xvii.

P. 73, l. 1. *indesert*, want of merit. 'This' says Johnson 'is a useful word, but not much received,' and he gives an example of its use by Addison. Steele had already employed it in the *Lying Lover*, 1704, Act ii, where Lovemore says:—

'Of you I am not jealous;
'Tis my own *indesert* that gives me fears.'

l. 6. *Eboracensis*. This was Robert Hunter, appointed Governor of New York in 1709. He died Governor of Jamaica in 1734.

P. 74, l. 37. *Mr. Collier*, i. e. Jeremy Collier, the Nonjuror, Part IV of whose *Essays upon Several Moral Subjects*, containing at pp. 205–36 this one 'Of Fortitude,' was published in 1709.

P. 75, l. 23. *delicates*, dainties. Cf. Shakespeare, 3 *Henry VI*, Act ii, Sc. 5:—

'—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's *delicates*.'

P. 76, l. 19. *tragedian*, here a tragic author. Johnson gives the following example from Stillingfleet:—'Many of the poets themselves had much nobler conceptions of the Deity, than to imagine him to have anything corporeal, as in these verses out of the eminent *tragedian*.'

l. 22. *Mr. Cowley*. The quotation is from *Essay* No. VI, *Of Greatness*.

P. 77, l. 13. *Pyrrhus*. The philosopher was Cineas the orator. See North's *Plutarch*, 1579, pp. 434–5.

P. 78, l. 40. *the Trumpet*. See note to p. 169, l. 6.

P. 80, l. 8. *my author*. Cicero, a motto from whose *De Senectute* is prefixed to the paper.

P. 84, l. 9. *These instances*. See North's *Plutarch*, 1579, p. 813.

l. 32. *a friend*. Stephen Clay, a young barrister of the Inner Temple. He is referred to several times in Steele's *Correspondence*; and Nichols prints two of his poems from the *Muses Mercury*, 1707, which show him to have been an easy versifier.

P. 86, l. 26. *St. James's Garlick-Hill*, or Garlickhithe, is near Thames Street in Vintry-Ward. It was burnt in the Great Fire of London, and rebuilt in 1676–83. The reader referred to was the Rev. Philip Stubbs, rector of the parish, who afterwards became Archdeacon of St. Alban's.

P. 87, l. 10. *Sion-College*, London Wall. It was founded in 1623 for the use of the Clergy in and about London.

P. 88, l. 2. '*Cant.*' Steele's derivation is doubtful. Cant seems more probably to come from *cantare*. 'This word "canting," seems to be derived from the Latine verbe *canto*, which signifies in English to sing, or to make a sound with wordes, that is to say, to speake. And very aptly may canting take his derivation from singing, because canting is a kind of musicke, and he that can cant best is the best musician.' (*English Villanies*, 1683.)

l. 35. *Dr. S———e.* Probably Dr. George Smalridge, the 'Favonius' of *Tatler*, No. 114. He ultimately became Bishop of Bristol. Macaulay calls him the 'humane and accomplished Smalridge.' There is an excellent print of him by Vertue after Knellet (1724).

P. 89, l. 4. '*Do you read*,' etc. '*Si legis, cantas, si cantas, male cantas.*'

l. 16. *a gentleman*, etc. Probably the Rev. Philip Stubbs, referred to in Note to p. 86, l. 26.

P. 90, l. 2. *a set of poor scrubs of us.* Cf. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's *Six Town Eclogues*, 1747; *The Toilette*, p. 28:—

'What shall I do to spend the hateful day?
At chapel shall I wear the morn away?
Who there appears at these unmodish hours,
But ancient matrons with their frizled tours,
And grey religious maids?'

and *St. James's Coffee-House*, p. 9:—

'St. JAMES'S bell had toll'd some wretches in,
(As tatter'd riding-hoods alone could sin).'

Cf. also Hogarth's *Four Times of the Day*, 1738, *Morning*.

l. 8. *mobs.* The mob was a loose undress, sometimes a hood. Cf. Addison's 'Fine Lady's Diary' (*Spectator*, No. 323) 'Went in our *Mobbs* to the Dumb Man [Duncan Campbell].' 'Mobs' were in vogue long after the date of this paper. They are referred to as late as 1773 or 4 in those dancing couplets which Goldsmith wrote to pretty Mrs. Bunbury at Barton:—

'Both are plac'd at the bar, with all proper decorum,
With bunches of fennell, and nosegays before 'em;
Both cover their faces with *mobs* and all that,
But the judge bids them, angrily, take off their hat.'

(*Hanmer Correspondence*, 1838, p. 382.)

l. 11. *lady Lizard's daughters.* Lady Lizard and her daughters are described in *Guardian*, Nos. 2 and 5, not here reprinted.

P. 91, l. 28. *oraisons* = orisons. 'They were commonly called, the judgments of God, and performed with solemn *oraisons* and other ceremonies.' (Temple's *Works*, 1770, iii. 167.) Dryden also writes it in this way.

l. 31. *fifty pounds a year.* The condition of the inferior clergy

in the eighteenth century appears to have been deplorable. Queen Anne's Bounty should have helped them; but although the Act was passed in 1704, the fund, owing to the operation of one of the clauses, was not administered until 1714, and even then, if one may judge by contemporary literature, it does not seem to have reached the really necessitous. Parson Adams in *Joseph Andrews* has but twenty-three pounds a year; the Vicar of Wakefield but thirty-five in the first instance, in the second but fifteen; and the clergyman of the *Deserted Village* forty,—the actual sum received by Goldsmith's brother Henry (see Dedication to *Traveller*, 1764). Cf. also a letter in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November, 1763, in which the writer, contending that the clergy should at least have a competence, modestly fixes it at eighty pounds per annum.

P. 95, l. 6. *Cælicolo* is supposed to have been John Hughes, a worthy and pious man, the friend of Addison, Steele and Pope. He was a contributor to the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, and also (anonymously) to the *Poetical Miscellanies* of 1714. 'To this,' says Carruthers, 'Hughes, the author of the Siege of Damascus, . . sent several pieces, but finding, before publication, that Pope's Wife of Bath and some other pieces, which were inconsistent with his ideas of decency and decorum, had been admitted, he immediately withdrew most of his own, and allowed only two small poems, and those without his name, to appear' (*Life of Pope*, 1858, p. 109). Hughes died in February 1720, just after the successful production of the above-named tragedy; and Steele wrote a kindly paper about him in the *Theatre* (No. 15).

l. 19. *a great divine*, Dr. Robert South (1613-1716).

P. 97, l. 20. *Cicero.* See *Tusc. Quæst.* i. 17.

l. 29. '*he would rather be*,' etc. '*Errare, mehercule, malo cum Platone . . . quam cum istis vera sentire.*' (*Ibid.*)

P. 100, l. 21. *a hack*, i.e. a hackney-coach. Cf. Pope, *Dunciad*, ii. 23:—

> 'From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
> On horse, on foot, in *hacks*, and gilded chariots.'

P. 101, l. 15. *Sir Walter Raleigh.* See, for the ensuing quotation, *History of the World*, 1614, Bk. i, Ch. 4, Sect. 4.

l. 27. *her incantation*, charms, enchantments. Johnson gives this passage from Raleigh as one of his examples of the word.

P. 103, l. 19. *his country and his honour.* It would be easy to illustrate this paper from Steele's correspondence, and it is probable that much of it reproduces difficulties he had experienced in his own domestic life. (See *Introduction*, pp. xxii-xxvi.)

P. 105, l. 38. *one of our famous lawyers.* Henry de Bracton, *De Legibus et Consuetudinibus Angliæ*, Bk. i, Chap. 10.

P. 106, l. 13. *A friend with indignation*, etc. See Xenophon's *Symposium.*

II.

SOCIAL PAPERS.

P. 107, l. 3. *Sir Rogêr de Coverley.* The original of Sir Roger is supposed to have been Sir John Pakington, a Tory knight of Worcester. But no importance can be attached to identifications of this kind, unless very well supported; and it is well to remember Fielding's words on this head in *Joseph Andrews* (bk. iii, chap. 1). 'To prevent, therefore, any such malicious applications, I declare here, once for all, I describe not men, but manners; not an individual, but a species. Perhaps it will be answered, Are not the characters then taken from life? To which I answer in the affirmative; nay, I believe I might aver that I have writ little more than I have seen.'

l. 4. *that famous country-dance.* This, according to Chappell (*Popular Music of the Olden Time*), was named after a knight who lived under Richard I. In Ashton's *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, 1882, ii. 268-9, where the music is given, there is a curious extract from an old tract of 1648 against one Sir Hugh Caulverley, Knight, which contains perhaps the earliest reference to the tune. On p. 5 the writer says:—'I purposely to vex Sir Hugh, and his Champion Dod, sent for a fidler, and during the time my fellow Coursers were drinking a Cup of Ale, we having run our Match, I and my Fidler, rid up to Sayton, and from one end of the town to the other, I made the Fidler play a tune called Roger of Caulverley: This I did to shew, that I did not fear to be disarmed by them, and they may thank themselves for it, for if they had not first endeavoured to mischief me, I should not trouble myself to have vext them.'

l. 14. *Soho-square.* The 'genteel' square of Soho was built in 1681, and in Sir Roger's day was still practically a new neighbourhood, though the name dated as far back as 1632, and perhaps earlier. 'So-ho' or 'So-how'—says Cunningham—'was an old cry in hunting when the hare was found.' (*Handbook of London*, 1850, 456.)

l. 15. *a perverse beautiful widow.* This lady, like Sir Roger, has been identified with a real personage,—a Mrs. Catharine Bovey, to whom the second volume of the *Ladies Library* (see *Introduction*, p. xxxvi) is dedicated. She died in 1726, aged 57. There is a splendid monument to her in Westminster Abbey, erected by her executrix and confidante, Mrs. Mary Pope. (See also *Spectator*, No. 113.)

l. 18. *Rochester.* John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester (1648-80), the profligate friend of Charles II.

Etheredge, the author of the comedies of the *Comical Revenge*, 1664, *She Would if She Could*, 1668, and the *Man of Mode*, 1676

(criticised by Steele in *Spectator*, No. 65), was born about 1635. The date of his death is unknown. Much hitherto unpublished information respecting him is contained in Gosse's *Seventeenth Century Studies*, 1883, pp. 233–65.

l. 19. *bully Dawson* was a noted sharper and swash-buckler of White Friars and its vicinity, who is supposed to have sat for 'Captain Hackum' in Shadwell's *Squire of Alsatia*, 1688. He is one of the correspondents in Tom Brown's *Letters from the Dead to the Living*.

P. 108, l. 25. *Aristotle and Longinus*, etc. Longinus wrote 'On the Sublime;' Coke (the Chief Justice) commented Littleton's *Tenures*.

P. 109, l. 6. *New Inn*, etc. *New-Inn*, was in Wych Street, Drury Lane; Russell Court leads from Drury Lane to Brydges Street; Will's Coffee-House and the Rose were both in Russell Street, Covent Garden.

'Suppose me dead; and then suppose
A Club assembled at *the Rose*:
Where, from discourse of this and that,
I grow the Subject of their Chat.'

(*Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift, Written by Himself:* Nov. 1731.)

l. 34. *Captain Sentry* is thought to have been intended for Colonel Magnus Camperfeld or Kempenfeldt, whose son, the Admiral, went down in the *Royal George*, August 29, 1782. Like Steele, Camperfeld entered the army as a volunteer; like Steele, too, he served in the Coldstream Guards, becoming Ensign in 1689, and Lieutenant in 1692. In May 1702 he was promoted to a company in the Fourth Foot, and must have afterwards become Colonel, by which title Steele, who had probably served under him, refers to him in *Spectator*, No. 544, p. 132 in this volume.

P. 110, l. 32. *Will Honeycomb*, again, has his reputed prototype in Pope's friend, Cleland. But there were more Clelands than one; and Carruthers, who has carefully gone into the question (*Life of Pope*, 1858, pp. 261–3), seems unable to decide that either had any strong resemblance to the Spectator's fine gentleman. Steele, however, certainly knew a Cleland; for he refers to him in a letter to his wife dated September 8, 1714 (*Epist. Corr.* 1809, p. 358).

P. 112, l. 28. *a Jesuit.* Speaking, with generous enthusiasm, of the 'many masterly strokes' which Steele added to the *Spectator* portraits, Mr. Forster especially selects this one:—'In the whole range of Addison's wit, is there anything more perfect than Steele's making the *Spectator* remember that he was once taken up for a Jesuit, for no other reason than his profound taciturnity?' (*Historical and Biographical Essays*, 1858, ii. 188.)

P. 115, l. 17. *tea-table talk.* Steele brought out a paper called the *Tea-Table* in 1716. It only reached three Nos. (Drake's *Essays*, i. 127).

P. 117, l. 20. *a husband*, i.e. an economist. Cf. the extract from Swift in note to p. 269, l. 26.

P. 119, l. 19. *jetting*=jutting, projecting.

P. 120, l. 5. *the coffee-house.* In Fisher's *Ground Plan of Whitehall*, the Tilt yard is shewn facing the Banqueting House, and extending to the right (towards Charing Cross). Jenny Mann's 'Tilt Yard Coffee-house,' to which Sir Roger refers, is said to have stood on the site at present occupied by the Paymaster General's Office, and still existed in 1819. It is the scene of Somervile's fable of the *Incurious Bencher*. Now (1885) the Paymaster General's itself is to be pulled down, and in a brief space of time, fresh structures will again arise upon the spot where the Knight's ancestor manipulated his adversary with such 'laudable Courtesy and pardonable Insolence.'

l. 15. *my grandmother appears.* Planché, in his *History of British Costume*, 1874 (3rd edition), p. 351, has the following remarks on this and the preceding passage:—'In Sir Roger de Coverley's picture gallery, his great-great-grandmother is said to have on "*the new-fashioned petticoat, except that the modern is gathered at the waist.*" The old lady was evidently in the wheel fardingale, which projected all round, for the Knight adds—"My grandmother appears as if she stood in a large drum, whereas the ladies now walk as if they were in a go-cart;" the whalebone petticoat, on its first introduction, presenting a triangular rather than a hooped appearance. In the month of July in that year [i.e. 1711] we find it was swollen out to an enormous size, so that what the ladies had lost in height they made up in breadth; and a correspondent, speaking of the unfashionable country ladies at sixty miles' distance from London, says they can absolutely walk in their hooped petticoats without inconvenience.'

l. 21. *a white-pot*, according to Halliwell, is a dish made of cream, sugar, rice, cinnamon, etc., formerly much eaten in Devonshire. Gay, who came from that county, thus refers to it in the *Shepherd's Week*, 1714:—

> '*Pudding* our Parson eats, the Squire loves *Hare*,
> But *White-pot* thick is my *Buxoma's* Fare.'
>
> (*Monday; or, the Squabble.*)

P. 121, l. 35. *an excellent husbandman.* See note to p. 117, l. 20.

P. 122, l. 19. *the perverse widow.* See note to p. 107, l. 15.

P. 126, l. 1. *some tansy.* A tansy was a popular seventeenth century dish, for which Halliwell gives a long receipt from the *True Gentlewoman's Delight*, 1676.

l. 15. *that of Martial.* Ep. 69, Bk. i.

P. 127, l. 10. *the widow.* See note to p. 107, l. 15.

P. 128, l. 21. *We followed the sound*, etc. A little water-colour sketch by Mr. Thackeray of this scene was not long since in the market. It is now in the possession of Sir Henry Thompson.

P. 131, l. 4. *that passage in your writings.* The reference is to No. 410, supposed to be by Tickell, in which certain liberties were taken with the character of Sir Roger de Coverley. It has been thought that Addison's killing of the Knight was brought about by Tickell's indiscretion; but there is an interval of four months between No. 410 and the paper by Addison which announces Sir Roger's death.

P. 132, l. 39. *Colonel Camperfeldt.* Kempenfelt. See note to p. 109, l. 34.

P. 133. l. 17. *A nobleman of Athens.* See *Tusc. Quæst.* v. 35.

P. 134, l. 8. *I am led,* etc. Of this paper Mr. Forster says:—'In connexion with it, too, it is to be remembered that at this time [1709], as Mr. Macaulay observes in his Essay, no such thing as the English Novel existed. De Foe was as yet only an eager politician, Richardson an industrious compositor, Fielding a mischievous school-boy [as a matter of fact he was two years old—Ed.], and Smollett and Goldsmith were not born. For your circulating libraries (the first of which had been established some six years before, to the horror of sellers of books, and the ruin of its ingenious inventor) there was nothing livelier, in that direction, than the interminable *Grand Cyrus* of Madame de Scuderi, or the long-winded *Cassandra* and *Pharamond* of the lord of La Calprenède, which Steele laughed at so heartily in his *Tender Husband.*' (*Historical and Biographical Essays:* Steele, 1858, ii. 138.)

l. 26. *Mrs. Mary is now sixteen.* 'Miss,' in Queen Anne's day, if not used of girls under ten, was a term of reproach, all young married women being described as 'Mistress' or 'Madam.' Steele's letters to his wife before marriage, with one exception, are all addressed to 'Mrs. Scurlock.' Cf. Swift,—Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson in the *Journal to Stella*—and *Spectator passim.* But perhaps the best example is in Cibber's *Lady's Last Stake,* 1707, where there is a 'Mrs. Conquest' and a 'Miss Notable.' Both are unmarried; but the former is a woman, the latter a girl.

P. 136, l. 8. *her baby,* i. e. her doll. In the *Wentworth Papers,* 1883, p. 451, under date of 1721, there is a letter from Lady Anne Wentworth, a child of eight, to her father, in which, speaking of a younger sister, she says 'Lady Hariote desires you to bring her a *Baby.*' Cf. also *Spectator,* No. 478:—'These [Boxes] are to have Folding-Doors, which being open'd, you are to behold a *Baby* dress'd out in some Fashion which has flourish'd, and standing upon a Pedestal, where the Time of its Reign is mark'd down.' The best dolls, according to Mr. Henry Morley (*Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair,* 1859, p. 333), were the so-called Bartholomew Babies, which were 'elegantly dressed and carefully packed in boxes'; and he gives the following quotation from Poor Robin's Almanac for 1695:—'It also tells farmers what manner of wife they shall choose; not one trickt up with ribbens and knots like a Bartholomew *baby.*'

P. 136, l. 28. *open-breasted*, i. e. in affectation of youth. Cf. *Tatler*, No. 246:—'There is a fat Fellow, whom I have long remarked wearing his Breast open in the midst of Winter, out of an Affectation of Youth. I have therefore sent him just now the following Letter in my Physical Capacity:

"SIR,

From the 20th instant to the First of *May* next, both Days inclusive, I beg of you to button your Wastcoat from your Collar to your Wastband. I am

Your most humble servant

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, *Philomath*."'

This practice is also referred to in Charles Lillie's *Letters sent to the Tatler and Spectator*, 1725, i. 210–11, as 'the unaccountable custom that for some time has prevailed among our fashionable gentlemen, of coming abroad in this cold unseasonable weather [the letter is dated Jan. 21, 1712] with their breasts and bodies almost quite naked, by which means they have procured such terrible coughs, that's both uneasy to themselves, and most troublesome to all their neighbours, in the church, in the playhouse and at the opera: yesterday, where I was hearing a sermon, the parson's voice was drowned through their excessive coughing, and so in Drury-lane, last week the actors were very much disturbed, and in the Hay-market, the musick was quite lost, through the loud bellowing of these bare-bodied beaux.' The writer in this case however, attributes 'open breasts' to the desire for exhibiting a fi shirt.

l. 35. *the front-box*. See note to p. 188, l. 30.

P. 137, l. 4. *a point of war*. In Shakespeare and the Elizabet this signifies a strain of martial music:—

'Turning your books to greaves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances; and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet, and *a point of war*?'

(2 *Henry IV*, Act iv, Sc. 1.)

The term, however, was still current in Steele's day, as appears from the following extract, given in Mackinnon's *History of the Coldstream Guards*, 1833, ii. 332:—'1717.—A party of drummers of the Guards were committed to the Marshalsea for beating *a point of war* before the Earl of Wexford's house on his acquittal of charges brought against him.—Coldstream Orderly-Room.'

l. 14. *Don Belianis*, etc. Accounts of most of these nursery worthies will be found in Mr. John Ashton's *Chap-books of the Eighteenth Century*, 1882. John Hickerthrift or Hickathrift is generally styled 'Thomas' in the 'Pleasant and Delightful Histories' which record his adventures. But Sterne also calls him 'Jack' in *Tristram Shandy*, vol. i, chap. xiv. His tomb is still shewn in Tilney Churchyard, Norfolk.

P. 138, l. 31. *Favonius* was Dr. Smalridge ('Preface' to vol. iv. of *Tatler* of 1710). See note to p. 88, l. 35.

P. 140, l. 2. *an ancient author.* The quotation is from Pliny.

l. 8. *In the mean time*, etc. The latter part of this paper is said to have been written by Addison. 'It would seem,' says Mr. Forster, 'as though Steele himself felt unable to proceed, and his friend had taken the pen from his trembling hand' (*Historical and Biographical Essays:* Steele, 1858, ii. 141).

l. 22. *in that passage. Paradise Lost*, Bk. iv, l. 639 *et seq.*

P. 141, l. 4. *Mr. Dryden has said.* The reference is to Dryden's *Discourse on Satire*, 1693. 'Then I consulted a Greater Genius. . . . I mean *Milton*. But as he endeavours every where to express *Homer*, whose Age had not arriv'd to that fineness, I found in him a true sublimity, lofty thoughts, which were cloath'd with admirable *Grecisms*, and ancient words, which he had been digging from the Mines of *Chaucer*, and of *Spencer*, and which, with all their rusticity, had somewhat of Venerable in them. But I found not there neither that for which I look'd [i. e. "beautiful turns"].'

l. 11. *that which follows. Paradise Lost*, Bk. ii, l. 557 *et seq.*

P. 142, l. 35. *The death of my father.* See *Introduction*, p. xii.

P. 143, l. 12. *my heart ever since.* Comparing the treatment of Death by Swift, Addison and Steele, Mr. Thackeray selects this passage for its characteristic contrast to Addison's 'lonely serenity' and Swift's 'savage indignation':—'The third, whose theme is Death, too, and who will speak his word of moral as Heaven teaches him, leads you up to the father's coffin, and shews you his beautiful mother weeping, and himself an unconscious little boy wondering at her side. His own natural tears flow as he takes your hand, and confidingly asks for your sympathy; "See how good and innocent and beautiful women are," he says; "how tender little children! Let us love these and one another, brother—God knows we have need of love and pardon!"' (*The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century:* Steele, 1864, pp. 158–9.)

P. 144, l. 14. *the first object.* There is a superficial resemblance between Steele's words respecting his first love and a stanza of Prior's *Garland:* —

'At Dawn poor STELLA danc'd and sung;
The am'rous Youth around Her bow'd:
At Night her fatal knell was rung;
I saw and kiss'd her in her Shrowd.'

The Garland is not in Prior's *Poems on Several Occasions*, 1709; but it appears at p. 91 of the *folio* of 1718. It is therefore just possible that the lines may have been suggested by Steele's paper.

l. 27. *Garraway's coffee-house*, 'where merchants most did congregate,' was in Exchange Alley, Cornhill; and in the original *folio* issue of this *Tatler*, there is a long advertisement of the coming sale of

'46 Hogsheads and One half of extraordinary French Claret,' for which Steele's concluding paragraph is no doubt a puff collateral.

P. 146, l. 38. *resign her snuff-box.* Ladies took snuff habitually in Queen Anne's reign. (Cf. *Tatler*, Nos. 35 and 140, and *Spectator*, No. 344.) Sometimes they carried a rasp and roll of tobacco, and made it themselves. Thus Swift (*Journal to Stella*, Nov. 3, 1711) refers to a 'fine snuff-rasp of ivory' and 'a large roll of tobacco' which have been given to him for Mrs. Dingley, by Mrs. St. John. And, if we may believe Defoe, the maids were not behind their mistresses. Writing of servants, he says:—'In short, plain Country Joan is now turn'd into a fine London Madam, can drink Tea, take *Snuff*, and carry herself as high as the best.' (*Every-Body's Business is No-Body's Business*, 1725.)

l. 40. *musty*, a cheap kind of snuff, also mentioned in *Tatler*, No. 27. It derived its name from the fact that a large quantity of musty snuff was captured with the Spanish Fleet at Vigo in 1702, and musty-flavoured snuff, or 'musty,' accordingly became the fashion for many succeeding years. Charles Lillie (*British Perfumer*, 1822) dates the rise of snuff-taking in England from this time.

P. 147, l. 19. *the Apollo.* This was the great room of the Devil Tavern, Temple Bar. Cf. Shadwell's *Bury Fair*, 1680, quoted by Cunningham in his *London*, 1850, p. 154:—

'*Oldwit.* I myself, simple as I stand here, was a wit in the last age. I was created Ben Jonson's son in the *Apollo*.'

l. 26. *the rules of Ben's Club.* Ben Jonson's *Leges Convivales*, which are printed in his works. Cunningham saw them in 1843 at Messrs. Child's Banking House. They were engraved in gold letters upon board.

l. 33. *verses out of Milton.* See Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Bk. iv, ll. 750–770.

P. 149, l. 19. *tender your happiness*, value, esteem your happiness, Cf. Shakespeare, *Henry VIII*, Act ii, sc. 4:—

'I must tell you,
You *tender* more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual.'

P. 151, l. 13. *calamanco*, or calimanco. This, according to the *Draper's Dictionary*, is 'a woollen material made plain, striped, checked, or figured, and glazed in finishing.' It was at one time 'much used, particularly in the last century.' *Tatler*, No. 96, speaking of 'a Rural Squire' says that he 'had a Red Coat, flung open to shew a gay *Calamanco* Wastcoat.'

P. 153, l. 25. *a conjurer.* Mr. Bickerstaff, it will be remembered, was an astrologer and 'cunning man.'

P. 154, l. 13. *a lady.* The lady referred to is said to have been the widow of Sir Thomas Chichely, one of King William's Admirals.

P. 156, l. 13. *Bedlam.* See note to p. 24, l. 36.

P. 161, l. 34. *Mrs. Mary's wit and beauty.* See note to p. 134, l. 26.

P. 163, l. 12. *but one man.* This is supposed to be a portrait of Addison's father,—the dean of Lichfield. (See *Introduction*, p. xiii.)

P. 168, l. 15. *Heads* = head-dresses. 'When we say of a Woman, she has a fine, a long, or a good *Head*, we speak only in relation to her Commode.' (*Spectator*, No. 265.) The 'commode,' or *fontange*, here referred to, was a structure of wire used for raising up the cap and hair. (See *Spectator*, No. 98.)

P. 169, l. 6. *The Trumpet.* This was a public-house in Shire or Sheer Lane, by Temple Bar, upon the site of the New Law Courts, and still existed as the *Duke of York* in Leigh Hunt's time (*v. The Town*, 1848, i. 148). It was at one of the Whig Meetings at the Trumpet, in 1718, that John Sly (see note to p. 46, l. 1) came into the room on his knees to drink to the 'immortal memory' of King William, it being the fourth of November, his Majesty's birthday. Steele, whose duty on the same occasion was to toast Addison up to conversation-pitch, appears to have succumbed in the attempt. Next day his contrition took the form of an apologetic couplet, which he sent to the Bishop of Bangor (Dr. Hoadly) who had been present,—

'Virtue with so much ease on Bangor sits,
All faults he pardons, though he none commits.'

(Nichols's *Correspondence of Steele*, 1809, ii. 508, *note*.)

l. 31. *the fight of Marston Moor* took place on June 2, 1644.

l. 32. *the London apprentices.* On July 14, 1647, the London prentices presented a petition, signed by 10,000 of their number; and on the 26th they forced their way into the House, menacing until votes had been passed in accordance with their demands.

P. 170, l. 2. '*Ay, ay, Jack*,' etc. This must have been a current colloquialism, for Swift weaves it into his *Genteel Conversation*, 1738, p. 96:—'*Ld. Smart.* I'm told he said a very good thing to *Dick*; said he, You think us old Fellows are Fools; but we old Fellows know young Fellows are Fools.' Defoe, in his *Life of Duncan Campbell*, 1720, has the same sentiment, 'writ large':—'Accordingly, I wrote down to him these Words, and left him in a seeming Passion. I am very well assured, *young Man*, you *think me*, that am *Old*, to be a *Fool*; but *I*, that am *Old*, absolutely *know you*, who are a *young Fellow*, to *be* a *downright Fool*.'

l. 6. *Jack Ogle* was a noted gambler and duellist. On one occasion having lost his 'martial cloak' at play, he came to muster in his landlady's red petticoat. The Duke of Monmouth, who was in the secret, ordered the troop to cloak. 'Gentlemen,' bawled the unabashed Ogle, 'if I can't cloak, I can petticoat with the best of you!' This was the Bencher's story referred to at ll. 28–9.

l. 22. *the battle of Naseby* was fought on June 14, 1645.

P. 170, l. 27. *the couplet, etc.* Cf. *Hudibras*, Pt, I, Canto i, l. 11 :—

'And Pulpit, Drum Ecclesiastick,
Was best with Fist, instead of a Stick.'

P. 171, l. 3. *Edge-hill fight.* The battle of Edgehill was fought on Sunday, October 23, 1642.

l. 10. *my maid came with a lanterl.* In 1710, it must be remembered, London was but dimly lit by occasional oil-lamps. For some of its many perils to 'strayed revellers' and belated pedestrians see Gay's *Trivia*, Bk. iii, l. 335 *et seq.*

P. 172, l. 23. *Madam Maintenon's first husband.* Paul Scarron (1610–60), the author of the *Roman Comique*, etc.

l. 35. *a tuck*, a rapier. 'Dismount thy tuck' (*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, Sc. 4).

P. 173, l. 3. *the mould of my face.* Cf. *Spectator*, No. 19, p. 19 in this volume, l. 20.

l. 25. *Grand Cairo.* Cf. *Spectator*, No. 1:—'I made a Voyage to *Grand Cairo*, on purpose to take the Measure of a Pyramid.'

P. 174, l. 2. *queerity* = oddity. Latham gives this passage as his example. The word was probably coined by Steele.

l. 6. *gibbosity* = convexity, protuberance (Worcester).

l. 16. *Æsop.* Æsop is described, in his *Life* by Planudes, as 'the most deformed of all men of his age, for he had a pointed head, flat nostrils, a short neck, thick lips, was black, pot-bellied, bow-legged and hump-backed; perhaps even uglier than Homer's Thersites.'

l. 19. *Thersites* is depicted in the 2nd Book of the *Iliad*. Pope's version being at this date non-existent, we take Chapman's :—

'But he the filthiest fellow was of all that had deserts
In Troy's brave siege; he was squint-eyed, and lame of either foot;
So crook-back'd, that he had no breast; sharp-headed, where did shoot
(Here and there spersed) thin mossy hair.'

l. 20. *Duns Scotus.* The personal ugliness of Duns Scotus is a tradition.

Scarron, Hudibras. For Scarron *v. supra.* For Butler's hero see *Hudibras*, Pt. I, Canto i, ll. 240 *et seq.* which are too discursive for reproduction.

l. 21. *the old gentleman in Oldham.* Loyola. See Oldham's *Satyrs upon the Jesuits*, 1679, iii.

l. 36. *Mother Shipton.* A Yorkshire prophetess, who is said to have been born about 1488, and died in 1561. Her predictions were published in 1641 in a 4to tract entitled *The Prophesie of Mother Shipton in the raigne of Henry the eighth. Foretelling the death of Cardinal Wolsey, the lord Percy, and others, as also what should happen in insuing times.* London: Printed for Richard Lownds, at his shop adjoyning to Ludgate, 1641. They are familar in chap-book form.

P. 175, l. 23. *the Mohock-club.* The Mohocks, or Mohawks, are frequently referred to in early eighteenth-century literature.

'Who has not trembled at the *Mohock's* name?'

sings Gay (*Trivia*, 1716, Bk. iii, l. 326); and Swift writes 'Did I tell you of a race of rakes, called the *Mohocks*, that play the devil about this town every night, slit people's noses and beat them, etc.?' Again, 'Our *Mohocks* go on still, and cut people's faces every night. 'Faith, they shan't cut mine: I like it better as it is. The dogs will cost me at least a crown a week in chairs. I believe the souls of your houghers of cattle have got into them, and now they don't distinguish between a cow and a Christian.' (*Journal to Stella*, Forster's corrected text, March 8 and 26, 1712.) 'Here is nothing talked about but men that goes in partys about the street and cuts peaple with swords or knives'—says Lady Strafford under date of March 11—'and they call themselves by som hard name that I can nethere speak nor spell.' Lady Wentworth, three days later, is more explicit,—'I am very much frighted with the fyer, but much more with a gang of Devils that call themselves *Mohocks*; they put an old woman into a hogshead, and rooled her down a hill, they cut of soms nosis, others hands, and severel barbarass tricks, without any provocation. They are said to be young gentlemen, they never take any mony from any; insteed of setting fifty pound upon the head of a highwayman, sure they would doe much better to sett a hundred upon thear heads.' (*Wentworth Papers*, 1883, 277–8.) Cf. also *Spectator*, No. 347.

P. 176, l. 6. *Carbonadoed*=slashed across for broiling on the coals. Cf. *Coriolanus*, Act iv, Sc. 5:—'He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't: before Corioli, he scotch'd him and notch'd him like a *carbonado*.'

l. 17. *the tumblers.* Cf. Lady Wentworth's letter above, and Gay, *Trivia*, 1716, Bk. iii, ll. 329–34:—

'I pass their desp'rate deeds, and mischiefs done
Where from *Snow-hill* black steepy torrents run;
How matrons, hoop'd within the hogshead's womb,
Were tumbled furious thence, the rolling tomb
O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side.
So *Regulus* to save his country dy'd.'

See also *Spectator*, No. 332, as to a fourth sort—the 'Sweaters.'

P. 177, l. 3. *Scowerers.* Another species of the midnight ruffian under Anne. Cf. Gay, *Trivia*, 1716, Bk. iii, l. 325:—

'Who has not heard the *Scowrer's* midnight fame?'

l. 19. *Thread-paper*, a paper to hold lengths of silk or thread. 'I have had Two or Three Quarrels with my Wife's Woman for putting Thread in your Paper, and had like to have turned away my Butler for setting up Candles in it.' (*Tatler* (vol. v.), 1712, p. 200.)

l. 23. *Mrs. Margaret Clark.* See note to p. 134, l. 26.

P. 177, l. 32. *ten yard land.* A yard land (*virgata terrae*), in some counties contains 20, in some 24, and in others 30 acres of land.

l. 36. *brass and pewter.* Common earthenware was rare in the eighteenth century, all plates, basins, flagons, etc., being of 'brass and pewter.' Cf. an interesting article on 'Mrs. Harris's Household Book' in the *Saturday Review* for January 21, 1882.

P. 178, l. 2. *good—* After 'good,' the original *Spectator* goes on:—'The rest is torn off; and Posterity must be contented to know, that Mrs. *Margaret Clark* was very pretty, but are left in the dark as to the Name of her Lover.' In a later No. (328 in the original issue, but afterwards suppressed in the reprint) the conclusion of the letter is given, as it is added in Italics between brackets at p. 178 of this volume. Mrs. Clark did not marry Mr. Bullock; but (says tradition) bestowed her hand on one Cole, a Northampton attorney.

P. 179, l. 16. *Beaver the haberdasher.* See note to p. 231, l. 1.

l. 28. *night-gowns* = morning or dressing-gowns. 'You must know that I am in my *night-gown* every morning between six and seven.' (Swift, *Journal to Stella*, Nov. 11, 1710). From the numerous advertisements in the *Tatler* (original *folio*) these articles of costume must have been frequently magnificent enough to justify the 'strawberry sash' mentioned at l. 40.

l. 32. *Grecian, Squire's, Serle's.* These coffee-houses were all near the Inns of Court,—Serle's by Lincoln's Inn, Squire's by Grays Inn, and the Grecian by the Temple.

P. 181, l. 8. *Eubulus has so great an authority*, etc. Can this passage have suggested Goldsmith's—

> 'Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
> At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
> Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
> Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd'?
>
> *Deserted Village*, 1770, ll. 201–4.

l. 19. *Tom the Tyrant.* The waiter at White's, also nicknamed Sir Thomas. See *Tatler*, Nos. 16, 26 and 36.

P. 182, l. 7. *Cervantes reports.* See *Don Quixote*, chap. 1 (Duffield's translation, 1881, i.). The phrases quoted are 'composed by the famous Feliciano de Sylva.'

l. 27. *the upholsterer*, i.e. the political upholsterer of Addison's *Tatler*, No. 155, whose prototype is supposed to have been Thomas Arne, father of Arne the musician and Mrs. Cibber, the tragic actress. See also *Tatler*, No. 171, p. 393 in this volume.

l. 28. *crack*, craze. Cf. also *Spectator*, No. 251 (by Addison), where it is used to signify a crazy person:—'I cannot get the Parliament to listen to me, who look upon me, forsooth, as a *Crack*, and a Projector.'

l. 32. *novelists.* 'Newsmongers or Intelligencers' (Bailey's *Dictionary*).

P. 183, l. 18. *Albergotti* held Douai for Lewis XIV in 1710.

P. 184. l. 1. *Ichabod Dawks' Letter.* This, like Dyer's, was a news-letter with a blank page for correspondence. Edmund Smith, author of *Phædra and Hippolitus*, 1707, put them both into Latin verse:—

'Scribe securus quid agit Senatus,
Quid caput stertit grave Lambethanum,
Quid comes Guildford, quid habent novorum
*Dawks*que Dyerque.'

l. 6. *Ramillies*, etc. The battle of Ramillies was fought on Whitsunday, May 12, 1706.

l. 22. *whether print or manuscript.* The news-letters were printed so as to imitate MS.

P. 187, l. 10. *On the Misbehaviour of Servants.* This paper is supposed to have afforded the first hint for Townley's farce of *High Life below Stairs*, 1759.

P. 188, l. 3. *rustic*, here 'inelegant,' or 'impolite,' rather than 'rural' or 'countrified.' 'An inelegant clown cannot learn fine language or a courtly behaviour, when his *rustick* airs have grown up with him till the age of forty.' (Watts in Latham's *Johnson.*)

l. 19. *the Ring* in Hyde Park was a favourite eighteenth-century ride and promenade. While the quality took the air in their chariots, their footmen waited at the gate, and amused themselves with wrestling and other diversions. In McCarthy's *History of the Four Georges*, 1884, i. 102, is the following passage in point, which has a curious similarity to this paper of Steele's:—'The writer of the "Patriot" of Thursday, August 19, 1714, satirises misplaced ambition by "A discourse which I overheard not many evenings ago as I went with a friend of mine into Hyde Park. We found, as usual, a great number of gentlemen's servants at the park gate, and my friend, being unacquainted with the saucy custom of those fellows to usurp their masters' titles, was very much surprised to hear a lusty rogue tell one of his companions who enquired after his fellow-servant that his Grace had his head broken by the cook-maid for making a sop in the pan." Presently after another assured the company of the illness of my lord bishop. "The information had doubtless continued had not a fellow in a blue livery alarmed the rest with the news that Sir Edward and the marquis were at fisticuffs about a game at chuck, and that the brigadier had challenged the major-general to a bout at cudgels."'

l. 30. *White's* Chocolate House in St. James's Street, a noted haunt of fashionable gamblers, was first established in 1698. Under Anne it stood five doors from the bottom of the west side of the street, ascending from the palace. It was burnt down in April 1733. (See Hogarth's *Rake's Progress*, Pt. iv.)

Side-boxes. In the early eighteenth-century theatre, the gentlemen

sat in the side-, the ladies in the front-boxes. Cf. the *Rape of the Lock*, v. 14:—

'Why round our coaches croud the white glov'd Beaux,
Why bows the *side-box* from its inmost rows?'

and *Six Town Eclogues*, 1747,—*the Toilette*, p. 28:—

'Nor shall *side-boxes* watch my wand'ring eyes,
And, as they catch the glance, in rows arise
With humble bows.'

Also *Spectator*, No. 311:—'*Suffenus* has comb'd and powder'd at the Ladies for thirty Years together, and taken his Stand in a *Side-box*, 'till he has grown wrinkled under their Eyes;' and the bill of Mortality in *Spectator*, No. 317:—'*W. W.* killed by an unknown Hand, that was playing, with the Glove off, upon the Side of the *front Box* in *Drury-lane*.' But even in Steele's day the rule must have had its exceptions:—'Pray, Mr. *Neverout*, What Lady was that you were talking with in the *Side Box* last *Tuesday?*' (Swift's *Polite Conversation*, 1738, p. 22.) Later in the century the distinction seems to have been disregarded, for Goldsmith, *Good-Natured Man*, Act i, puts Miss Biddy Bundle 'in the front of a side-box'; and Johnson and his party occupied the 'front row of a front-box' at Covent Garden, when they went to the first night of *She Stoops to Conquer* (Forster's *Goldsmith*, Bk. iv, ch. xv).

P. 189, l. 6. *a lady in the case.* Cf. Gay's *Hare and Many Friends*:—

'And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.'

P. 190, l. 10. *your Spectator*, No. 107. See p. 116 of this volume.

l. 37. *Clarendon*, etc. This reference escapes the editor.

P. 191, l. 36. *the Five fields.* The five Fields are now covered by Eaton and Belgrave Squares. Cf. *Tatler*, No. 34, p. 391 in this volume.

P. 195, l. 18. *the epistle.* This is a paraphrase of Horace, *Ep.* i, 9, in the form of a letter of recommendation. Steele was fond of this method of modernising. In the *Christian Hero* he treats St. Paul's letter about Onesimus in the same way.

P. 199, l. 3. *civilities and salutations.* See *Spectator*, No. 454, p. 380, l. 16, of this volume.

P. 202, l. 16. *Mum*, a thick strong ale, brewed from wheat, and said to have been introduced into this country from Brunswick by General Monk, the name coming from one Christian Mumme, its inventor. Cf. the *Reader*, No. 8,—'The Blood of a Claret-Drinker grows Vinegar, that of your Port-man *Mum*.' Cf. also Pope, *Dunciad*, ii. 385:—

'The clam'rous crowd is hush'd with mugs of *Mum*.'

From Mr. Gladstone's speech on the Budget in 1881, it appears that mum was still mentioned in Tariffs, although, according to the speaker, none of the Revenue Department could 'throw the smallest light upon the meaning of the term.' Yet, as a correspondent to *Notes*

and Queries gleefully pointed out, an explanation lay all the while in Johnson, from whom one of the foregoing quotations is derived.

P. 202, l. 20. *piddling at a mushroom.* 'To piddle'—according to Johnson—is 'to pick at table; to feed squeamishly and without appetite.' Cf. Pope, *Satire* ii, l. 137:—

'Content with little, I can piddle here
On brocoli and mutton, round the year.'

P. 204, l. 9. *Dorimant.* This and the following references are to characters in Etheredge's *Man of Mode; or, Sir Fopling Flutter*, which Steele had criticised in *Spectator*, No. 65, not here reprinted.

P. 208, l. 9. *profused*=lavished, squandered. Latham's *Johnson* gives this passage for its example, and says the use of it is rare.

P. 209, l. 33. *though I and you too grow older*, etc. Hor. Od. i. 11. 7:—

'Dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Aetas.'

P. 210, l. 15. *hot cockles.* Hot Cockles is a game in which one player covers his eyes, and guesses who strikes him.

'As at *Hot-Cockles* once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty Hand of many a Clown;
Buxoma gave a gentle Tap, and I
Quick rose, and read soft Mischief in her Eye.'
(Gay's *Shepherd's Week*, 1714, p. 9.)

P. 211, l. 6. *madam in her grogram gown.* This is a quotation from Swift's *Baucis and Philemon*, 1708:—

'Her petticoat, transformed apace,
Became black satin flounc'd with lace.
Plain Goody would no longer down;
'Twas *Madam, in her grogram gown.*'

Johnson gives grogram as a 'stuff woven with large woof and a rough pile.' In this material Will Honeycomb's country wife captivated here future husband (*Spectator*, No. 530). It is also alleged that the beverage 'grog' derives its name from it—Admiral Vernon, who first issued this mixture to his crew, being known as 'Old Grog' from his partiality to grogram breeches.

l. 27. *the Ring at Hyde Park.* See note to p. 188, l. 19.

P. 217, l. 22. *in one of his pleadings*, i. e. in his defence of the ædile Cnæus Plancius, who was accused of bribery.

P. 218, l. 20. *The statue in Rome.* The reference is to the satirical placards placed on the broken statue, which went by the name of Pasquin, a Roman cobbler of the 16th century, noted for his caustic satire.

P. 222, l. 13. *ubiquitary*=existing everywhere. 'For wealth and an *ubiquitary* commerce, none can exceed her' (Howell in Johnson).

l. 16. *a plumb*, i. e. £100,000. Cf. Prologue in Arthur Maynwaring's *Life*, 1715, p. 72:—

'Where Sober Cit to bite his Bubbles comes,
And gets by Paper and false News, his *Plumbs.*'

P. 222, l. 33. *Boccalini*, i. e. the satirist Trajan Boccalini (1554–1613), author of *Ragguagli di Parnasso* (*News from Parnassus*), Carey's translation of which, John Hughes, one of the contributors to the *Spectator*, had recently revised and reprinted (1706).

P. 223, l. 2. *Guicciardini.* Francesco Guicciardini (1482–1540), author of a lengthy history of Italy, 1561, etc. Cf. Macaulay:—'There was, it is said, a criminal in Italy, who was suffered to make his choice between Guicciardini and the galleys. He chose the history. But the war with Pisa was too much for him. He changed his mind and went back to the oar.' (*Essays: Burleigh and his Times*, 1832.)

l. 4. *doctor Donne.* See Donne's *Sermons*, ii. 239.

l. 29. *Baker's Chronicle*, i. e. *Chronicle of the Kings of England*, etc., 1641. It lay in the hall-window at Sir Roger de Coverley's (*Spectator*, No. 269).

P. 224, l. 9. *Humphry Wagstaff.* Swift is supposed to be here referred to. In *Tatler*, No. 9, his *Description of Morning* is printed as by Mr. Humphrey Wagstaff.

l. 37. *Hour-glass . . . near the pulpit.* These are even now occasionally to be seen in country churches, though they ceased to be generally used after the Restoration. Cf. Gay's *Shepherd's Week*, 1714, p. 49:—

> 'After the good Man warn'd us from his Text,
> That None could tell whose Turn would be the next;
> He said, that Heav'n would take her Soul no doubt,
> And spoke the *Hour-glass* in her Praise—quite out.'

Cf. also Hogarth's *Sleeping Congregation*, 1736.

P. 228, l. 15. *Sir William Temple*, etc. The passage referred to is in the essay *Of Poetry* (*Works*, 1770, iii. 418–9). Speaking of these tale-tellers, he says:—'A very gallant gentleman of the north of England has told me of his own experience, that in his wolf-hunting there, when he used to be abroad in the mountains three or four days together, and lay very ill a-nights, so as he could not well sleep, they would bring him one of these tale-tellers, that when he lay down would begin a story of a king, or a giant, a dwarf and a damsel, and such rambling stuff, and continue it all night long in such an even tone, that you heard it going on whenever you waked; and he believed nothing any physicians give could have so good and so innocent effect to make men sleep in any pains or distempers of body or mind.' This recalls Scott's old lady who used to have *Sir Charles Grandison* read to her because, if she chanced to doze, she was sure when she awoke to find them still '*conversing in the cedar-parlour.*' (*Lives of the Novelists,—Richardson.*)

l. 30. *the Glastonbury Thorn.* Cf. *The Trumpet Club*, p. 168. Perhaps Goldsmith was thinking of Sir Harry's story when he wrote of Mr. Hardcastle's 'Grouse in the Gun Room,' that honest Diggory

and the rest had laughed at 'these twenty years.' See *She Stoops to Conquer*, 1773, Act ii.

P. 230, l. 26. *Batson's coffee-house* was in the city 'over against the Royal Exchange.' It was a favourite haunt of Sir Richard Blackmore. (See note to p. 47, l. 40.)

P. 231, l. 1. *a beaver.* A real person was here referred to, Mr. James Heywood, a wholesale linen-draper on Fish-Street Hill. He was the author of a letter signed 'James Easy,' in No. 268 of the *Spectator*, and a volume of 'Letters and Poems.' He died in 1776, aged 90.

l. 10. *Will's in Covent Garden.* See note to p. 384, l. 8.

l. 29. *a campaign periwig.* The campaign periwig was an importation from France. It was very full, curled, and eighteen inches in length in the front, with drop locks. The position of these last must have been a matter of some importance, for Gay, writing from Herrenhausen in August 1714 to Swift, enumerates among the arts of diplomacy, 'bowing profoundly, speaking deliberately, and wearing both sides of his long periwig before.'

P. 235, l. 13. *Plutarch.* See the lives of the Gracchi.

P. 236, l. 6. *Buckley.* Samuel Buckley, the publisher of the *Spectator*. His shop was 'at the *Dolphin* in *Little Britain*.'

l. 15. *I'am got hither safe*, i.e. to his own apartment, from which this part of *Tatler*, No. 45 is dated.

P. 239, l. 11. *Lady Dainty.* A valetudinarian in Cibber's *Double Gallant; or, the Sick Lady's Cure*, 1707.

l. 19. *side-boxes.* See note to p. 188, l. 30.

P. 241, l. 18. *floor strewed with half-pence.* This was the work of the Nickers. Cf. Gay, *Trivia*, 1716, Bk. iii, ll. 323–4:—

> 'His scatter'd pence the flying Nicker flings,
> And with the copper show'r the casement rings.'

l. 23. *a large sheet of paper.* Vertue engraved this plate, which represented the famous Stonesfield mosaic, and was thus advertised in the *Spectator*:—'Whereas about nine Weeks since there was accidentally discovered by an Husbandman at Stimsfield near Woodstock in Oxfordshire, (a large Pavement of rich Mosaick Work of the Ancient Romans, which is adorn'd with several Figures alluding to Mirth and Concord, in particular that of Bacchus seated on a Panther.) This is to give Notice, that an exact Delineation of the same is Engraven and Imprinted on a large Elephant Sheet of Paper; which are to be Sold at Mr. Charles Lillie's, Perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort Buildings in the Strand at 1*s*. N.B. There are to be had at the same place at one Guinea each on a superfine Atlas Paper, some painted with the same variety of Colours that the said Pavement is beautified with; this Piece of Antiquity is esteemed by the Learned to be the most considerable ever found in Britain.'

P. 243, l. 5. *and one*, etc. The story is told of Sir Charles Sedley.

P. 244, l. 2. *the ancient pantomime* = pantomimist. Cf. *Hudibras*, Pt. iii, Canto 2, l. 1287 :—

'Not that I think those *Pantomimes*,
Who vary Action, with the Times,
Are less ingenious in their Art,
Than those who dully *act one Part*.'

l. 6. *Estcourt.* See notes to p. 44, l. 38, and p. 370, l. 23. In accordance with this notification, Estcourt played Sir Sampson Legend in Congreve's *Love for Love* at his benefit, Drury Lane, April 22, 1712.

l. 12. *a duel.* This was the first of the series of papers written by Steele on this subject; the others are *Tatlers*, Nos. 26, 28, 29, 31, 38 and 39.

P. 247, l. 5. *crimp and basset.* These were games of cards. Basset, which resembled pharaoh, has been celebrated by Pope in a special poem, the *Basset Table*, first published in the *Town Eclogues* of 1716.

l. 18. *the bellman*, i.e. the night-watchman or crier of Old London who, according to Stow, at every lane's end, and at the ward's end, gave warning of fire and candle, and to help the poor, and to pray for the dead. Herrick has celebrated him in what are certainly not bellman's verses :—

'Along the dark, and silent night,
With my Lantern, and my Light,
And the trinkling of my Bell,
Thus I walk, and this I tell:
Death and dreadfulnesse call on
To the gen'rall Session;
To whose dismall Barre, we there
All accompts must come to cleere:
Scores of sins w'ave made here many,
Wip't out few, (God knowes) if any.
Rise, ye Debters, then, and fall
To make paiment, while I call.
Ponder this, when I am gone;
By the 'clock 'tis almost *One*.'

P. 248, l. 2. *In my own memory*, etc. In Steele's day the middle classes dined at two; but four, or later, was the fashionable hour. Cf. Swift's *Journal of a Modern Lady*, 1728 :—

'This business of importance o'er,
And madam almost dress'd by *four*;
The footman, in his usual phrase,
Comes up with "Madam, dinner stays."'

P. 249, l. 13. *Milton's inimitable description, Paradise Lost*, Bk. v, l. 1 *et seq.*

P. 250, l. 9. *ladies in mourning*, i. e. for Louis of Bourbon, son of the dauphin, who died March 3, 1710.

P. 251, l. 37. *shoulder-knot*, or *aiguillette*. This was a knot of ribbon or lace introduced from France, *temp.* Charles II. It was worn at first by gentlemen; now it is confined to servants. 'Let us, therefore, allow them [the French] the reputation of the *shoulder-knot*' (Harris, Bishop of Llandaff, 1715, quoted in Planché's *Costume*).

l. 39. *fringed gloves*, i. e. edged with silver or other fringe. Cf. *Spectator*, No. 30.

P. 252, l. 1. *an open waistcoat*. See note to p. 136, l. 28.

l. 30. *a colt's tooth* = a love of youthful pleasure (Johnson). Cf. Shakespeare, *Henry VIII*, i. 3:—

'Well said, lord Sands,
Your *colt's tooth* is not cast yet;'

and Fielding, *Covent-Garden Journal*, No. 57: 'A grave Gentleman, as he appears by his Stile, reproves me very sharply. He tells me "That grey Hairs look odious on a green Head, that a *Colt's Tooth* is detestable in a Mouth, which hath no other," with other sarcasms of the like Kind which I shall not repeat.'

l. 38. *Eutrapelus*. Cf. *Horace*, Ep. i. 18, l. 31.

P. 253, l. 5. *Enfield-chase*. The young lady whom Steele met in Enfield Chase is traditionally supposed to have been the beautiful and unfortunate Elizabeth Malyn, whose third husband was Charles, eighth Lord Cathcart. Her fourth was Colonel Hugh Macguire, who kept her in confinement for more than twenty years at Tempo in Enniskillen. Her romantic story is excellently told in a little privately printed pamphlet, entitled *Tewin-Water; or, the Story of Lady Cathcart*, by Mr. Edward Ford, of Old Park, Enfield.

P. 254, l. 3. *The Ladies' Cure*, i. e.—the *Double Gallant; or, the Sick Lady's Cure*, 1707, a comedy by Colley Cibber.

P. 255, l. 31. *& Female Library*. Steele eventually prefaced and edited three volumes in 1714 under the title of *The Ladies Library*. (See *Introduction*, p. xxxvi.)

P. 256, l. 28. *Side-boxes*, i. e. at the play. See note to p. 188, l. 30.

P. 258, l. 9. *tucker*. 'There is a certain Female Ornament by some called a *Tucker*, and by others the Neck-piece, being a slip of fine Linnen or Muslin that used to run in a small kind of ruffle round the uppermost Verge of the Women's Stays, and by that means covered a great part of the Shoulders and Bosom.' (*Guardian*, No. 100.) Later this '*decus et tutamen* of the female neck" began to be discarded, much to Mr. Nestor Ironside's disgust. (Cf. *Guardian*, Nos. 100, 109.)

P. 259, l. 14. *in an operation* = working a spell.

P. 260, l. 3. *the small pox*. It was not until 1721 that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu introduced inoculation into England; and its ravages previous to that date were terrible.

P. 263, l. 8. *the absence of good nature.* Perhaps Goldsmith was thinking of this paper when he wrote the little tale in verse called *The Double Transformation*, 1765, the heroine of which is reformed by an attack of small-pox:—

'No more presuming on her sway,
She learns good nature every day:
Serenely gay, and strict in duty
Jack finds his wife—a perfect beauty.'

P. 267, l. 22. *Sam Trusty.* The original of this character is supposed to have been a Mr. Jabez Hughes, brother of John Hughes (see note to p. 95, l. 6). (See *Tatler*, No. 72, ed. 1797, note, *ad finem.*)

l. 30. *after-life.* See p. 260, l. 23.

P. 268, l. 13. *the black boy.* This fashionable appendage, so often advertised in the last century as 'lost, stolen, or strayed,' would require a chapter rather than a note. Steele prints a letter from a typical Pompey in *Tatler*, No. 245, the generosity of which is thoroughly characteristic (*vide* p. 293 in this volume). It is perhaps equally characteristic that the following announcement appears in *Tatler*, No. 132 (original *folio*):—'A Black Indian Boy, 12 years of Age, fit to wait on a Gentleman, to be disposed of at Denis's Coffee-house in Finch-Lane near the Royal Exchange.'

l. 24. *She was here all this morning*, etc. Cf. Walpole to Miss Berry, Aug. 19, 1795, 'I put myself in mind of a scene in one of Lord Lansdown's plays, where two ladies being on the stage and one going off, the other says, "She is gone! well, I must go and write to her."'

P. 269, l. 5. *lambative electuary*, i. e. a medicine taken by licking. The word 'electuary' is common in the quack notices of the eighteenth century. Cf. *Tatler*, No. 224 (by Addison):—'If a Man . . . wants new Sermons, *Electuaries*, Asses Milk, or any Thing else, either for his Body or his Mind, this is the Place [i. e. among the advertisements] to look for them in.'

l. 7. *betony and coltsfoot.* According to Miller's *Herbal*, 1722, p. 445, colt's foot, 'cut small, is smoaked among Tobacco for Coughs, and other Affections of the Lungs,' and, by the same authority, betony is said to be used in like manner as a remedy for 'the Head-ach, Vertigo, and Sore Eyes' (p. 86).

l. 26. *sea-coal fire.* 'Had not my Dog the Steward run away as he did, without making up his Accounts, I had still been immersed in Sin and Sea-Coal' says Will Honeycomb in *Spectator*, No. 530. All coal at this time was sea-borne, and high in price. Cf. Swift's *Journal to Stella*, Nov. 9, 1711:—'I begin to have fires now, when the mornings are cold: I have got some loose bricks at the back of my grate, for good husbandry.' Elsewhere he grumbles at the expence. But this could hardly have been excessive to modern eyes:—'Pah, (he says) I

have fires like lightning; they cost me twelvepence a week, beside small coal!'

l. 37. *Hungary water*, the *Aqua Reginæ Hungariæ* of the chemists. This was a highly popular scent, the name of which constantly recurs in the literature of the century. Swift used it for his rheumatism (*Journal to Stella*, March 29, 1712). The ingredients of the best, as given in Charles Lillie's *British Perfumer*, 1822, are Spirits of Wine, Rosemary in bloom, Lavender Flowers and Oil of Rosemary.

P. 270, l. 9. *to push*, to make a thrust, to fence.

'None shall dare
With shortned Sword to stab in closer War, . . .
Nor *push* with biting Point.'

(Dryden, *Palamon and Arcite*, 1700, ll. 1784–7.)

Cf. *Tatler*, Nos. 93 and 164, p. 410, in this volume.

P. 274, l. 12. *Equipage*, retinue or following. Cf. Pope, *Rape of the Lock*, 1714, i. 45:—

'Think what an *equipage* thou hast in Air,
And view with scorn two Pages and a Chair.'

Here it is but one man, and the term is used semi-ironically.

P. 277, l. 6. *Mrs. Lucy*. See note to p. 134, l. 26.

l. 15. *Mrs. Lucy's livery*. It was an eighteenth-century custom for persons of quality to send their footmen to keep their places at the theatre. 'The theatre should be esteemed the centre of politeness and good manners; yet numbers of them [i. e. footmen] every evening are lolling over the boxes while they keep places for their masters, with their hats on.' (*Weekly Register*, March 25, 1732.) Cf. also Fielding:—

'*Wife* . . . What do they do at your what d'ye call-'ems, your Plays?

Tawdry. Why, if they can, they take a Stage-Box, where they let the Footman sit the two first Acts to shew his Livery; then they come in to shew themselves, spread their Fans upon the Spikes, make Curt'sies to their acquaintance, and then talk and laugh as loud as they are able.' (*Miss Lucy in Town*, a Farce, 1742, pp. 6–7.)

P. 278, l. 21. *snug was the word*. Cf. Pope, *Imitations of Horace*, Ep. 1, ll. 146–7:—

'Away, away! take all your scaffolds down,
For *Snug's the word*: My dear! we'll live in Town.'

l. 29. *use me like a dog*. This must have been a popular expression, for Swift says—'I have been five times with the duke of *Ormond* about a perfect trifle, and he forgets it. I *used him like a dog* this morning for it.' (*Journal to Stella*, January 21, 1712.) Cf. also the Prologue to Addison's *Drummer*, 1716:—

'But, if you're rough, and *use him like a Dog*,
Depend upon it—He'll remain Incog.'

P. 279, l. 1. *orange wench*. The orange girls continually passed to

and fro in the audience. Cf. *Spectator*, No. 141,—'By such representations, a Poet sacrifices the best Part of his Audience to the worst; and, as one would think, neglects the Boxes to write to the *Orange-Wenches*.'

P. 280, l. 3. *misbehaviour of people at church.* In this respect the nineteenth century seems to have an advantage over the eighteenth, when a church was to many but a fashionable meeting-place. In St. James's Chapel the ogling and sighing rose at one time to such a height that Bishop Burnet petitioned the Princess Anne to be allowed to raise the pews. 'I confess—says Lady Mary Wortley Montagu—I remember to have dressed for St. James's chapel with the same thoughts your daughters will have at the opera . . . and the peepers behind a fan, who divided their glances between their lovers and their prayer-book, were not at all modester than those that now laugh aloud in public walks.' (Letter to Countess of Bute, Jan. 1, 1755, *Works* 1861, ii. 270.)

P. 282, l. 8. *Charles Mather's fine tablets.* Charles Mather was a noted toyman in Fleet Street, 'next door to Nandoe's Coffee House, over against Chancery Lane.' Cf. Swift's *Sid Hamet's Rod*, 1710:—

'No hobby horse, with gorgeous top,
The dearest in *Charles Mather's* shop,
Or glittering tinsel of May-fair
Could with the rod of Sid compare;'

and Pope's *Basset Table*, 1716:—

'Behold this *Equipage*, by *Mathers* wrought,
With Fifty Guineas (a great Pen'worth[1]) bought.'

Cf. also *Tatler*, No 142, p. 287, in this volume; No. 113, where he is referred to as 'Charles Bubbleboy,' and *Spectator*, No. 328.

P. 283, l. 30. *Mr. Isaac's scholar:* Isaac was a famous dancing-master. Steele calls him 'my name-sake Isaac' in *Tatler*, No. 34, p. 390, in this volume. There is a mezzotint of him by S. White after L. Goupy, under which are the lines:—

'And *Isaac's* Rigadoon shall live as long
As Raphael's painting, or as Virgil's song.'

P. 284, l. 38. *How-dees?* i. e. How-do-ye's? Part of the eighteenth-century servant's duty was to carry this question ceaselessly to all his or her master's or mistress's friends. Cf. Swift, *Journal to Stella*, May 10, 1712:—'I have been returning the visits of those that sent *howdees* in my sickness;' and *Verses on His Own Death*, 1731:—

'When daily Howd'y's come of Course,
And Servants answer "worse and worse!"'

P. 287, l. 9. *Nicolini.* Nicolino Grimaldi, or 'Nicolini,' came to London in 1708, and in the *Tatler* of January 3, 1710 (No. 115), Steele gives a highly favourable account of his powers. He had not

[1] A great bargain.

only a good voice, but, as Addison also admits, he was a good actor as well; and Cibber thought 'that no Singer, since his Time, had so justly and gracefully acquitted himself, in whatever Character he appear'd, as *Nicolini*.' (*An Apology for the Life of Mr. Colley Cibber, Comedian*, 1740, p. 225.) There is a further reference to him in No. 405 of the *Spectator*.

P. 287, l. 15. *This great occasion*, i. e. the trial of Dr. Henry Sacheverell, for his sermons on *The Perils of False Brethren* and *The Communication of Sin*, which were impeached as contrary to Revolution principles. It began on February 27, 1710, and lasted until March 23.

l. 18. *day before nine*. 'Secheverell,' says Lady Wentworth under date of March 6, 1710, 'will make all the Ladys turn good huswivs, they goe att seven every mornin'.' (*Wentworth Papers*, 1883, p. 113.)

l. 29. *Westminster-Hall a dining room*, i.e. during luncheon-hour.

P. 288, l. 13. *Nando's*, a coffee-house in Fleet street, at the corner of Inner Temple Gate. (See note to p. 282, l. 8.) 'A Stage Coach sets out exactly at Six from *Nando's* Coffee-house to Mr. *Tiptoe's* Dancing-School, and returns at Eleven every Evening, for 16*d*.' (*Tatler*, No. 189.)

l. 19. *his namesake*. Charles Mather, see note to p. 282, l. 8.

P. 290, l. 1. *so overseen!* i. e. mistaken, deceived. (Halliwell.)

l. 2. *a plain Dragon*. A dragon is a small Malacca cane, so called from its blood-red colour. It comes from Penang, Singapore, and other islands in the straits of Malacca. A Jambee, on the contrary, is a knotty bamboo of a pale brown hue. As an article of commerce it is now extinct. The 'clouded cane' of Sir Plume was a large Malacca artificially coloured.

l. 24. *Cunning-man*. Mr. Bickerstaff—it will be remembered—was an astrologer.

l. 28. *Howel'ee*. See note to p. 284, l. 38.

P. 291, l. 27. *two leather forehead cloths*, etc. Into these *armentaria* of the middle-age toilet it does not become an annotator to pry too closely. The cloths and gloves were to soften the skin and remove wrinkles; the Spanish wool and Portugal dishes for 'complexions'; the plumpers for the cheeks. The black-lead combs were for darkening the hair; the fashionable eyebrows explain themselves. By ivory and box teeth, tooth-combs are probably intended.

P. 292, l. 1. *and within this poesy*. A motto, or 'posy,' was often inscribed upon rings, lockets, and even humbler pledges of affection. Cf. Gay, *To a Young Lady, with some Lampreys*:—

> 'Some by a snip of woven hair,
> In posied lockets bribe the fair;'

and *The Shepherd's Week*, 1714 (*Tuesday; or the Ditty*, ll. 97–102):—

> 'If thou forget'st, I wot, I can repeat,
> My Memory can tell the Verse so sweet.

As this is grav'd upon this Knife of thine,
So is thy Image on this Heart of mine.
But Woe is me! Such Presents luckless prove,
For *Knives*, they tell me, *always sever Love!*'

See also Chambers's *Book of Days*, i. 221–2, article on the *Wedding Ring*, for references in Shakespeare and elsewhere to this old custom, which still survived in Walpole's time. The same paper also contains some cuts of rings with clasped hands.

P. 292, l. 6. *A crown-piece with the breeches.* The two shields on Cromwell's shilling were held to resemble trunk hose. Cf. the *Adventures of a Shilling* in *Tatler*, No. 249 (by Addison):—'I had been happier in my Retirement than I thought, having probably by that Means escaped wearing a monstrous Pair of Breeches.'

l. 8. *Langteraloo.* Lanterloo, lantrillou, or lanctreloo, a game in which the knave of clubs is the highest card. 'Twice or Thrice a Week (merely for Amusement) she would pass the Evening at *Langteraloo.*' (*Tatler* (vol. v.) 1712, p. 15.) See also *Spectator*, No. 245.

l. 13. *this rhyme.* Another posy. See above, note to l. 1.

P. 293, l. 2. *a blackmoor boy.* See note to p. 268, l. 13.

l. 20. *Questions and Commands* was a favourite eighteenth-century game. Cf. *Spectator*, No. 245, *Lover*, No. 13, and Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, 1766, ch. xi,—'Hot cockles succeeded next, *questions and commands* followed that, and last of all, they sat down to hunt the slipper.'

P. 294, l. 2. *a shape.* Cf. Puttenham, *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, *lib.* ii, 'Of Proportion Poetical,' for some of these eccentricities. Ben Jonson satirises the bards of his day who could fashion 'a pair of scissors and a comb in verse'; and it seems that Gabriel Harvey of the English hexameter did actually achieve a pair of gloves and a pair of spectacles. Butler, too, in his 'Characters' refers to one Benlowes, who soaring from mere altars and pyramids à la Herbert, had rhymed 'a *Gridiron*, and a *Frying pan*' . . . 'that, beside the Likeness in Shape, the very Tone and Sound of the Words did perfectly represent the Noise, that is made by those Utensils.' (*Genuine Remains*, 1759, ii. 120.) See also *Spectator*, No. 58, by Addison, on 'False Wit.'

l. 39. *A biter.* A 'bite,' in eighteenth-century parlance, was manifestly the 'sell' of to-day. Cf. Swift (*Letter to a Friend of Mrs. Johnson* [Rev. Wm. Tisdall], Dec. 16, 1703):—'I'll teach you a way to outwit Mrs. *Johnson:* it is a new-fashioned way of being witty, and they call it a *bite.* You must ask a bantering question, or tell some—lye in a serious manner, and then she will answer or speak as if you were in earnest: then cry you, Madam, there's a bite. I would not have you undervalue this, for it is the constant amusement in court, and everywhere else among the great people; and I let you know it,

in order to have it obtain among you, and teach you a new refinement.' Rowe wrote a Comedy called *The Biter*, 1705.

P. 296, l. 22. *Jack Catch* = Jack Ketch.

P. 297, l. 16. *bite upon the bridle*, i.e. restrain him, hold him in.

P. 299, l. 13. *a Rake.* Steele, no doubt, in writing some of this paper, recalled certain infirmities of his own. But, though he defines his rake as a person 'vicious against his will,' it is scarcely likely that, as some commentators infer, he intended the whole picture to be regarded as a faithful portrait of himself.

l. 22. *a bubble*, i.e. a dupe. 'The Quack found him a *Bubble* to his Mind, one that had Wit and was sanguine enough to cheat himself.' (*New Atalantis*, 6th edn., 1720, i. 206.)

P. 302, l. 4. *correspondence*, i.e. intercourse.

l. 6. *Sir Taffety Trippet.* The person here depicted is said to have been Henry Cromwell, the poet, who died in 1728, and is satirised under other names in the *Tatler*.

P. 304, l. 39. *The Brussels Postscript.* Some verses, under this title, are printed in the preceding *Tatler*, No. 46.

P. 309, l. 10. *dipped* = mortgaged. Cf. Dryden's *Persius*, 1693, Sat. vi, ll. 159–60:—

> 'Put out the Principal, in trusty hands:
> Live of the Use; and never *dip* thy Lands.'

l. 40. *four shillings in the pound.* I.e. the amount of the Land-Tax.

P. 310, l. 36. *the elegant author.* Dr. Thomas Sprat, Bishop of Rochester (1636–1713). See his *Account of the Life and Writings of Mr. Abraham Cowley*, prefixed to Cowley's works. He was his literary Executor.

l. 40. *great vulgar.* See Cowley's Paraphrase of Horace, iii. 1, beginning

> 'Hence, ye Profane; I hate ye all;
> Both the Great Vulgar, and the Small,'

which concludes his Essay (No. vi.) *Of Greatness.*

P. 311, l. 6. *that ancestor of Sir Roger.* See p. 121, l. 35.

l. 26. *with Mr. Cowley.* These are the last four lines of a sextain in the same essay.

l. 27. *this strange fellow.* Cf. the character of 'Young Bookwit' in Steele's *Lying Lover*, 1704. This again is based upon Dorante in *Le Menteur* of Corneille.

P. 312, l. 14. *the battle of Pultowa*, in which Charles XII of Sweden was defeated by Peter the Great, was fought July 8, 1709.

l. 25. *Count Piper* was Charles's Prime Minister.

l. 32. *at Deptford.* The Czar was at Deptford in the Spring of 1698. He hired John Evelyn's house at Sayes Court, and stayed there three months, doing damage to the extent of £150, according to

Wren's estimate. Evelyn's servant wrote to him: 'There is a house full of people, and right nasty.' (Evelyn's *Diary*, 1698.)

P. 314, l. 6. '*the historians*.' Cf. Thackeray—'I . . . say to the Muse of History, "O venerable daughter of Mnemosyne, I doubt every single statement you ever made since your ladyship was a Muse,"' etc. (*English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century: Steele*, 1864, p. 113.)

l. 11. *make-bates*, breeders of quarrels. 'It is often seen that *makebates* are the occasion of estates being given away, and so posterity suffer.' (Charles Lillie's *Letters sent to the Tatler and Spectator*, 1725, i. 8.)

P. 315, l. 6. *All for Love*, etc. These are the titles of Dryden's imitation, 1678, of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*.

P. 316, l. 4. *Questions and Commands*, see note to p. 293, l. 20.

l. 39. *Xenophon*. The reference is to Xenophon *On the Polity of Lacedæmon*.

P. 317, l. 35. *Wycherley*. See *The Plain Dealer*, 1677, Act ii, Sc. 1:—

'*Freeman*. How, his courage, *Mr. Novel?*

Novel. Why, for Example, by red Breeches, tuck'd-up hair or Peruke, a greasy broad Belt, and now-a-days a short Sword.'

l. 37. *Otway*. See *Friendship in Fashion*, 1678, Act iii, Sc. 1:—

'*Malagene*. I show'd my parts I think; for I tript-up both his wooden Legs, and walk't off gravely about my business.'

P. 327, l. 10. *genios*. Johnson defines this as 'a man of a particular turn of mind,' and derives it from the Italian, giving another passage rom the *Tatler* as his example. Perhaps this is one of the words referred to by the spurious Tatler (No. 272), when it compliments Steele upon his 'wonderful Dexterity in coyning Phrases and adapting Words to Things.'

P. 331, l. 33. *freeze under your casement*. Cf. Hor. Od. iii. 10, 2:—

'me tamen asperas
Porrectum ante fores, objicere incolis
Plorares Aquilonibus.'

Cf. also Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 769–70, quoted by Steele in *Tatler* 79, and perhaps in his mind:—

'Or serenate, which the starv'd lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.'

P. 333, l. 32. *It was on that memorable night*, etc. In 1689 (April 29), the opera house at Copenhagen was burnt, and many persons lost their lives. (See Lord Molesworth's *Account of Denmark in* 1692, etc., 4th ed. 1378.)

P. 335, l. 4. *a sublime thought*. The quotation is from Vergil's *Æneid*, vi. ll. 653–5.

P. 337, l. 35. *Mr. Eustace*. The following extract from the *British Mercury*, 1710, with respect to this tragic story is given in the earlier

editions. 'Last Sunday, Mr. Francis Eustace committed a most barbarous murder on the body of his wife, by giving her seven or eight stabs with his sword, of which she died instantly. He jumped out of the window, and, falling on a palisado pale, tore his legs and thighs in such a manner that he was forced to have them dressed by the surgeon, who is since sent to Newgate for letting him escape, and a proclamation is issued out for apprehending him.' Steele's account relates the sequel.

l. 36. *Dublin in Ireland.* This expression is said to have been highly obnoxious to Swift.

P. 339, l. 2. *Both their balls took place* = i. e. took effect.

l. 31. *the Ephesian Matron.* Told by Petronius in the *Satyricon*. It is also found in Apuleius, and elsewhere. La Fontaine re-casts it in his *Contes*, liv. v. 6; and it was translated from him by Lloyd's friend, Charles Denis, in the *St. James's Magazine* for November, 1762.

P. 340, l. 13. *fable of the lion and the man.* This is referred to in Shaftesbury's *Characteristicks*, ed. 1738, ii. 188, but the source is not given.

l. 35. *Account of Barbadoes.* The full title of Ligon's book is *A True & Exact History of the Island of Barbadoes*, 1673. Steele's story is elaborated from the following passage at p. 55:—'This *Indian* dwelling neer the Sea-coast, upon the Main, an *English* ship put in to a Bay, and sent some of her men a shoar, to try what victualls or water they could find, for in some distresse they were: But the *Indians* perceiving them to go up so far into the country, as they were sure they could not make a safe retreat, intercepted them in their return, and fell upon them, chasing them into a Wood, and being dispersed there, some were taken, and some kill'd: but a young man amongst them stragling from the rest, was met by this *Indian* Maid, who upon the first sight fell in love with him, and hid him close from her Countrymen (the *Indians*) in a cave, and there fed him, till they could safely go down to the shoar, where the ship lay at anchor, expecting the return of their friends. But at last, seeing them upon the shoar, sent the long-Boat for them, took them aboard, and brought them away. But the youth, when he came ashoar in the *Barbadoes*, forgot the kindness of the poor maid, that had ventured her life for his safety, and sold her for a slave, who was as free born as he: And so poor *Varico* for her love, lost her liberty.' Steele, it may be remembered, inherited an estate in Barbadoes from his first wife.

l. 39. *Mr. Thomas Inkle.* Ligon does not give the name of his hero—if hero he can be called. Steele probably took it from *inkle* a kind of tape. Cf. Swift, *Polite Conversation*, 1738, p. 105:—

'Why she and you were as great as two *Inkle*-weavers';

and Gay, *Shepherd's Week*, 1714, p. 37:—

'I twitch'd his dangling Garter from his Knee;
He wist not when the hempen String I drew
Now mine I quickly doff of *Inkle* Blue.'

Inkle was one of the articles which Mr. Gladstone classed with Mum (*v.* note to p. 202, l. 167) in his speech on the Budget in 1881 as among the undiscoverables. Yet, like Mum, it was in Johnson; and the word is used by Shakespeare, and Beaumont and Fletcher. Anstey's *Election Ball*, 1776, is a series of letters in verse from 'Mr. Inkle, a Freeman of Bath' to his wife at Gloucester; and there is an Alderman Inkle in Foote's *Lame Lover*, 1770.

P. 341, l. 36. *Bugles*, beads. Cf. *Tatler*, No. 245, p. 291, l. 32, in this volume; and Walpole, *Corr.* by Cunningham, ix. 294. 'When I was very young, and in the height of the opposition to my father, my mother wanted a large parcel of *bugles*; for what use I forget.'

l. 37. *Bredes*, i. e. braids. It is also used by Addison in this sense, and indeed by such later writers as Keats and Tennyson.

P. 343, l. 6. *Babies.* See note to p. 136, l. 8.

P. 344, l. 18. *a Summer-island suit.* The Bermudas are also called the Summer Islands. But probably Steele only intends a synonym for West Indian, as Brunetta's admirer is a Barbadian.

P. 345, l. 5. *Bravery*, magnificence.

l. 11. *a black silk mantua.* Mantua = Manto, Manteau, according to Bailey, 'a loose gown worn by women instead of a strait-bodied coat.' Cf. Pope, *Rape of the Lock*, iv. 8:—

> 'Not Cynthia when her *manteau*'s pinn'd awry,
> E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair
> As thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair;'

and *Guardian*, No. 118:—'Being by Profession a *Mantua*-maker, who am employed by the most fashionable Ladies about Town, I am admitted to them at all Hours.' The word is connected with one of Swift's happiest *jeu de mots*—the best pun that ever was made, Scott calls it. 'Being in a company (says Dr. Delany), where a lady whisking about her long train (long trains were then in fashion) swept down a fine fiddle and broke it; SWIFT cried out, *Mantua ve miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ.*' (*Observations on Lord Ossory's 'Remarks, etc.,'* 1754, pp. 212–3.) Gay refers to the long trains of the manteaus, *Trivia*, i. 109–11:—

> 'But since in braided gold her foot is bound,
> And a long trailing *manteau* sweeps the ground,
> Her shoe disdains the street.'

l. 12. *In a petticoat of the same brocade.* Mr. H. B. Wheatley, in his delightful *Samuel Pepys and the World he lived in*, 1880, pp. 204–5, suggests that Steele may have borrowed this idea from the course taken by Lewis XIV, when Charles II, in order to abolish French fashions, invented the so-called 'Persian habit.' Pepys thus refers to the circumstance:—Mr. Batelier 'tells me the newes how the King of France hath, in defiance to the King of England, caused all his footmen to be put into vests, and that the noblemen of France will do the like;

which, if true, is the greatest indignity ever done by one Prince to another. . . . This makes me mighty merry, it being an ingenious kind of affront; but yet it makes me angry, to see that the King of England is become so little as to have the affront offered him.' (*Diary*, Nov. 22, 1666.)

III.

THEATRICAL PAPERS.

P. 348, l. 12. *Wildair*, i.e. Sir Harry Wildair in Farquhar's *Constant Couple*, 1700. Wildair was Wilks's great part, and later Peg Woffington's.

l. 14. *Sir Novelty*, i.e. Sir Novelty Fashion, in *Love's Last Shift*, 1696. This was Cibber's first play, and Sir Novelty was the character by which he made his reputation. See Cibber's *Apology*, 1740, pp. 123-4.

l. 31. *a young poet.* This is conjectured to have been Leonard Welsted, who, many years after, printed a comedy, thought to be the one here referred to, under the title of *The Dissembled Wanton; or, My Son, get Money*, 1726. Pope put him in the *Dunciad*, ii. 207-10, and iii. 169-92; while Swift refers to him in the lines *On Poetry: a Rhapsody*, 1733, ll. 392-5:—

> 'For Instance: When you rashly think,
> No Rhymer can like *Welsted* sink.
> His Merits ballanc'd you shall find,
> That *Feilding* leaves him far behind.'

The poet afterwards substituted 'the laureate' (i.e. Cibber) for Fielding.

l. 37. *the Careless Husband*, 1705, by Cibber. Wilks took the part of Sir Charles Easy; Cibber, Lord Foppington; and Mrs. Oldfield, Lady Betty Modish, a character to some extent modelled upon herself. 'There are many Sentiments (says Cibber) in the Character of Lady *Betty Modish*, that I may almost say, were originally her [Mrs. Oldfield's] own, or only dress'd with a little more Care, than when they negligently fell, from her lively Humour. . . .' (*Apology*, 1740, p 177.)

P. 350, l. 1. *the Lion.* Cf. Addison's *Spectator*, No. 13, à propos of the opera of *Hydaspes*, in which the hero (the singer Nicolini) strangles a lion.

l. 14. *Your fable of the lion and the man.* Cf. Steele's paper on Inkle and Yarico, p. 340, l. 14 of this volume.

l. 37. *One Powell.* When in London Powell's Puppet Show was exhibited in that part (at present non-existent) of the Little Piazza, Covent Garden, which adjoined what is now Tavistock Row. St. Paul's would thus be 'on the other side of the Garden.' In the season the

show removed to Bath. Powell was a dwarf, and made a fortune by his entertainments. 'Mr. Powell'—says Defoe—'by Subscriptions and full Houses, has gathered such Wealth as is ten times sufficient to buy all the Poets in England.' (*Groans of Great Britain*, 1713, quoted in Ashton's *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne.*)

P. 351, l. 14. *the undertaker of the masquerade.* This presumably was intended for the notorious Heidegger, a Swiss adventurer of surprising ugliness, who made a large fortune by Masquerades and Operas. Hogarth satirised him in the plates known as the *Taste of the Town*, 1724, and the *Large Masquerade Ticket*, 1727.

l. 30. *the Arcadia*, i. e. the Countess of Pembroke's *Arcadia*, 1590, by Sir Philip Sidney.

P. 352, l. 10. *motions* is the old word for puppet-shows. Cf. Shakespeare, *Winter's Tale*, Act. iv. Sc. 2:—'Then he compassed a *motion* of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies.' The word is also used by Ben Jonson, who gives the title of another of these plays at full:—'*Cokes.* A *motion*! what's that? [*Reads.*] *The ancient modern history of Hero and Leander, otherwise called the Touchstone of true Love, with as true a trial of friendship between Damon and Pythias, two faithful friends o' the Bankside.*—Pretty, i'faith, what's the meaning on't? is't an interlude, or what is't?' (*Bartholomew Fair*, Act. v. Sc. 3.)

l. 16. *Whittington and his Cat.* Defoe gives the following curious advertisement of this puppet-play:—'I was the other Day at a Coffee-House when the following Advertisement was thrown in.—*At* Punch's *Theatre in the Little Piazza, Covent Garden, this present Evening will be performed an Entertainment, called,* The History of Sir Richard Whittington, *showing his Rise from a Scullion to be Lord-Mayor of London, with the Comical Humours of Old Madge, the jolly Chamber-maid, and the Representation of the Sea, and the Court of Great Britain, concluding with the Court of Aldermen, and* Whittington *Lord Mayor, honoured with the Presence of K. Hen. VIII. and his Queen Anna Bullen, with other diverting Decorations proper to the Play, beginning at 6 o'clock.* Note. *No money to be returned after the Entertainment is begun.* Boxes, 2*s.* *Pit*, 1*s.* *Vivat Regina.*' (*Groans of Great Britain*, 1713, quoted in Morley's *Spectator.*)

l. 16. *Rinaldo and Armida.* An opera by Handel, 1711. See *Spectator*, No. 5 (by Addison).

P. 354, l. 1. *The Scornful Lady*, 1616, was a Comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher. The heroine in Steele's day was acted by Mrs. Oldfield. A 'scornful lady,' it should be added, in eighteenth-century parlance = a coquette.

l. 8. *rose up and did honour = assurgere alicui.* By his use of this idiom in his maiden speech in the House in 1714, Steele gave great offence to the Tories.

P. 355, l. 1. *night-gowns.* See note to p. 179, l. 28.

l. 17. *Sir Roger.* Sir Roger was acted by Colley Cibber; Welford by Barton Booth. 'Sir' was the old prefix to the christian names of the clergy. (Cf. 'Sir Topas, the curate,' in *Twelfth Night*, Act iv, Sc. 2.)

P. 356, l. 16. *the disparagement of holy orders.* Steele was a staunch and zealous defender of the clergy. Cf. his *Apology for Himself and Writings*, 1714, 39 *et seq.*

P. 357, l. 3. *The Distrest Mother* was a dull version by Ambrose Philips of Racine's *Andromaque.* It was industriously puffed by both Steele and Addison (cf. *Spectator*, No. 335, where Sir Roger de Coverley goes to see it); and it was first acted on March 17, 1712. The part of Andromache was taken by Mrs. Oldfield. Addison and Budgell wrote the Epilogue; Steele the Prologue, in which a recent writer in *Notes and Queries* for August 16, 1884, has discovered a kind of anticipation of a well-known couplet in Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*:—

'Tis nothing when a fancy'd Scene 's in view,
To skip from *Covent Garden* to *Peru*.'

P. 359, l. 11. *George Powell*, the real or supposed writer of this letter, must not be confused with the cripple of the puppet shows. (See note to P. 7, l. 22 of this volume.) He was a good actor but intemperate. His last important part was that of Portius in Addison's *Cato*, 1713. He died in 1714. (Cf. *Spectator*, No. 40.)

l. 14. *a very short face.* See note to p. 173, l. 3.

P. 360, l. 5. *The Self-Tormentor*, i. e. *Heautontimorumenos.*

l. 13. *I am a man. Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto* (Act. i, Sc. 1, l. 25).

l. 29. *took with the people.* Cf. the well-worn saying of Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun:—'I knew a very wise man that believed, that if a Man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws, of a nation.'

P. 361, l. 6. *the natural description of an innocent young woman.* See *Heautontimorumenos*, Act ii, Sc. 3, upon which this is based.

P. 362, l. 9. *the Country Wake.* This comedy, first printed in 1715, was by Doggett himself. (See note to p. 364, l. 23.) It had just been acted (September 23) at Drury Lane. Hippisley afterwards turned it into a ballad-opera, called *Flora; or, Hob in the Well*, 1730.

l. 23. *Penkethman.* See note to p. 364, l. 28.

l. 24. *Bullock*, i. e. William Bullock. He was a good comedian; and had a booth at Bartholomew Fair with Cibber. He acted Sir Harry Gubbin in Steele's *Tender Husband*, and Charcoal in *The Lying Lover*. See also *Spectator*, Nos. 36 and 44.

Dicky. This was Henry Norris (1665–1734) the 'little Dicky' or 'Jubilee Dicky,' whose nickname gave rise to the blunder referred to in the *Introduction*, p. xxxix. He was an actor of diminutive stature.

He acted Mrs. Fardingale in Steele's *Funeral*, and Mr. Tipkin in the *Tender Husband*.

P. 363, l. 34. *Wilks.* Robert Wilks (1670–1732) the best stage-gentleman of his age. 'To beseech gracefully, to approach respectfully, to pity, to mourn, to love, are the places wherein Wilks may be said to shine with the utmost beauty.' (*Tatler*, No. 182, by Steele, p. 348, l. 21 *et seq.* of this volume.)

P. 364, l. 3. *a young man of good nature.* Sir Harry Wildair, in Farquhar's *Constant Couple; or, a Trip to the Jubilee*, 1700.

l. 5. *an artful servant.* Mosca, in Ben Jonson's *Volpone; or, the Fox*, 1605.

l. 8. *Estcourt.* See notes to p. 44, l. 38; p. 369, l. 3; and p. 370, l. 23.

l. 14. *Lord Foppington.* In the *Careless Husband*, 1705, by Colley Cibber himself. It was his best part. 'His *Lord Foppington* was considered for many years as a model for dress, and that hauteur and nonchalance which distinguished the superior coxcombs of that day.' (*Percy Anecdotes.*)

l. 23. *Dogget.* Thomas Doggett (d. 1721). He was an excellent actor, and joint-partner in Drury Lane Theatre with Wilks and Cibber above named. He it was who bequeathed the coat and badge still rowed for annually by the Thames Watermen. One of his best parts was Ben in Congreve's *Love for Love*. (See *Tatler*, Nos. 120, and 193.)

Johnson. Benjamin Johnson (1665–1742). He was excellent in his namesake's plays, e. g. as Corbacchio in *Volpone; or, the Fox*.

l. 28. *the Fop's Fortune*, 1701, was by Cibber. William Penkethman's benefit took place on the 5th May, 1712, the date of this paper. He spoke 'a New Epilogue, riding on an Ass.'

P. 365, l. 8. *Mrs. Bicknell.* May 6th, 1712, was Mrs. Bicknell's benefit. *The Constant Couple* (see note to p. 364, l. 3) was acted, in which she danced.

l. 24. *the famous actor, Mr. Betterton.* Thomas Betterton died on the 28th April, and was buried on the 2nd of May, 1710, in the East Cloister of Westminster Abbey, under a stone now without inscription. Steele's admirable account of him may be compared with the equally enthusiastic pages which Cibber devotes to him at pp. 59–71 of the *Apology*, 1740. Cf. also *Tatler*, No. 1, 71, and 157. Betterton was painted by Kneller, and there is a copy by Pope of Kneller's portrait at Lord Mansfield's (Caenwood).

P. 366, l. 5. *public . . . executions.* Fielding, who was a magistrate, did not agree with Steele. (*v. Increase of Robbers*, 1751.)

P. 367, l. 33. *Macbeth.* See Act v, Sc. 5.

P. 368, l. 4. *the unhappy woman.* Betterton's widow, who had been a Mrs. Mary Saunderson. Pepys saw her in 1664, as Ianthe in

Davenant's *Siege of Rhodes*, and praises her beautiful voice. She married Betterton in 1662, when about twenty-five, and must have been a charming actress to the last. 'Time,' says Cibber, 'could not impair her Skill, tho' he had brought her Person to decay. She was . . the Admiration of all true Judges of Nature, and Lovers of *Shakespear*, in whose Plays she chiefly excell'd, and without a Rival. . . . She was a Woman of an unblemish'd, and sober Life . . .' (*Apology*, 1740, p. 96.)

l. 17. *a certain great spirit*. It is thought that Lady Elizabeth Hastings, to whom Steele paid a memorable compliment in *Tatler*, No. 49 (see *Introduction*, p. xlvi) is here referred to. It is certain, however, that Queen Anne herself befriended Mrs. Betterton after her husband's death. 'She . . had the Honour to teach Queen *Anne*, when *Princess*, the Part of *Semandra* in *Mithridates*, which she acted at Court in King *Charles's* Time. After the Death of *Mr. Betterton*, her Husband, that Princess, when Queen, order'd her a Pension for Life, but she liv'd not to receive more than the first half Year of it.' (Cibber's *Apology*, 1740, 96.) Mrs. Betterton died in April, 1712, and was buried, like her husband, in the East Cloister of Westminster Abbey.

P. 369, l. 3. *the death of poor Dick Estcourt*. Estcourt was buried in the South Aisle of St. Paul's Covent Garden on the day this paper was issued (August 27, 1712).

l. 39. *Alas, poor Yorick*, etc. *Hamlet*, Act v, Sc. 1.

P. 370, l. 23. *What was peculiarly excellent*, etc. Cibber confirms Steele's words as to Estcourt's imitative powers. 'This Man was so amazing and extraordinary a Mimick, that no Man or Woman, from the Coquette to the Privy-Counsellor, ever mov'd or spoke before him, but he could carry their Voice, Look, Mien, and Motion, instantly into another Company: I have heard him make long Harangues, and form various Arguments, even in the manner of thinking, of an eminent Pleader at the Bar, with every the least Article and Singularity of his Utterance so perfectly imitated, that he was the very *alter ipse*, scarce to be distinguish'd from his Original.' (Cibber's *Apology*, 1740, p. 69.) Yet Cibber goes on to say that these qualities deserted him upon the stage; and that he was on the whole 'a languid, unaffecting Actor.' There are other references to Estcourt in Nos. 264, 358, and 370 of the *Spectator*. He acted as Providore of the *Beef-Steak Club*; and wore a golden gridiron as his badge of office. He also wrote a comedy, the *Fair Example*, 1706, and an interlude, *Prunella*, burlesquing the Italian Opera.

P. 371, l. 12. *the Northern Lass*, 1632, was by Richard Brome, Ben Jonson's servant.

l. 13. *the Tender Husband*, 1705, was by Steele himself. See *Introduction*, p. xix.

P. 373, l. 7. *a posy of a ring*. See note to p. 292, l. 1.

P. 373, l. 11. *Caius Marius*, 1680. This was Otway's version of *Romeo and Juliet*.

P. 374, l. 26. *He had now*, etc. Cf. Mr. Sable's address to his mutes in Steele's *Funeral*, 1702. (See *Introduction*, p. xvii.)

l. 37. *the Pilgrim*. Mrs. Bicknell as Juletta in Vanbrugh's revival (1700) of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Pilgrim* played a drum.

P. 375, l. 2. *Epsom Wells*, by T. Shadwell, 1673. Johnson (see note to p. 364, l. 23) took the part of Clodpate, a country Justice and sportsman, who comes on with a dog in Act III.

l. 11. *the Plotting Sisters*, i.e. *The Fond Husband; or, the Plotting Sisters*, 1676.

IV.

MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS.

P. 377, l. 25. *the cartoons*. Part of Raphael's Cartoons, originally prepared for the tapestries of the Sistine Chapel, are now at the South Kensington Museum, to which place they were transferred on loan from Hampton Court in April, 1865. They were originally bought, about 1630, in Flanders by Rubens, '*magno pretio*,' for Charles I. They are seven in number, three of the original ten having been lost:—

1. The Miraculous Draught of Fishes.
2. Christ's Charge to Peter.
3. Peter and John healing the Sick at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple.
4. The Death of Ananias.
5. Elymas the Sorcerer struck with blindness.
6. The Sacrifice to Paul and Barnabas at Lystra.
7. Paul preaching at Athens.

Steele, who lived at Hampton, was doubtless well acquainted with the cartoons.

P. 378, l. 26. *Chart* = cartoon (*carta*, Low L.).

P. 379, l. 11. *Monsieur Dorigny*. Nicholas Dorigny (1658-1746). He came to London in 1711. He had then engraved, among lesser works, Raphael's *Transfiguration* and *Crucifixion*. He finished the cartoons in 1719, and was knighted in 1720 by George I, to whom he presented a set.

P. 381, l. 9. *Stocks Market*. The old Stocks Market stood on the site of the present Mansion House. A view of it by Joseph Nichols shewing the statue of Charles II trampling upon Oliver Cromwell, was engraved in 1738. Fielding couples it with Covent Garden in one of his burlesques:—

'Oh! my Kissinda! Oh! how sweet art thou?
Not Covent-Garden nor *Stocks-Market* knows
A flower like thee,' etc.

l. 11. *Strand Bridge* was at the foot of Strand Lane, between King's College and Surrey Street.

l. 17. *Dark-house.* There was a 'Dark House' at Billingsgate, mentioned in Hogarth's *Five Days Peregrination*; but it can scarcely be the one here referred to.

l. 23. *agreeable young women.* Steele's frank admiration for female beauty is a noteworthy feature in his papers. Cf. *Spectator*, No. 510, p. 100, of this volume, and also the episode of the beautiful Amazon of Enfield Chase in *Tatler*, No. 248, p. 253.

P. 382, l. 2. *James Street* is James Street, Covent Garden, turning out of the Great Piazza.

l. 24. *a silk-worm.* Swift had sung in the *City Shower* (*Tatler*, No. 238) the damsels who

'Pretend to cheapen Goods, but nothing buy.'

Cowper, however, more specifically describes the 'Silkworm' of Steele's *Voyage où il vous plaira*:—

'Miss, the mercer's plague, from shop to shop
Wandering, and littering with unfolded silks
The polished counter, and approving none,
Or promising with smiles to call again!' (*Task*, Bk. vi.)

P. 383, l. 21. *to go up stairs.* Cf. the passage from Steele's *Lying Lover* quoted at pp. xviii–xix. of the *Introduction* to this volume.

P. 384, l. 1. *Robin's* was a coffee-house in Exchange Alley. Swift wrote some of the *Journal to Stella* from this place.

l. 8. *Will's* was the oldest of the three great coffee-houses in Russell-Street, Covent Garden, the others being Tom's and Button's. Dryden reigned there until his death in 1700: in Steele's day the king was Congreve. 'Mr. Bickerstaff,' it will be remembered, dated his account of poetry 'from Will's.'

P. 385, l. 5. *St. Wenifred's Well* is at Holywell in Flintshire, and was famous for its healing powers. 'Last Year a Papist (or to please Mr. *Examiner*, a Roman Catholick) published the Life of St. *Winefrede*, for the Use of those devout Pilgrims who go in great Numbers to offer up their Prayers to her at her Well.' (*Guardian*, No. 90.) One of these, in 1688, was James II, who for his pains received the shift worn by his great-grandmother at her execution.

l. 21. *as I returned lately out of the country.* Steele here probably refers to his electioneering travels. This paper is dated September 30, 1713, and in the previous month he had been elected M.P. for Stockbridge. From the 4th to the 22nd of September he wrote nothing in the *Guardian*, his place being supplied by Addison and Eusden.

P. 386, l. 17. *that class of men. Vide* the *Tatler, passim.*

l. 28. *Harrison's table.* The Harrison referred to is probably Thomas Harrison, who in 1708, by Beau Nash's direction, built the Assembly Rooms on the Walks at Bath. In one of the Godolphin MSS., dated May 30, 1713, occurs the following:—'She has twice honour'd Punch's Theater w^th^ her Presence; and sometimes sits in *Harrison's* Room on y^e^ Ball Nights.'

P. 388, l. 24. *Tompion.* Thomas Tompion was the Dent or Bennett of the eighteenth century. His shôp was at the corner of Water Lane in Fleet Street. 'A watch maker may say, the watch I have made for you, is as good as *Tompion*, or Quare, or any other man could have made.' (Ireland's *Hogarth Illustrated*, iii. (1798) p. 48.) Cf. also Bramston's *Art of Politicks*:—

'Think we that modern Words eternal are?
Toupet, and *Tompion*, *Cosins*, and *Colmar*
Hereafter will be call'd, by some plain Man,
A *Wig*, a *Watch*, a *Pair of Stays*, a *Fan*.'

Dickens mentions the clock at Bath, to which Steele refers. 'The great pump-room is a spacious saloon, ornamented with Corinthian pillars, and a music gallery, and a *Tompion* clock, etc.' (*Pickwick Papers*, 1837, xxxvi.) There is a portrait of Tompion by Kneller, engraved by J. Smith. He died Nov. 20, 1713, æt. 75; and was buried in the middle aisle of Westminster Abbey.

P. 390, l. 13. *my namesake Isaac.* See note to p. 283, l. 30.

l. 25. *a rigadoon step.* The rigadoon was a dance for two persons. Cf. *Guardian*, No. 154, 'This so enlivened me, that I led him by the Hand into the next Room, where we danced a *Rigadoon* together.'

P. 391, l. 7. *the five fields.* See note to p. 191, l. 36.

l. 10. *Mr. Justice Overdo*, i. e. in *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614.

l. 15. *the coffee-house*, i. e. the noted Don Saltero's. John Salter was a barber and coffee-house keeper in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. He had been a servant of Sir Hans Sloane, who imbued him with a love of curiosities and started him with a few trifles, which ultimately grew into a nondescript and highly popular museum, more miscellaneous than that of Grose as sung by Burns. His first Catalogue, 1729, contained 249 articles, which in 1741 had increased to 420. Some of these were genuine; but such as 'Robinson Crusoe's shirt,' the 'Queen of Sheba's Fan,' 'Queen Elizabeth's Stirrup,' have a more than apocryphal sound. Salter's collection, much reduced, was sold in 1799 for about £50.

l. 34. *up to the string.* Salter played on the violin; but attained to no particular proficiency.

l. 35. *Roger de Caubly*, i. e. Roger de Coverley. See note to p. 107, l. 3.

l. 37. *merry 'Christ Church Bells.'* A catch composed by Henry Aldrich, Dean of Christ Church, at which College, it will be remembered, Steele had matriculated.

P. 392, l. 7. *the learned Vossius.* In his *De Poematum cantu, et viribus Rythmi*, Oxon. 1673, p. 62. In the passage here referred to, Vossius says he had 'met, more than once, with barbers, who combed his hair in iambics, dactyls, trochees, anapesti, etc.' (Note to *Tatler*, ed. 1797.)

l. 13. *a Spanish termination.* The 'o' is said to have been added to Salter's name by Admiral Munden, who had served much on the coasts of the Peninsula, and gave the barber many of his curiosities, including the relics of a Spanish Saint.

l. 14. *Tradescant* collected the curiosities which formed the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

l. 39. *his muff.* Don Saltero, like the 'Political Upholsterer' of *Tatlers* Nos. 155 and 160, wore an old grey muff, by which he was well known.

l. 40. *without his wife.* His wife was a scold, from whom her husband was only too willing to escape.

P. 394, l. 2. *the Indian kings.* These were four Iroquois who came to London in 1710, to assure themselves that the subjects of Queen Anne were not mere vassals of France, a fiction instilled into their 'untutored minds' by the Jesuits. They returned to Boston in July. Addison, upon hints of Swift, afterwards made them the subject of *Spectator* No. 50.

l. 5. *an upholsterer's in King Street, Covent Garden.* See note to p. 182, l. 27 in this volume.

P. 395, l. 13. *the two Crowns and Cushion.* This was the sign of Arne's shop.

l. 16. *Tee Yee*, etc. In the *Annals of Queen Anne* the names are given as follows:—Tee Yee Neen Ho Ga Prow, and Sa Ga Yean Qua Prah Ton of the Maqua's; Elow Oh Kaom, and Oh Nee Yeath Ton No Prow, of the River Sachem, and the Ganajohbore Sachem.

P. 396, l. 22. *Hockley-in-the-Hole*, near Clerkenwell Green, was famous for its dog-fights, and its trials of skill generally. Cf. Gay's *Two Mastiffs*:—

'Both Hockley-Hole and Mary-bone
The combats of my dog have known.'

l. 28. *I, James Miller*, etc. Serjeant Miller subsequently became a captain, and fought in the '45 under the Duke of Cumberland.

P. 397, l. 17. *Parkes* should be Sparkes, who was buried at Coventry under the following epitaph:—'To the memory of Mr. John Sparkes, a native of this city: he was a man of a mild disposition, a gladiator by profession, who, after having fought 350 battles in the principal parts of Europe with honour and applause, at length quitted the stage,

sheathed his sword, and, with Christian resignation, submitted to the grand victor in the 52nd year of his age. *Anno salutis humanæ*, 1733.'

P. 397, l. 34. *Elizabeth Preston.* Miss, or more properly, Mistress Elizabeth Preston, was a real personage. Her father, and his father before him, were keepers or marshals of the Hockley Bear Garden. (Cunningham's *London*, 1850, 229.)

P. 400, l. 14. *Tully speaks*, etc. *Tusc. Quæst.* lib. ii. *De Tolerando Dolore.* Cicero seems to have been Steele's favourite author.

P. 401, l. 24. *Coldstream regiment of foot-guards.* This had been Steele's own regiment. See *Introduction*, p. xiv.

l. 25. *Red-Lettice*, i. e. Red-Lattice. In the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii, Sc. 2, Falstaff speaks of 'red-lattice phrases,' i. e. ale-house expressions; and a note in Staunton's *Shakespeare*, 1864, ii. 114, says 'Ale-houses, in old times, were distinguished by *red-lattices*, as dairies have since been by *green* ones.'

Butcher Row, between Holywell Street and Ship Yard in the Strand, was pulled down in 1813. Clifton's in Butcher Row was a haunt of Johnson; and it was from the *Bear and Harrow* there that Nat. Lee was returning when he met with his death in Clare Market.

l. 32. *Bouhours and Rapin.* Dominic Bouhours, 1628-1702, and Nicolas Rapin, 1535-1608, both French critics.

l. 38. *the action.* The battle of Malplaquet was fought September 11, 1709. The Allies lost 18,000 men; the French 15,000.

P. 402, l. 33. *the siege*, i. e. the siege of Mons, which was taken October 21, 1709.

P. 403, l. 26. *Coldstream.* Steele is here speaking dramatically as Isaac Bickerstoff, who had been a soldier. He himself was not born when Monk raised the Coldstream regiment, though he had entered the army as a cadet.

P. 407, l. 20. *that infamy.* This paper, written in days when all boys—in Gay's phrase—were

'Lash'd into *Latin* by the tingling rod,'

is a noble example of Steele's superiority to the brutality of his age. Other distinguished eighteenth-century authorities, however, held a less humane opinion. Johnson, who had himself been a schoolmaster, said 'There is now less flogging in our great schools than formerly, but then less is learned there; so that what the boys get at one end they lose at the other.' (Napier's Boswell, 1884, ii. 369.) He attributed his own knowledge of the classics to the persistent punishment of his Lichfield schoolmaster, Mr. Hunter; and, says Boswell, 'upon all occasions, expressed his approbation of enforcing instruction by means of the rod: 'I would rather,' said he, 'have the rod to be the general terror of all, to make them learn, than tell a child if you do thus or thus, you will be more esteemed than your brothers and sisters. The rod produces an

effect which terminates in itself. A child is afraid of being whipped, and gets his task, and there's an end on't; whereas, by exciting emulation and comparisons of superiority, you lay the foundation of lasting mischief; you make brothers and sisters hate each other!' (*Ibid.* i. 19.)

P. 408, l. 3. *a paper office.* In 1725, a number of original letters not printed in the *Tatler* and *Spectator* were published by Charles Lillie with Steele's permission, in two 8vo volumes.

l. 9. *the liberties*, i. e. of London and Westminster.

P. 409, l. 29. *my aunt Margery.* See *Tatler*, No. 151, printed at p. 250 of this volume.

l. 30. *Maud the milkmaid.* The reference is to *Tatler*, No. 75, not printed in this selection, where a certain Sir Walter Bickerstaff is related to have married a milkmaid.

P. 410, l. 2. *to fence well.* See *Tatler*, No. 93 (in part by Addison), for an account of Mr. Bickerstaff's course of self-instruction in fencing.

l. 15. *a cadet.* See *Introduction*, p. xiii, and *Tatler*, No. 87, p. 403 in this volume:—'But to me, who was a *cadet*, etc.' It may fairly be assumed that, in these references, Steele is recalling his own entry into military life.

P. 411, l. 11. *a gentleman.* Perhaps Peter Anthony Motteux (1660–1718), the translator of *Don Quixote*, is here intended.

P. 412, l. 13. *a very good Pindaric*, etc. Cf. *Tatler*, No. 47, p. 304 in this volume, for the case of Tom Spindle and his frustrate poem on the peace.

l. 40. *my late lucubrations.* See *Tatler*, No. 104, p. 154 in this volume.

P. 414, l. 19. *Cicero.* See *Tusc. Disp.* iii, iv.

P. 415, l. 28. *an island called Anticyra.* Cf. Burton's *Anatomie of Melancholy*, 1628, p. 18 (*Democritus to the Reader*), 'Who labours not of this disease [Melancholy]? Give me but a little leaue and you shall see by what testimonies, confessions, arguments, I will euince it, that most men are mad, that they had as much need to go a pilgrimage to the *Anticyræ* (as in Strabo's time they did) as in our dayes they run to *Compostella*, our Lady of *Sichim*, or *Lauretta*, to seeke for helpe; that it is like to bee as prosperous a voyage as that of *Guiana*, and there is much more need of *Hellebor* than of *Tobacco*.'

l. 38. *Montpelier* had at one time a great reputation as a resort for consumptive people.

l. 39. *hellebore.* See note to p. 415, l. 28, above. 'Black Hellebore was a Plant of great Use among the Antients, and particularly for Melancholy and Madness, being accounted good to purge black Choler and Humors arising thence, and to purify the Blood.' (Miller's *Herbal*, 1722, p. 227.) To be 'beyond the power of Hellebore' was to be incurably insane. Cf. Browne, *Religio Medici*, 1682, Pt. ii, s. 13, For to me, avarice seems not so much a vice, as a deplorable piece of

madness; to conceive ourselves pipkins, or be perswaded that we are dead, is not so ridiculous, nor so many degrees beyond the power of Hellebore, as this.'

P. 416, l. 1. *Hungary Water.* See note to p. 269, l. 37.

l. 27. *the college in Moorfields*, i. e. Bedlam.

P. 417, l. 1. *figures . . . already erected*, i. e. Caius Gabriel Cibber's statues of Raving and Melancholy Madness. Cf. Pope, *Dunciad*, Bk. i, ll. 31–32:—

'Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand,
Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand;—

the reference being, of course, to Gabriel's son, Colley Cibber. Pope errs in calling them 'brazen': they were of Portland stone.

l. 20. *Oliver's porter.* One of Cibber's figures is said to represent Oliver Cromwell's tall porter, then confined in the hospital. There is a print of him in Lauron's *London Cries*, 1711. In Bedlam he was allowed the use of his library, which included a large Bible given him by Nell Gwyn. (See also *Tatler*, No. 51.)

l. 24. *Garraway's.* See note to p. 144, l. 28.

P. 420, l. 26. *exact and feat*, i. e. nice and adroit.

P. 425, l. 8. *the country clown.* See p. 442, ll. 37–8 in this volume.

P. 426, l. 22. *Laplanders.* See the Lapland odes in *Spectator*, Nos. 366 and 406.

l. 25. *Cowley.* Cf. Cowley's *Pindarique Odes, Written in Imitation of the Style and Manner of the Odes of Pindar*, to which Pope refers (*Imitations of Horace*, Ep. i, Bk. ii, l. 77.)

'Forget his Epic, nay Pindaric Art;
But still I love the language of his heart.'

P. 427, l. 11. *the Bishop of Rochester*, Dr. Atterbury (1662–1732).

P. 428, l. 8. *an author.* The lines are from Ambrose Philips's *On Wit and Wisdom*, a fragment.

l. 19. *A woollen-draper.* It is suggested that this was a certain Will. Pate, celebrated for his wit and learning. Cf. *Journal to Stella*, 1710, Sept. 17,—'To-day I dined six miles out of town, with *Will. Pate* the learned woollen-draper.'

l. 37. *I was born.* Steele here allegorises his own life.

l. 40. *A swarm of bees.* Cf. the anonymous epigram on Menander:—

'The bees themselves on thy lips honey dropped,
Thence, when the Muses' flowers their zeal had cropped;
The Graces, too, Menander, made thee know
Of bright dramatic wit a happy flow.'

(Neaves's *Greek Anthology*, 1874, p. 131.)

P. 429, l. 10. *the daughter of Machaon*, etc. 'This,' says Chalmers, 'seems to indicate that he [Steele] was early in life urged to embrace the profession of physic, or follow the study of the law.'

P. 430, l. 21. *an old astrologer.* Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff of the *Tatler* was an astrologer.

l. 22. *a dumb man*; i.e. the *Spectator.* 'Thus my Want of, or rather Resignation of Speech, gives me all the Advantages of a *dumb Man.* (*Spectator,* No. 4, p. 113, l. 26, in this volume.)

a lion. The lion is the Lion's Head Letter-box on the Venetian pattern, set up in July, 1713, at Button's Coffee House to receive contributions to the *Guardian* (v. Nos. 98 and 114). From Button's it passed to the Shakespeare Head Tavern, and thence to the Bedford, where it served for Hill's *Inspector.* It is now in the possession of the Duke of Bedford at Woburn Abbey. Under it are the lines:—

'Servantur Magnis Isti Cervicibus Ungues;
Non Nisi Delectâ Pascitur Ille Ferâ.'

(Martial, Bk. i, Ep. 23 and 61.)

A sketch of this grotesque relic from the *English Illustrated Magazine* for September, 1884, is to be found at p. 448 of this volume.

P. 431, l. 2. *the old Roman fable.* See the fable of the Belly and the Members in Coriolanus, Act i, Sc. 1, where Shakespeare relates it after North's *Plutarch.* It is a fine instance of his transmuting power.

l. 14. *Carthaginian faith.* '*Punica fides.*'

P. 432, l. 8. *very severe upon the Merchant.* Cf. the *Conscious Lovers,* act iv, sc. 2:—'Sir, as much a Cit as you take me for—I know the Town and the World—and give me leave to say that we Merchants are a Species of Gentry, that have grown into the World this last Century, and are as honourable, and almost as useful, as you landed Folks, that have always thought yourselves so much above us; for your trading, forsooth! is extended no farther, than a Load of Hay, or a fat Ox.—You are pleasant People, indeed; because you are generally bred up to be lazy, therefore I warrant you, Industry is dishonourable.'

P. 434, l. 11. *a merchant.* Cf. *Spectator,* No. 109, p. 121, of this volume.

l. 24. *The new-erected lottery,* i.e. the first state lottery of 1710. See also *Tatler,* Nos. 170 and 203.

P. 435, l. 14. *a hundred and fifty thousand,* etc. This will be best explained by an extract from Ashton's *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne,* 1882, i. 114:—'There were 150,000 tickets at £10 each, making £1,500,000, the principal of which was to be sunk, and 9 per cent. to be allowed on it for 32 years. Three thousand seven hundred and fifty tickets were prizes from £1000 to £5 per annum; the rest were blanks—a proportion of thirty-nine to one prize, but, as a consolation, each blank was entitled to fourteen shillings per annum during the thirty-two years.' The following passages from the *Wentworth Papers,* 1883, pp. 127, 129, refer to the drawing of this lottery in the ensuing July and August:—'I hear the Million Lottry, is drawing and thear is a prise of 400 £ a year drawn, and Col. St. Pear has gott 5 (*sic*) a year; it will be hard fate if you miss a pryse that put soe much in. I long tel its all drawn;

they say it will be six weeks drawing (August 1, 1710).' Again, 'The Million Lottry is drawing, and som very ordenary creeture has gott 400 £ a year.' (August 4, 1710.) It was still proceeding in September:—'[Sep.] 15 [1710]. To-day Mr. *Addison*, Colonel *Freind* and I went to see the million lottery drawn at *Guildhall*. The jackanapes of blue-coat boys gave themselves such airs in pulling out the tickets, and shewed white hands open to the company to let us see there was no cheat.' (*Journal to Stella.*) There is an old print of 1710 which exhibits the blue-coat boys, who drew the tickets, at their work. (See also *Tatler*, Nos. 170 and 203.)

P. 435, l. 15. *a plumb.* See note to p. 222, l. 16.

l. 20. *Mr. Morphew.* See note to p. 71, l. 19.

P. 436, l. 13. *whirling her mop.* Cf. Swift's *City Shower*, in *Tatler*, No. 238:—

'Such is that sprinkling which some careless Quean
Flirts on you from her Mop, but not so clean:
You fly, invoke the Gods, then, turning, stop
To rail; she, singing, still whirls on her Mop.'

l. 11. *ten months*, i.e. the drawing of the lottery.

l. 27. *the penny-lottery.* This was one of the many private enterprises of this kind. Chalmers quotes the title of a pamphlet which refers to an earlier penny-lottery:—*The Wheel of Fortune; or, Nothing for a Penny. Being remarks on the drawing of the Penny-Lottery at the Theatre-Royal in Dorset-Garden . . . Written by a person who was cursed mad that he had not the thousand pounds lot.* 4to, 1698.

P. 437, l. 13. *Partridge.* Partridge, of course, was still alive at this date. (See *Introduction*, p. xxvii.) He died in 1714.

l. 24. *shall arise*, i.e. produce, create, give rise to.

P. 438, l. 16. *a man.* This paper, it is said, contains the germ of *Robinson Crusoe*, the first part of which was published by William Taylor, 'at the *Ship* in *Pater-Noster-Row*,' on the 25th of April, 1719. Defoe, like Steele, may have seen and conversed with Selkirk; but it is not impossible that Steele's account first attracted him to the subject.

P. 440, l. 30. *Kitlings*, kittens. Herrick uses the word as an adjective.

'His *kitling* eyes begin to runne
Quite through the table, where he spies
The hornes of paperie butterflies,
Of which he eates.'—*Oberon's Feast.*

l. 32. *his clothes.* Cf. *Robinson Crusoe*, 1719, p. 159, and pp. 176–7.

P. 442, l. 28. *the prince.* This was Eugene of Savoy, who visited London in 1712 to endeavour to induce the court to continue the war. In *Spectator* No. 269, Sir Roger de Coverley comes to town to see him. At the date of this paper (March 31, 1712), he had returned to the Continent, covered with honours. He is supposed to have been godfather to Steele's son Eugene, who was born March 4, 1712. But

Lady Steele, in her autograph note about her children (Steele's *Epist. Corr.* 1809, ii. 506), says nothing of this. As a matter of fact the christening did not take place until April 2.

P. 443, l. 11. *surprised Cremona.* In 1702, when Villeroi was taken prisoner.

l. 12. *forced the trenches of Turin.* On the 7th of September, 1706, Prince Eugene relieved Turin, which had been besieged for four months by the French, totally defeating the enemy, more than 6000 of whom (not including officers) were made prisoners, 'besides a great many Standards, Colours, Kettle Drums,' etc.

l. 15. *of that stature.* Swift, who disapproved the Prince's mission, is scarcely as complimentary as Steele:—'I saw Prince *Eugene* to-day at *Court*: I don't think him an ugly faced fellow, but well enough, and a good shape.' (*Journal to Stella*, January 13, 1712.) Later he changes his opinion:—'I saw Prince *Eugene* at court to-day very plain. He is plaguy yellow, and literally ugly besides.' (*Ibid.*, February 10, 1712.)

l. 21. *his behaviour in an assembly.* Burnet, who met Eugene frequently at Leicester House, confirms this when he says,—'He descends to an easy equality with those with whom he converses; and seems to assume nothing to himself, while he reasons with others.' (*History of his Own Time*, ed. 1823, vi. 89)

P. 444, l. 16. *never equalled but by one man.* Marlborough, who had been dismissed from all employments in December, 1711, upon a charge of peculation. On the 4th of January, 1712, Steele had published a pamphlet on the subject entitled, *The Englishman's Thanks to the Duke of Marlborough.*

l. 27. *the demolition of Dunkirk.* This is the paper in which, to use Johnson's phrase, Steele's 'wit at once blazed into faction.' (See *Introduction*, p. xxxiii, *et seq.*)

l. 31. *France and Spain.* The Treaty of Utrecht, 1713, recognised Philip, Duke of Anjou, grandson of his 'most Christian Majesty,' Lewis XIV, as King of Spain.

P. 445, l. 15. *A most humble address*, etc. The address or memorial in question is printed in full at pp. 4–14 of Steele's subsequent pamphlet *The Importance of Dunkirk Consider'd: in Defence of the Guardian of August the 7th*, 1713.

l. 24. *Tugghe.* The Sieur Tugghe was the Deputy of the Magistrates of Dunkirk, from whom the above address emanated.

l. 38. *Three months* should be 'two.' Steele corrected this himself in a second letter, signed 'English Tory,' printed in *Guardian*, No. 131.

P. 447, l. 27. '*English Tory.*' 'My Indignation at this Usage of my Queen and Country, prompted me to write a Letter to *Nestor Ironside*, Esq., which I subscribed *English Tory.*' (*Importance of Dunkirk considered*, etc., 1713, p. 15.) Cf. also *Guardian*, No. 168.

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